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THE
LONDON
TEE-TOTAL MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

"Take, if ye can, ye careless and supine,
Counsel and caution from a voice like mine!
Truths, that the theorist could never reach,
And observation taught me, I would teach."

COWPER.

LONDON:
GEORGE WIGHTMAN, 24, PATERNOSTER ROW;
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NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,
BULL HEAD COURT, NEWGATE STREET;
AND BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCCL.



PREFACE.

IN bringing our labours to a close, and presenting our work in a complete form to the Temperance Public, we feel it a duty to address a few words of acknowledgment and explanation to our Correspondents and Readers.

We are truly grateful for that measure of support and encouragement which has been afforded us in our arduous undertaking. Sufficient sympathy with our struggles into literary existence—approbation of “the even tenour of our way”—and evidences of our usefulness in the great cause to which we have devoted ourselves, have been manifested, to reward us for our mental toils, and console us for those disappointments, to which the best conceived, and most honestly executed, plans are alike liable.

All persons acquainted with literary undertakings must be aware, that our work, humble as it is, was a very considerable effort in Temperance Literature for an individual to make, unsustained, though, certainly, not wholly unassisted, by a society. Indeed, so great has been the expence incurred, that though the most disinterested spirit has been manifested by the regular contributors to this Magazine, the proprietor is compelled, after a great pecuniary loss, reluctantly to bring this periodical to a close (as a distinct work) with this, the first volume.

It is, however, highly gratifying, to all parties concerned in this work, to know, that they have been pioneers in a path of usefulness, and that some liberal friends of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society intend, with the New Year, to bring out a work similar in character and intention to this, entitled—“THE NEW BRITISH TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE, AND MONTHLY CHRONICLE,” which will

combine in its pages all the available literary talent of the most popular Temperance writers and advocates. We trust that those friends whose approbation has cheered us in our career of difficulty, will feel an equal interest in our successor. We venture to bespeak their good opinion and cordial co-operation; and, particularly, as we understand the entire profits will be devoted, under the direction of the before-mentioned Society, to the promotion of Temperance among Seamen—a class especially needing its beneficial influence, and, who, all must acknowledge, have, hitherto, been by far too much neglected.

The Proprietor presents his grateful acknowledgments to the numerous Contributors and Correspondents, who have enriched the pages of this Magazine by the exercise of their talents; and thus enabled him to present to the public, in this volume, a valuable collection of original matter, in Essays, Poetry, and Fiction, that he ventures to think will enable this cheap and humble work to bear comparison with many publications of much higher price, and more lofty pretensions; while its religious and moral character, and the utility and increasing importance of the great principle of national regeneration that it advocates, justly give it a claim to the support of all intelligent Tee-totalers.

In taking a grateful and respectful leave of our Subscribers and the Public, and submitting our work, in a collected form, to them, we trust that in reference to this Magazine, they will be constrained to admit, that though—'Tis not in mortals to *command* success, we have done more, we have endeavoured to *DESERVE* it.

CHELSEA, DECEMBER, 1840.

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THE
LONDON
TEE-TOTAL MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

No. 1.]

MARCH.

[Vol. I.]

OUR DESIGN,
PROSPECTIVE AND PICTORIAL.

WHETHER in reference to individual character, or to literary undertakings, nothing is more important or more calculated to elevate the one and increase the value of the other, than a good END kept steadily in view, pursued by pure, energetic, uncompromising, and approved MEANS. In coming before a liberal public, our primary and legitimate object is the zealous advocacy of those principles of TRUE Temperance which have already conferred so large an amount of good on society; and created such vast and increasing interest in the minds of all who are really anxious, either for the moral reform-

ation, mental improvement, or spiritual regeneration, of their fellow-man.

We feel an assurance that our labours in this great cause will meet with the co-operation and sympathy of all enlightened minds, desiring to see human nature free from the endurance of the degrading and debasing slavery of drinking customs—customs, whose naked deformity and baneful tendency have been concealed, time immemorial, under a thousand fascinating garbs, the better to lull suspicion and disarm indignation. The strong hand of interest has upheld what custom sanctioned. Thus, while in other matters society has

B

emerged from many of the trammels of ancient prejudices, and from the debasing customs of our feudal ancestors, the Bacchanalian orgies of heathenism, and the rude revelry of the wassail bowl, have come down to us in all their pristine vigour—mighty in their long sanctioned dominion, and strong in the authority of precedent.

In the few years that have elapsed since attention was first *practically* devoted to the subject of intemperance, much has certainly been done; nevertheless more, far more, remains to do. Prejudice, interest, custom, pride, all the various forms which human selfishness assumes, are arrayed against the spread of the great, yet simple and forcible, truth, *that total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, is the only certain cure and preventative of the vice of intemperance.*

If perfect sobriety were ensured by the universal adoption of this valuable principle, it would be impossible to over-rate the various blessings which would assuredly flow from this pure source. Disease, discord, poverty, crime, and ignorance, with all their frightful consequences, would be speedily decreased, if not utterly annihilated; and as the emblematic design which adorns our pages represents Temperance, hand in hand with her inseparable companions, Peace and Plenty, surrounded and irradiated with the glorious halo of religion, would scatter unfading blessings over the earth; while *Bacchus!* whose temples stained with widows' and orphans' tears, reeking with the blood of myriads of victims, and gorgeous with the spoils of the poor man's deserted home,—*Bacchus!* the incubus that sits on the arm of industry and robs it of its honest gains,—*Bacchus* the modern Moloch to whom human sacrifices are hourly offered, would expire beneath the trampling foot of Temperance; and the degraded slave, who has long worn his galling chain, strik-

ing off the fetters with that sure implement—the *Total Abstinence Pledge!* would arise in all the dignity of his physical nature, and in all the splendour of his mental capabilities; fitted to perform his duties as a man, and competent to appreciate his high calling as an heir of immortality!

No person acquainted with the fact that £50,000,000 sterling is the annual sum that is raised, chiefly from the industrious classes, for an unnecessary, and, what is worse, injurious article of consumption, can doubt that if that sum remained in the possession of those who contribute it, and was by them expended in the encouragement of the useful trades, or in the promotion of individual and domestic comfort, an immense amount of good would be derived by the community at large. Admitting this fact, (and it cannot be denied,) and admitting also, (as all *sane* minds must,) all the monstrous evils of intemperance with which mere pecuniary matters have nothing to do; what enlightened individual can consider that he has fulfilled his duty to his God, to his neighbour, or to himself, until he has patiently and fairly investigated the Total Abstinence question?

Yet, notwithstanding the mass of facts which have in a surprisingly short period of time been presented to the public on this great question, and which sufficiently attest the zeal and industry of its literary and oral advocates, there are still many persons who affect to be incredulous; more who, wrapped in the impervious mantle of selfishness, refuse to look abroad. Suffering humanity, writhing in the chains of habit, cannot arouse their sympathies. It is consoling, however, to reflect that while the proud haughtily exclaim, "well enough for the vulgar," and the supine and self-indulgent falter out they "dislike great changes,"—*Truth* comes on with resistless strength;

and however severe the struggle with that long established error which has desolated man, while folly and prejudice have enshrined it in high places, still truth is sure to prevail against it. Its mighty voice has been heard calling on the inebriate to "consider his ways and be wise;" calling also on the systematic dabbler in treacherous moderation to abstain from that by which a brother "stumbleth" and "is made weak." Nobly have energetic thou-

sands responded to the spirit-stirring call of *truth*; the scales have fallen from their eyes; they have banded together against a common foe; they have *pledged* themselves in a glorious cause, and as they go on their way rejoicing, they cheer and encourage those who are willing to escape from the thralldom of pernicious custom, by exclaiming, in the words of the motto to our emblematic design, "**BRITONS STRIKE HOME!**"

A VOICE FROM THE HEATHEN,

ON THE STATE OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

THERE is nothing that fills the heart of the Christian patriot with greater delight than the proud pre-eminence which England holds among the nations, in reference to her diffusion of the Gospel of Christ in strange lands, and the zeal of her missionaries among the untutored heathen. The purest feelings of philanthropy have been exercised by persons of all classes to promote the laudable object of reclaiming the unenlightened pagan from savage error, and from the deadly influence of debasing superstition; illumining the darkened mind with purest knowledge of those truths "which to know is life eternal;" and kindling in the benighted soul that vivifying flame, which is a lamp to the feet, and a light about the path.

Yet pure as have been the aims and intentions of the disinterested and benevolent individuals who have so energetically given of their worldly substance to enlarge the Gospel-field; and eminent as have been the talents exercised by those who have personally laboured in that extended field, still a dark cloud has obscured the brightness of their prospects; an antagonist spirit of evil has laboured with equal diligence; and, alas! for the infirmities of human nature, with infinitely greater success!

It is "more in sorrow than in anger" that we are compelled to advert to the coolness, not to call it by a harsher name, with which the Christian Church,

considered as a body, have looked on the operations of the total abstinence principle; and the great moral reform which its adoption has produced among that important class who, to their everlasting honour, were the first introducers and practical adoptors of the great principle in question. The Christian Church has beheld the good, for it is not done in a corner; it rears its honest face and goes on its way rejoicing through the length and breadth of the land; the Church has seen this, and either coldly contented itself with saying "it is well," or, in some cases, they have raised the telescope of prejudice and pretended to discover small spots, not in the principle, (that defies the utmost ingenuity), but in its carrying out, perhaps; and they have magnified these fancied blemishes into enormous blot, and raised obstacles in the way of its onward progress. In the meanwhile, every thing like argument or objection, proceeding from any members of the Christian Church, has been listened to with deference and attention, in a spirit of Christian love and candour. "Affectionate appeals" have been written—the condition of suffering humanity, groaning beneath the tyranny of intemperance, has been pointed out—"the curse of Britain," that withers up our national energies, and deteriorates our national character, has been displayed with equal zeal and ability; still the Church, as a body, there have been very many highly

honourable individual exceptions), has been singularly indifferent—like the Priest and the Levite—they have coldly and cautiously passed on, on the other side; and now, as if to rouse them from their apathy, and wholly unconnected with the operations of any Temperance Society, new or old, a fearful cry has arisen from the islands of the great deep! The most interesting missions of the Church have been worse than abortive through the antagonist efforts of intemperance, and instead of "peace on earth and good will to man" having followed the introduction of the blessed truths of Christianity, crime, want, disease, and misery are stalking, with rampant and depopulating strides, over the fair and plenteous islands of the South Seas, where "all, save the spirit of man, is divine." The introduction of intoxicating drinks among these simple children of Nature, neutralizes every effort of the missionaries. Will the Christian Church any longer remain deaf? will they refuse to listen to the supplicating voice of the injured heathen?

A minister of the Society of Friends, named Daniel Wheeler, of Shoosharry, near Petersburg, has been the means of bringing to light the dreadful state of the missions in the South Seas. We can sympathise with the feeling of bitter disappointment which this philanthropic individual must have felt, when he beheld the real state of affairs in these interesting stations. Full of hope, and, doubtless, expecting to witness the most beneficial results from former labours, he went forth, believing himself "called in the love and spirit of the Gospel, to pay a religious visit to some of the South Sea Islands and to New South Wales," and quitted England, in 1834. His letters and journal contain statements the most appalling and afflicting.

It appears the only island where he found any thing like prosperity of worldly circumstances, or purity of morals, was MAROTONGA, "*there being no harbour for shipping there; and, consequently, no traffic in the death-dealing poisons of civilized nations.*" This fact requires no comment: it speaks volumes.

In the other islands, not excepting even New Zealand, every description of

human suffering and human degradation prevailed to such an extent, that the mind cannot contemplate, or the pen describe it!

If there needed any further confirmation than that afforded by experience in this country, of the inefficiency of the Old Temperance Society, both as a preventative and cure of the vice it pretends to combat, the state of the South Sea Islands furnishes that confirmation. For it is asserted (and if it were not for the dreadful effects produced, there is something ludicrous in the assertion,) that the ships called "Temperance ships," have fearfully added to the misery of the islanders. In reference to them Mr. Wheeler says: "If my friends at home could witness for themselves the state of many of the islands in these seas which we have visited, lamentation, and mourning, and woe, must inevitably be their portion. *It is a fact, incontrovertable, that those called TEMPERANCE SHIPS, have landed larger quantities of spirits on some islands than any other class of ships.* On nearly every island the population decreases, and the dreadful ravage made by disease is much aggravated by the use of spirits."

It is possible the word *Temperance* may have been appropriated by these ships, to afford a safer opportunity of landing their devastating cargo. And it is equally possible they were of that class that has been facetiously termed *half-and-half*. One thing is certain—they were not *TEE-TOTAL TEMPERANCE SHIPS*.

As if not satisfied with introducing the iniquitous productions of civilized and Christian (!) nations, the simple inhabitants of some of the South Sea islands have been initiated into the accursed art of distillation; so as to furnish them with means, within themselves, of completing and perpetuating their degradation and misery.

The pious and intelligent Daniel Wheeler says: "The island of Bolabola is one that has suffered most of any, by the introduction of spirits, as it has caused the people to *distil their bread-fruit, and every kind of food capable of producing spirit.* I can never forget the abject wretched state of those people, with scarcely a rag to cover them, in want of every thing, and

nothing to purchase with; every thing consumed in buying or converting into spirits, and the famished appearance of their more than half naked children."

Darkened as may be the minds of the simple natives, they see plainly the curse that has been sent among them by England and America; they exonerate themselves, and throw the blame where, in truth, it ought to rest. And can it be imagined that they will not carry their reflections still further—that their minds, by a natural process, will revolt from the teachings of those who are natives of the countries that have poured such a fearful tide of woe upon them. Let England and America, and, more particularly, the Church of Christ, look to it.

One most convincing proof that the natives regard the conduct of their civilized brethren, in introducing intoxicating drink among them, in its true light, is afforded by the following message which one of the chiefs, sensible of the deep degradation of his unfortunate countrymen, charged the missionaries to deliver:—

A MESSAGE TO GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.—"*I hope he (the missionary) will go to Britannia, and beg the people to have MERCY on us; and then go to America and beg the people there also to have MERCY on us; because it was these countries that sent this poison amongst us!*"

Who can read this important and heart-rending message, and not blush with shame at the gross iniquity our countrymen have been guilty of? We rejoice that many interesting particulars, relative to the state of the South Sea Islands, has been furnished by a most useful tract,* at a price so low, as to put it in the power of every person to perceive the effect which intemperance has had, in counteracting the influence and teachings of the Gospel in distant countries. It is not merely persons who are favourable to Christian missions among the Heathen, or who contribute to the support of such laudable enterprizes that should investigate this important subject. It

is the duty of every individual who calls himself by the name of Briton, whatever his station or opinions, to enquire into the state of the Heathen, and how far the remote countries of the world have been influenced and injured by the blighting effects of those deadly drinking customs, which prejudice and folly still cling to so pertinaciously, and which spread like a foul blot over the otherwise glorious page of the British national character.

The tract to which we have referred, contains a spirit-stirring appeal to the Christian Church on the subject of its missions, and in the utmost perplexity, at the amount of evil, respectively enquires, "what is to be done." To this we reply, with the confidence which practical experience inspires,—*there is one remedy, and but one.* A practical principle of complete sobriety must be introduced among the injured people in question—all tampering with the deadly foe, whether as an article of entertainment, or of medicinal use, must *entirely* cease. The use, in all cases, must be abandoned, ere the *abuse* will disappear. In order to effect this, *the missionaries must be the first to set the example! the consistent, perfect, living example!* This is the only way to promote the success of their missions—the only way to prevent their "good being evil spoken of;" and this is the best way, also, to prove their sincere devotion to the cause of the Redeemer.*

We cannot for a moment doubt the willingness of missionaries to adopt a remedy so sure, so simple, and so effectual. Men who peril their lives in strange climates to benefit the souls of the Heathen, can have no personal habits which they would not gladly alter; by so doing, they could benefit the objects of their pastoral care.

Ardent spirit abroad, as well as at home, has been the great antagonist of the Bible; proving the truth of Daniel De Foe's remark in one of his celebrated satires—

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there."

* The subject of Christian missions and colonization, is of such magnitude and importance, that we feel it a duty we owe the public to enter more fully into the matter than our present space will permit: in our next number, therefore, we shall lay before our readers the fruits of further research into this most important subject.

* "Affecting Intelligence from the South Sea Islands: a Letter addressed to the Directors and Friends of Bible and Missionary Institutions." Ward and Co., Paternoster Row.

THE WARNING.

A TALE OF MARRIED LIFE.

"The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life, and death,
He walks with Nature and her paths are peace."
YOUNG.

A MOST affectionate, attentive, and thoughtful husband was Robert Cuthbertson, the striving, thriving, intelligent young wheelwright, whose large premises and pleasant house occupied the corner of the High-street in the bustling town of Hurtleborough. If an improving business, a good reputation, a young industrious wife, and that very important little personage—a son and heir, in the first twelve months of his undisputed sway as sole baby of the establishment: if all these desirable acquisitions can confer happiness, Robert Cuthbertson was a happy man.

Constant employment, it is well known, is a complete antidote to a morbid sensitiveness of disposition; and industry, with its prime supporter, *temperance*, shed their cheering influence over the serene and happy temper of the young husband. Still no man that has many sources of happiness of a tender and domestic character, can avoid feeling that in exact proportion to his joys, might be his sorrows. Apprehension is ever the shadow that attends love; in fact, the truth of the philosopher's remark, that the man who has a wife and children has "given hostages to fortune," is, more or less, felt by all whose love hovers with tender solicitude over earthly treasures. The deeper his regard, the more he "rejoices with fear and trembling." Slight clouds will gather over the fair expanse of the truest affection—and though but fleeting visitants, that a breath almost serves to dispel, they are shadowy warnings, bidding the exulting heart receive its temporal blessings with equal humility and gratitude. In this subdued and trusting frame of mind, did Robert Cuthbertson receive the manifold blessings which a bounteous Providence had bestowed on him: and knowing that *personal habits* are often a great security for personal, and relative happiness, and prosperity, it had been his aim, from earliest youth, to circumscribe his artificial wants—to

be "diligent in business and fervent in spirit"; to secure also, with laudable energy, a fair proportion of this world's goods,

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

A character uniting so much prudence with generosity, and gentleness with firmness, of course could not be strictly in keeping, if it did not possess a few counterbalancing faults either real or attributed. Robert Cuthbertson's friends (and it is odd how soon our most particular friends make similar discoveries) used to shake their heads knowingly, and whisper, one among another: "Ah, Cuthbertson is an excellent young man, a very excellent young man, but ('oh word of fear') so very eccentric. If any stranger, curious to ascertain, asked in what way this peculiar quality displayed itself: 'Oh,' they would reply, 'he is an inveterate water-drinker—has been from a boy—a downright, headstrong, water-drinker—quite hopelessly obstinate on that point; bore all the banter of the wittiest young fellows in the town without flinching; and though full of spirits (*natural* they might have added) and a very entertaining companion, actually, uncereemoniously, neglected every convivial meeting among us all, because he 'would not countenance'—there was a word for ye—'he would not countenance such debasing pursuits.'"

Every body was satisfied with this explanation of the charge of eccentricity; as applied to Cuthbertson it was a clear case, an undisputed position; and when, in addition to this, they were told by the jovial landlord of the "Clutchem Arms," who never wearied of relating the story, what a great *loser* the obstinate young wheelwright had been by his water-drinking, they were doubly confirmed in their opinion.

The anecdote in question was a standing jest of Boniface's; he considered

it a *warning* to all sober fools, and never failed to relate it to all fledgeling drunkards that old decoy birds brought into his snug trap of a parlour. His story, in this instance, had another merit besides its moral; it excited interest: for even drunkards were quite curious to know how a man could possibly ruin very good prospects by being a water-drinker. Had his story related similar results, of an opposite description of character, not a single soul of them would have listened; for they knew very well that shame and ruin had been written on the brow of the drunkard ever since the flood.

However, the cosy host was quite as willing to gratify as to excite curiosity, and sipping his weak negus, (for he boasted of his temperance) he would rub his hands, chuckle, and say "Ah, Sirs, when that obstinate fellow Cuthbertson was a lad, tall and slender as a champagne bottle, and brisk as my best ale, he had a maiden aunt that was worth a good comfortable sum of money; she had lived in the family of Sir Frederick Clutchem, the patron of this house, from a child; first, as a sort of plaything for the Lady, Sir Frederick's mother, who, after her favourite lap dog went mad, took to children as less dangerous. When she was grown up and proved a shrewd bustling woman, the young lady, the baronet's wife, came home, and Cuthbertson's aunt then became house-keeper and favourite; and what with a handsome annuity left her by the old lady, and legacies both from the first and second wives of the baronet, with many years of enormous savings in so wealthy and profuse an establishment, the old girl was not to be sneered at; she was mortal proud to be sure; loftier, a great deal, than either one of the ladies. Well, Robert was her only nephew, and a mighty deal of pains his parents took with him to train him up in awe of her, for she liked homage. The boy was always a queer chap, he never learnt the coaxing ways, they taught him, well, but that was passed over; he grew up a good-looking fellow, and his old aunt was as fond of him, almost, as of her large black parrot; and but for his unlucky water drinking he might have come into all she was worth.

"The old girl had a great name all

over the country for making a famous damson wine, and she doctored it so cleverly with alum and log-wood, they said it was equal to the best rough flavoured port. 'Twas shocking unwholesome stuff, mind ye,—as all them home made wines are—a kind of preserved colera, or bottled up doctor's assistant; but people praised and tasted. Well, we all like fame! The old lady was prouder of her wine than of her high breeding, which is saying a main deal: and for any one to drink it and pretend they felt sure it must be port, was a certain passport to her good graces. I need not tell you, my boys, her wine had many admirers, and her strong box made many volunteer a colic. But her headstrong nephew always contrived to be absent on gala days. At last she retired from her situation to the great joy of the servants at the large house, and set up housekeeping on her own account. Her love of money made her give up many things she could well afford, but the famous wine was duly treasured.

"At her house-warming Cuthbertson (who had lost his parents and succeeded to his father's business) was obliged to be there, and he gave great offence by refusing to taste the wine. He, however, gave no particular opinion on its merits; and after a short coolness he was forgiven. Shortly after the reconciliation, he spent the day with the old lady: an old brandy nosed, brokendown, half-pay captain, one of the greatest admirers of the spinster's vinous skill, happened to be there; after dinner the captain tossed off his glass of damson wine, and with a grave face, made for the occasion, declared he had never tasted such port in England before; then the flattered old woman began to tell him, for the hundredth time, the story of her wine and its virtues. Only think of that simpleton, the nephew, refusing still to drink it! and worse than that, getting rather warm under the jeers of the captain, saying, in the heat of conversation, it was poison! or it contained poison, I don't know which. The captain defied him to prove it, and the simple fellow, with some domestic apparatus, must needs extract the spirit, and burn a small part of it; showing them at the same time the sickly looking refuse. Oh, poor fool! the spirit of his aunt's

love burnt as blue as the spirit of wine I promise ye, and went out quite as soon, leaving a black residue of anger. Well, as ill luck would have it, the parrot's food stood on a side table ready to put in the cage, and the captain, I've reason to think, unperceived, put the spirit which had not been burnt into the parrot's trough. The anger of the old lady, at her nephew's conduct, was so great that she forgot to give Poll her dinner at the usual time, but noticing the captain looking at the food, she recollected the omission, and put the trough in the cage, her hands trembling with rage. The bird, hungry with the unusual delay, began to eat voraciously: and Cuthbertson thinking it best to go, as his aunt looked so much displeased, turned his back upon the house, having done as pretty a day's work for himself as possible. He had not been gone long before the favourite black parrot, after fluttering wildly on her swing, croaking dismally, fell down to the bottom of the cage and died. All was tumult, and crying, and running to and fro, in the house: but the old lady's anger cured her grief, when the captain called her attention to the parrot's food, and she discovered by the residue that the spirit had been put into it. She never for a moment doubted that her nephew had wilfully poisoned the bird. Mind, friends, I think it was because it was spirit extracted out of *made* wine that caused it to be so poisonous: my wines are all good and wholesome.

"Well, from that day to her death, which happened only six months afterwards, she never saw her nephew or would have him mentioned in her presence.

"And who do you think she left her money to? Why, the Captain. Ha! ha! he was a keen fellow! poor Cuthbertson chips away at his wheels with his dear cold water for his comfort. What d'ye think of that now? ha! nt he been a loser by sobriety?"

The loud laughter of the landlord was generally so infectious that his guest's forgot in their merriment to ask any more questions: and if they had, it is ten to one that he would have told them (fond as he was of telling a story) that within a twelvemonth of the wine-making spinster's death, most

of her dearly beloved money found its way into the till of "The Clutchem Arms," whose resources being thus wonderfully replenished, her savings added, another story—an ornamental stuccoed front, and a huge brilliant lamp to the house; and had also supplied a fit of apoplexy—a coroner's inquest—a deep grave—and a fine tombstone to the captain!

It is no wonder that, with such a story told of him, the good folks of Hurtleborough were fully and finally convinced of Cuthbertson's eccentricity: and a sorry life he would have led, if it had not been that there was a certain something about him which forbade a person idly jesting *with* him, the wits therefore were obliged to content themselves with jesting *at* him; which, if it afforded them any amusement, certainly did not in the least annoy the sturdy wheelwright.

Meanwhile great changes were in agitation among the industrious classes. A cry had gone forth—a voice had sounded over the foamy billows of the broad Atlantic—and many honest English hearts had leapt in freedom at the sound!—myriads of manly voices "strong in their pure intent" had echoed back the mighty sound with even redoubled vigour!

Hurtleborough speedily possessed a flourishing society of eccentrics, staunch in their singularity, and daily more and more pleased with it. They were laughed at, at first, of course; and many wise folks prophesied their speedy extinction; but whether it was they had drawn up truth from the well, where the old poets said she dwelt, or what was the reason, I don't pretend to say, certain it is the society of incurable eccentrics went on "the even tenor of their way," without once pausing or looking back: just exactly as this saucy planet of ours would insist on making certain evolutions round the sun, when priests and mighty learned men said it neither could, nor would, do any such thing; that it stood as still as a stock-fish; and decided also that an eccentric, named Galileo, should be punished and imprisoned, merely for *saying* (and *proving*) "it moves."

When the prophets of Hurtleborough found themselves at fault in their predictions, they were quietly contented with

"wishing the society well," (when they failed to do it anyill) and those who prided themselves on their high moral character, and their Temperance, strange to say—all fell sick! Complaints became fashionable! those who had them not, took care to provide themselves; a celebrated Dr. Wilfuldore was the most popular physician, and two or three wine merchants, at his suggestion, became dispensing chemists.

They say "no man is a hero to his valet," but there are many men among those humble classes who are spared the attendance of such unpleasant critics; that many safely consider themselves very great heroes at their own fire-sides. The innocent eyes of overweening affection open in delighted wonder at their acquirements; and slender abilities, which the world entirely fails to perceive, seen through the multiplying glass of love, appear marvellous in quantity, and unexceptionable in quality. I grieve to say this was not exactly the case with the eccentric wheelwright; his fond and excellent little wife was a great deal too pretty not to have her caprices, besides, she had formed an opinion! It is needless to say that when a woman does *that*, she adheres to it very tenaciously, which is so much the better (provided always the opinion be a good one).

This opinion of Jane Cuthbertson's was founded on the firm belief of her husband's singularity; she had heard it so spoken of by every one from the first days of their courtship, that it became quite woven into her mind. She owned and boasted with all the pride of an affectionate and happy wife that Robert was kind—good—steady—"but dear soul, so odd! to think now of his so rigidly adhering at all times to his water-drinking, and joining a society too, as if he had any reason to fear ever becoming a drunkard!" It was evident that in some matters, she thought more highly of her own judgment than of her husband's; she did at least in this one important matter: and as to joining such a society as Robert belonged to; she could never perceive the necessity—the utility of it. In vain the young husband explained; she was wonderfully dull, and he perceiving that contention, not conviction, was most likely to be the result of his explanation, quietly

contented himself with that sort of passive resistance which is often in the long run so triumphant.

The reader is much deceived who imagines that Jane Cuthbertson was not an advocate for Temperance, she was a very strenuous one in her own way. Water-drinking was a very excellent thing for every one but herself, "she could not say it agreed with her"—"she used it as a beverage at table because it was Robert's wish, but it sadly tried her health."

Unfortunately, she could not say with the old Duchess of Rutland, "thank God I was born before nerves came in fashion!" Jane was more refined than the plain-spoken, noble dame; she had that birthright of the nineteenth century, "nerves;" and every one knows it is no use having these fashionable and expensive appendages unless they are out of order sometimes, consequently Jane's nerves displayed their sensibility in the shape of "low spirits," to which, certainly, her rosy face and bright eyes were rather unusual accompaniments. Nevertheless, Dr. Wilfuldore considered her decidedly "low spirited," and recommended a little wine just as a medicinal stimulant—not as a beverage—oh dear no! merely as physic! Every one knows the importance attached to the *dictum* of a favourite medical adviser; poor Robert was quite silenced, though not quite convinced. He dare not raise his unsupported voice and set up his opinion in opposition to the doctor! it would have been deemed quite a monstrous heresy—nothing short of actual barbarity. So he armed himself with patience, indulging a hope that when the costly drug had effected a cure, it would be dispensed with. Alas! for such visionary hopes! other drugs enter a man's dwelling as unwelcome *servants*, tolerated only while there is plenty of work to do, and dismissed the moment the work is done.

But the medicine, *wine!* comes sparkling and smiling to the fireside—a *visitant!*—a capricious worker; whose employment, like the web of Penelope, is always doing and *undoing*:—a *guest!* determined to make a long stay: in fact fully intent on setting up its rest—making itself a home—usurping in time the place of master: and the latter may think himself a fortunate man if he be

not thrust out of home into poverty, or out of life into eternity, by the contrivance of this costly and insidious inmate.

This dangerous medicine was fairly installed as a sovereign *panacea* for "low spirits" into the snug dwelling of the wheelwright; and whatever effect it might have in raising the spirits of the wife, the sight of it, and its long stay quite depressed those of the husband. Unconsciously his love took an anxious tone, shadows gathered over its brightness: true, the smiles of his young wife soon banished little unpleasant forebodings, and her cheerful railery reassured him, it was too monstrous a thing for belief that she, so pure, and replete with all womanly delicacy and sweetness, could ever become fond of wine! that fluid which heathen Rome in its early days prohibited its women to touch, as an act beneath the dignity and purity of woman, and likely to lead to results derogatory to the characters of the wives and mothers of Romans.* Oh no, *his* Jane could not possibly fall into such a snare. Still the fond husband was far from happy, and often in the quiet hours of the night, the reply of Hazaael to the prophet: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" rose in his mind; and he remembered, sadly, that notwithstanding the youth's indignation he lived to commit the sins predicted. Such unbidden thoughts made the kind heart of Robert Cuthbertson heave with many involuntary sighs.

During this period of mental uneasiness, the lady, who had been for many years the organist of the chapel the Cuthbertson's attended, died; and the sympathies of the large and, since the operations of the Hurtleborough Temperance Society, increasing congregation were enlisted in the behalf of a singularly gifted musical pupil of their late organist. The pupil in question had often presided at the chapel organ, during the illness of her instructress, and given great satisfaction. Besides her musical skill, Ellen Lindley had claims on the kind hearted of no ordinary character. She was a friendless

orphan, and though rarely gifted with personal and mental attractions, one fearful affliction threw her a dependent claimant on the sympathies of others. She was blind. Nor was this the only sorrow that pressed heavily on her youthful fortitude. A brother, a few years younger than herself, was her only relative, and he, from an injury arising from some accident in infancy, was a sickly cripple. A small annuity barely afforded them a scanty subsistence; some benevolent friends had kindly assisted Ellen in her musical studies, (which had been continued from her childhood) in the hope that her talents might save her from struggling with actual want, and enable her to contribute to the comforts of the sick boy. These two afflicted orphans had learned one sweet lesson from adversity, their mutual griefs had bound them to each other with an affection strong and pure, "passing the love of mortals."

When the office of organist became vacant, no other candidate appeared to contest the election with the blind girl, against whom no fault could be alleged but youth, which, unlike all other faults every day serves to mend: so she was duly installed in her office, the yearly salary accruing from which, added to their slender income, saved them from all fear of want. During the four years that the orphans had lived at Hurtleborough they had resided in the house of the deceased organist. Now a home was to be sought, and everyone agreed that in no house in the town could Ellen Lindley be more comfortable than in the prosperous dwelling of the kind hearted wheelwright; moreover, Jane Cuthbertson was intimate with the young musician, and preliminaries being soon settled, the orphans became inmates of the Cuthbertson's home with hopes of increased happiness to all parties.

It has been often observed that persons who labour under any peculiar deprivation, have a sort of natural compensation in the acuteness of their other faculties, therefore, though Ellen had, as Milton affectingly says, "Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out," yet she soon discovered that the water-drinking at the dinner table was adopted in compliance with the prejudices of

* The Romans always drank wine, but of old the use of this liquor was forbidden to the women, for fear, lest it should make them fall into some extravagance."—*Valerius Maximus*.

the host, not the convictions of the hostess. In a very little time the history of Mrs. Cuthbertson's distressing "low spirits," and that clever man Dr. Wilfuldore's prescription was given; but Jane was not prepared for the manner in which her communication was received, the sightless eyes of the blind girl filled with tears as she listened; and the pale but beautifully expressive face of her brother was turned towards her, as he took her hand between both his, and by a silent pressure seemed to assure her of sympathy, in some hidden grief, that lay too deep for words. Jane perceived she had said something exquisitely painful, and feeling confused and puzzled at the effect a few harmless words had produced, she skilfully turned the conversation to her baby who, laughing and crowing in her arms, seemed to challenge observation and defy neglect.

Nothing more was said at that time about "low spirits," but Jane pondered often on the slight incident, and recollecting that the orphans seldom spoke of their family or their childhood, she soon wrought her mind up to a very natural emotion of curiosity. Being very frank and open in her disposition, a secret always seemed to her something like a crime, consequently as soon as she began to be curious, she communicated her thoughts to her husband who laughed with true manly incredulity at her surmises, but at length her reiterated remarks about "mystery" and "secrecy" began to be infectious, and he observed:—

"It was certainly a pity so interesting a girl as Miss Lindley should look so melancholy at times; but she is not low spirited Jane, at least if she is, she takes no medicine for it I believe."

"Oh, she is a young girl, she has no troubles."

"No troubles, Jane!"

"Ah, true! I forgot, yes! she has many troubles that we can see, and some, dear Robert, that she does not tell us of. I think that is a little unkind and we so fond of her."

On the evening of the day when this conversation took place, the little family drew round the cheerful fireside, which makes the winter evenings such a period of heartfelt enjoyment. The wheelwright's premises closed early:

and he seated himself to enjoy the quiet mirth of the domestic hearth, amusing his leisure with carving (an art he had some skill in, and much taste for) an ornament for his wife's mantle-piece; the babe slept sweetly in its ornamented cradle, fondly bedecked with snowy drapery: Jane was busy at her needle, looking as if her blooming face would put to flight a whole army of "low spirits," while on the snug side of the fire-place, seated on the small low couch, was Ellen, plaiting, with wonderful celerity, some straw table-mats for her friendly hostess. Edward, the afflicted brother, at the request of the party, was reading aloud in tones of such silvery and melting sweetness, that all listened as much in admiration of his manner, as the matter of the author. Jane had selected the evening reading: it was an "Essay on Friendship;" and as an essential part of the subject-matter, the necessity of mutual confidence, as a firm corner-stone to the fabric of friendship, was particularly insisted on. It is unnecessary to say there was a motive in this selection; and when the youth ceased reading, Jane made many grave remarks on the beauty of a confiding disposition, and the impropriety of people being too reserved with friends.

Ellen Lindley knew the drift of this discourse, and listened patiently, but sorrowfully, to its purport. When Jane ceased her eulogy on *unreserve*, the blind girl turned her sightless eyes in the direction of her voice and said, in a tone startling from its extreme and concentrated calmness, as if she had nerved herself for an effort, "I agree with you, dear Mrs. Cuthbertson, that no one should encourage a cold spirit of reserve towards friends; and trust me, I feel it must be quite as much a comfort as a duty to repose secrets, if we are so unfortunate as to have them, in the bosom of sympathising affection. Kindness ought to open the heart, as Edward tells me sunbeams open the flowers. I am not so insincere as to pretend that I quite misunderstand the cause which has induced you to make the remarks I have heard. Nay," she continued as Jane was murmuring a hasty apology, "do not fall into a worse error than that you condemn in me, frankly own that you wish to hear

of that period of our lives which you have probably observed us both averse to mention; and I, in my turn, will acknowledge that two reasons have sealed my lips as to the events of those years. First, I am, perhaps, weakly sensitive on the subject, and have therefore accustomed myself to throw the shield of silence over the sorrows of a wounded spirit, and the memory of the dead."

"What have I done," interposed Jane, taking the hand of Ellen, "Oh, pray don't say another word, and forgive me being so unfeeling."

"Miss Lindley, you must think us brutes; I am quite ashamed," said Robert warmly.

"Hear my other reason for silence," resumed Ellen calmly, "and believe me I impute your implied inquiries only to the kind interest you felt towards two friendless orphans. Next to my perhaps culpable unwillingness to speak of the past from tenderness for my own feelings, was a sort of delicacy towards you, dear Mrs. Cuthbertson; there is in my narrative more truth than perhaps the courtesy of the world will permit a poor girl, like myself, presenting as a warning; for such is indeed the character in which what I have to relate ought to be received."

Edward sat down on the couch beside his sister; and Jane, heartily ashamed of her hints, had her curiosity roused afresh at the last singular remarks of Ellen. "How could any thing the blind orphan had to say apply as a warning to her?" was her mental ejaculation. Robert rose hastily preparatory to quitting the room, Ellen heard the movement and exclaimed with energy:—

"Stay, I entreat, I request, my story is for both or neither." And with a sad serenity, while Robert reseatd himself, her countenance looking "severe in youthful beauty," the narrative commenced:—

"My father was an architect residing in the beautiful, and now fashionable, town of Southampton; being clever in his profession, and a junior partner in a first rate business, his circumstances were somewhat above mediocrity, and when he married a distant relation with a small fortune, named, like myself, Ellen Lindley, few young men commenced life with happier prospects.

My poor mother, I have heard it often said in my childhood was, at the period of her marriage, a most interesting girl, gifted with many natural and acquired advantages; indeed, her personal attractions, though often the theme of praise, were allowed by all to be the least of her possessions. I was the first child, and my birth was a source of delight and gratitude, for I was not then as now, deprived of sight and an object of compassion. But I have much to be thankful for in my excellent health, would that your afflictions, dear Edward, were as light as mine! During my infancy, my mother was seized with a violent fever, from which her recovery was tedious, and it left a depression of spirits behind it that, it was thought, rendered artificial stimulants necessary; her medical attendant recommended a medicine that seldom requires much persuasion to induce the patient to take. My father, tremblingly anxious for the health of one so dear to him, procured the oldest, and, as it is termed, best wine he could possibly get; and by the time which the doctor assigned as the likely period of my mother's recovery, this insidious medicine had firmly established itself as an article of diet, had created a morbid want in the constitution, and could not be dispensed with without an EFFORT! which my mother, in ignorance of any particular danger to be apprehended, and my father, in firm persuasion, not merely of the utility, but necessity of it to my mother, never once thought it desirable to make.

"I hear in these days much talk about the moral and restraining influence which the diffusion of education would produce among the people. 'Educate the people, and they will drink like men and not like beasts,' is an opinion often expressed by those who are opponents to perfect and systematic sobriety. I think all experience has proved this saying to be untrue. When we remember the very great names who have left a reputation for Bacchanalian achievements quite as marvellous as their literary efforts, we cannot hesitate for a moment to allow that education, and even great powers of mind are no security against the fearful inroads of personal habits, and the overwhelming influence of personal appetite. In my brother's biographical reading he has often

pointed out such instances to me. And I think, Edward; a most distinguished female writer, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, was it not? who said that 'not less than two bottles of wine a day was necessary to sustain the fatigues, raise the spirits, and recruit the flagging energies of a lady of fashion.' When so high an authority has expressed so unwomanly an opinion, and represented ladies of fashion in so pitiable a light, I need not tell you that my poor mother's mental gifts, improved as they had been by a liberal education, was no security against the encroaching character of the dose, taken at first medicinally, and at length continued from habit. By the time Edward was born, which was when I was four years old, my father had begun to be seriously inconvenienced by the largeness of his wine merchant's bills; and notwithstanding all his blindness, and all his fondness, he began to expostulate. My mother's baneful habit, without having by any means degenerated into what *drinkers of wine term intemperance*, had become a complete necessity with her; she firmly imagined she could not possibly live without her accustomed wine, and therefore resented my father's complaints as being equally unkind and mean, and an undue interference with her domestic privileges. I have heard that her disposition was singularly affectionate, and though her temper was somewhat warm, her heart partook of its warmth. Any domestic altercation was unusual and caused her serious unhappiness; in her grief she flew to the fatal restorative she had in an evil hour been recommended; and I have heard my father say from the time he first remonstrated, her habit increased with fearful rapidity. Her health being very delicate, her temper altered by almost imperceptible degrees, until she, who had been the delight of affectionate friends, and the joy of a devoted husband, was remarked as a peevish, quarrelsome, capricious woman, negligent of herself and her duties. Still the cause was unsuspected by all but the miserable husband, who hardly dared whisper it to himself; and the servants who made no scruple of talking of it even before me. With childish penetration, which is ever acute, I *felt* that my mother's heart was changed towards me; and

the fits of passionate fondness, which sometimes succeeded long intervals of neglect, were a poor recompense for the weary periods of estrangement, peevishness, and anger, that were so often my portion. I hardly know who was most to be pitied; my father, whose heart was throbbing with inward grief; we, who were consigned to the care of mercenary hirelings; or my poor mother herself, who, I am sure, was writhing with remorse. It is vain to trace the dreadful steps by which the victim descended from her once happy and honourable position in society; it is enough to say, that when dear Edward was about two years old, our home was a scene of complete domestic misery. The demon of discord, who had so long been lulled by patience, awoke with fearful energy and filled the house with perpetual unhappiness. Edward, who was always delicate, had been entrusted to the care of a very young, careless, and unprincipled girl, who never told my father of the dreadful fall which withered up his frame, embittered his young life, and made him inexpressibly dear to me; but, alas! very miserable to himself."

"Dear Ellen, I am very happy, I am indeed," faltered the boy, interrupting his sister and clasping her hand.

The blind girl, putting her arm protectingly round his neck, resumed: "There is truth in the old adage that griefs never come singly. I fell ill with the measles about the same time that the dreadful injury Edward had received became apparent; an inflammation of the eyes was the consequence of a severe cold caught after that disorder; and our mother, roused by the calamities which thickened around her, nursed us for some days with unremitting vigilance. Oh! had the maddening wine been then *entirely banished*, she might have been saved; but custom prevailed over reason, the foe was retained! Ah! need I tell you it triumphed over even maternal resolution; exhausted with fatigue, anxiety, and remorse, she again resorted to it for fancied aid, and its effect on her excited nerves was terrible! she would allow no one to approach my bed, and insisted on being quite undisturbed in her nursing. The servants perceiving her manifest incompetency, out of hu-

manity, and with some vague presentiment of mischief, resolved to acquaint my father, and flew to his office for the purpose. Alas! before they came back, my mother had bathed my eyes with some strong burning acid, which she mistook for the lotion, and extinguished, with dreadful pain, their light for ever!*

When I recovered from the severe illness that followed the accident, for my sufferings affected my brain, my mother had fled, a conscience-stricken wanderer, from the roof of her husband, and the home of her children. A formal separation was mutually agreed on, and my father made ample provision for her and an infant which shortly after was born.

When my poor father, a little before his death, related, as a solemn warning, the story of his domestic sorrows, I shall never forget the terrible energy with which, in speaking of the separation, he exclaimed, "It is divinely said, 'those whom God hath joined, let not man put asunder.' It was no mortal power that stapt between me and the wife of my youth—the mother of my children. No! it was a spirit, a lying, treacherous fiend, that turned our love into gall and bitterness, and stamped a burning brand on heart and brow, that eat its way into our very souls."

"About a year after the events I have related, an old lady in Scotland, distantly related to my mother, died; and being wholly ignorant of the domestic changes that had taken place, left her a handsome legacy for her sole use and benefit, to be paid immediately. On the receipt of this, my mother, with her infant son, left Southampton suddenly, and went no one knew whither; nor could my father's most diligent enquiries ascertain more than the probability that she had gone to London.

"Whether his sorrows had made Southampton distasteful to him, or whether, as I believe, my father's heart yearned towards the wife he had so fondly loved, and the innocent babe he had never yet beheld, I know not, but he formed the design of repairing to the Metropolis. At a great loss he

disposed of his share in the firm, and in a short time we were established in a neat cottage in the neighbourhood of London, where a little garden formed the scene of Edward's greatest enjoyment: an old female relative of my father's accompanied us to our new home, and her kindness supplied a parent's place to his worse than motherless children. Our circumstances were somewhat altered, but my father's industry and talents in his profession secured him a modest competence, the savings from which he fondly lavished in procuring the best medical advice for Edward, and such instructions for me, as were most calculated to alleviate my affliction. Perceiving, with parental partiality, my early fondness for music, he fostered it with every care. We heard no tidings of my mother's retreat, and her name never being mentioned among us, from respect to my father's feelings, I ceased: such is the blessed privilege of childhood, to lament her, and Edward had, of course, quite forgotten her. If it had not been for the sickness that made the poor boy "turn his pale face to the wall" for months together, we children should have been comparatively happy. Not so our dear father, his voice became, comparatively to the ear of affection, more and more mournful; indeed, Edward used to note with surprise, and mention to me as an unusual event, a smile when it appeared on his countenance. "Dear Ellen," was his childish remark, "I don't want you to see our father always, because he looks so sad; but he smiled this morning, and then I was so very, very sorry you were blind."

We had been about three years at the cottage, when one evening my father returned later than usual from his office, and was much agitated, having witnessed the frightful death of a poor child who fell from the upper window of a house in a low street, which, as it was a nearer way home, he usually passed through. The child had fallen at his feet, and he, hoping against conviction, had carried it in his arms to the hospital, situated some distance from the place where the accident occurred. Many conflicting reports were circulated in the neighbourhood, but every one agreed the mother, a person named Edwards, was addicted to intemperance,

* The writer of this narrative, in the first month of existence, narrowly escaped a similar fate through the mistake of an intemperate nurse.

and had left home some time, when the child, probably anxious about her, looked wistfully out of the window, and ignorant or heedless of danger, tempted its dreadful doom.

The indignant feeling ran high against the intemperate, and, consequently, negligent mother. It may well be imagined how bitterly my father felt; all his own troubles arose in fearful array in his mind. Being summoned on the inquest, he was selected as foreman of the jury; and when, after the examination of the witnesses, the jury returned their verdict, he felt it his duty to request, in the name of himself and fellow-jurymen, that the coroner would have the mother called, that they might express, in strong terms, their indignation at her conduct. When the miserable creature, however, was brought before them, the utter wretchedness of her appearance, and the wildness of her sunken eyes, softened their hearts, and turned them from the stern purpose which the sight of the mangled remains of the child had decided them on. She stood in all the strong calmness of despair before them, looking with a gaze of almost idiotcy from one to another; and the coroner merely said, "In consideration of your feelings, and the life-long reproach that will be yours, we shall not express all we feel, as men and fathers at your neglect; but trust it will be a warning to you." Her wandering gaze at that moment fixed on my father's face; the dreadful shriek that burst from her lips, as she fell to the ground, was imputed by the horror-stricken assembly to remorse—and such, no doubt, it was; but my father utterly failed to discover, in the sallow, emaciated, neglected, and even forbidding looking woman, the wife who, radiant in beauty, intelligence, and virtue, had once been the pride of his heart, the delight of his eyes.

She was carried insensible from the room; and my father, on his return home, related to us the terrible scene he had witnessed. Ah! had he known his own deep interest in it! Our young hearts were much depressed. It is said, "coming events cast their shadows before them." On the following day we tried in vain to shake off our dejection; it was a lovely summer's day, and a gentle breeze filled the air with the

sweet melody of rustling leaves. Our father's indulgent care had stocked Edward's little garden with flowers, which it was a healthful pleasure for him to tend. Edward led me out there to my favourite seat; and to cheer him, I sung to him, while he, anxious to please me also, was playfully crowning me with a wreath he had twined of leaves and flowers; he was getting more, when, in the midst of my song, I heard the garden-gate softly open; Edward's ear was not so acute as mine, and it seems he was bending down to a flower-bed opposite the gate, and therefore did not perceive a person enter, whose hand was on my head, and her hot tears falling profusely on my forehead before I recovered my surprise. I was somewhat accustomed to the tender sympathy my blindness and my singing excited; but the sorrow of the stranger had something awful in it! Edward flew to me, and I was on the point of screaming with terror. "Don't drive me away," gasped a deep voice, whose tones I shall never forget, "suffer me to stay a moment—only a moment." "'Tis a poor beggar woman," whispered Edward, "I'll go in and ask for something for her." The poor soul heard him, and taking her hand from my head, detained him. "I am no beggar, dear child, for any thing but mercy! mercy!" and, falling on her knees, she began, in piteous accents, to ask our forgiveness. Conceiving some maniac had entered our garden, terror overcame sympathy, and we screamed aloud. When our kind relative came to our aid, the strange visitant had fled; and our fears were supposed to exaggerate the incident, it therefore passed with less comment than it really deserved.

When our house door was opened early on the following morning, a dreadful sight presented itself—the emaciated and stiffened corpse of a destitute female was drawn up together in the rigid cramp of the death-agony on the step of the door. When the shrieks of the servant roused my father, he immediately recognised by her dress the wretched woman whose distress he had witnessed at the inquest. In moving her the tattered bonnet fell from her head, and he had a full view of her features; his mind fearfully mis-

gave him as, horror-struck, he scrutinized their collapsed and ghastly outline. Could it be, as he dimly and tremblingly surmised? A letter was clasped firmly in one of her hands. It was our mother—our unfortunate mother! she had crawled to her husband's door to die! the tears she shed on my unconscious head were her parting blessing! Every word of her heart-breaking letter is indelibly impressed on my mind—

"I dared not ask you to forgive me while I lived, and you are too good, too kind, to carry anger or hatred beyond the grave.

Oh, Edward, the way of transgressors is hard. You know how I have sinned, but you can never know how I have suffered. I have no hope—no hope! I was kind, indeed I was, to the last dear boy; I loved him with all the energy of sorrow—as a relic of happy days—as all that remained to me of husband or home! But I killed him. Yes! the guilt of deadliest murder is on my soul. I feel that I am dying; my hard heart has burst beneath its load of sin. Edward, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight—sinned passed forgiveness. If my lips could bless, or my tongue offer up a prayer, it would be for you and your's; but I cannot, I dare not, a fearful warning is all that can be bequeathed by the miserable

ELLEN LINDLEY."

I have little more to add: my father, though he lived nearly four years after the catastrophe I have related, never quite recovered the shock he then sustained; his health became impaired and his circumstances embarrassed. At his death, which happened a few months after that of our kind female relative, he left his friendless children one solemn injunction along with his blessing—to learn our own infirmities, and to distrust our resolution; to rely on Him who has commanded his followers to "shun even the appearance of evil." An admonition, I trust, we shall never forget.

The God and protector of the orphan mercifully inclined the hearts of many friends towards us after my poor father's death; and a tranquil and eligible home was procured for us, as you know, in Hurtleborough, with my late kind instructress.

And now, dear Mrs. Cuthbertson, you may judge whether I have not reason to be silent on the events that have passed. And when sorrows so deep and sacred are dragged from the recesses of my heart, it is in the hope they may have a sanctifying and bene-

ficial tendency on those who now have heard them."

The tremulous voice of Ellen ceased, and, rising from her seat, she pressed the hand of the weeping Jane, and, leaning on the arm of her brother, quitted the apartment.

Heartfelt and ardent was the solemn prayer put up by Robert Cuthbertson at the family altar, on that night, of deep emotion! "Lord save me from myself," was the appropriate petition of his trembling wife.

Early on the following morning when the young wheelwright entered the parlour, he saw his wife with her sprightly infant clasped fondly in her arms—a tear glistened on her blooming cheek, like a dew drop on a rose. A book and writing implements laid before her. Looking on the open page, the delighted husband recognised the well-filled Temperance pledge-book which he kept to receive the signatures of persons who might be unable to attend the meetings. The ink was wet on the last entry; he looked intently, and a tear of joy blotted the page, for he read the one dear name around which all his best affections hovered.

"I have not signed it lightly, Robert," said the young mother, after a pause of eloquent silence, "for I felt that the eye of Omnipotence was on me, and the smile of innocence rewarded me."

The faithful and unswerving friendship of the grateful Cuthbertson's was a pleasant source of increasing comfort to the orphans, whose regrets and privations were so lightened by sympathy and kindness, that they communed with their own hearts in fervent thankfulness for what was given, and serene resignation of what was denied.

Meanwhile, the eccentric water-drinking society of Hurtleborough flourished like the "green bay tree" of the Psalmist, because it was planted, like it, by rivers of water. All hail to its wide outspreading branches! Many were the sons and daughters of affliction, "weary and worn," who took shelter beneath them!

A happy, a proud, a glorious day! shall it be for England, when her sturdy sons and gentle daughters shall have discovered the truth of the poet's aphorism—

"Who lives to custom, seldom can be rich;
Who lives to NATURE, never can be poor."

PENCILLINGS OF BACCHANALIANS,

BY QUIZZINA SKETCH.

No. I.—THE POLITICIAN.

THE most flourishing and attractive club that held its weekly meetings at "The Friend at Hand," was the "Operatives Representative Association," composed of about forty choice spirits, all orators, and, of course, politicians. Here the affairs of the nation were discussed, the blunders of statesmen corrected, bad laws revised, better institutions planned, the speeches of certain members of a great house argued over afresh, national measures canvassed, criticised, and amended, and —, but my pen wearies of recording the arduous labours the little club took upon itself; perhaps it is not necessary to particularize, for all the world knows that the work of a politician is never done, and never will be, so long as there are hearts to feel discontent, or language to express it in.

"The Operatives Representative Association," though it acknowledged no actual head, yet it was not, in truth, such a polypus—all body and limbs, as it supposed; it possessed a head virtually in the bold and fearless Tom Bibulous, the stalwart blacksmith, who called himself an uncompromising, thorough-going, *consistent*, radical; and whose red-hot arguments were for ever being hammered down with noisy eloquence on the broad and beaten anvil of politics. The club never had a spirited meeting unless Tom was there, and then it was so *spirited* that the landlord had sometimes a little difficulty in getting rid of the bodies of the politicians. Tom was very fond of calling himself an "unwashed artizan;" he was proud of the term, and, to do him justice, he did his very best to merit its most literal application; the state of his well-worn jacket usually afforded him a favourite theme for his eloquence, and for political disquisition, it served, by illustrating the mighty inequalities in human condition, "to point a moral, and adorn a tale."

"Pretty times these, brother operatives," he would say, drawing the pipe from his mouth, drinking a mighty

draught of ale, and striking his brawny arm with startling force on the table, "Pretty times these, when the grinding, unconstitutional, system of taxation leaves a hard working man, like me, no better dress than this to appear before you in; and mark me, friends, it is not merely taxes alone I complain of, but I say we ought to resist with all the legal means in our power, mind I say *legal*, for I'm a *consistent* reformer, and an uncompromising foe to taxation, not one of your destructives, mind; I say we, the 'unwashed artizans,' ought to resist, with all our might, the monstrous evil, the 'iron reality,' as I may say, of taxation without representation."

A clamour of applause usually welcomed this period of the sturdy blacksmith's harangue; who, warming with his inflammable subject, and still more inflammable potations, generally rose to such a pitch of eloquence, as the pen cannot do justice to; and by the time he concluded, his auditors felt a glow of indignation against the system that kept Tom Bibulous, the clever "unwashed artizan," and many like him, in such a ragged coat; and anger being a great provocative of thirst, plenteous were the draughts they quaffed to cool their burning rage and stimulate their brains to seek a remedy; while clouds and mist, as dense as their intellects, "bemuzzed in beer," curled in eddies around from their vigorously puffed pipes.

Not one of the whole party ever reflected that Tom, the politician, was in constant employment—at least as constant as his erratic habits permitted. "Saint Monday" was a day sacred to idleness in Tom's calendar, and kept with all the rigour of a devotee. The only toil permitted on that day, was an attendance in the evening at a political debating society some distance from his home, where as ready money was paid by visitors for their refreshments, any lingering cash that by chance lurked in his pocket was disbursed. On Tues-

day, Tom had to read all the papers, and prepare for the meeting of the club at the "Friend at Hand," of which we have said he was the head. The meetings in question were usually stormy, particularly at the conclusion; and when Wednesday dawned, it generally found our politician's frame of iron somewhat unstrung, and a sensation, which he quaintly termed, "all-overishness," pervading him, that was not to be thrown off without taking, what he technically called, "a hair of the dog that has hit me." By the time this remedy was applied, a few idle hangers-on were collected round him to hear the account of the last night's meeting; or to discuss the news of the day; but when Wednesday night arrived, "a change came o'er the spirit of Tom's dream;" the landlord's brow contracted into a frown, which the blacksmith well understood; a few magical words uttered by that portly personage, in which the phrase, "score gets heavy," were the most audible, effected a total change in the bold bearing of the "unwashed artizan," and transformed him from a fearless blusterer into an obsequious petitioner, or if, perchance, the ale had mounted very high into his pate, he muttered "curses not loud but deep," and marched home earlier than usual. Thursday found him the busiest among the busy; paid by the day for his work, and tolerated only because he was a most skilful workman; under dread of dismissal, he had to perform a Herculean amount of toil. "Give that to Tom Bibulous," said the master, when any particularly hard or hurried work was to be done, "he's a capital fellow at a bustle, and we must keep the drunken dog at it." Tom had not a moment to spare for politics or any thing else until Saturday night, when after paying the score that swallowed up more than half his earnings, by way of showing his independence as a free-born Englishman and thorough going Radical, he entered on a fresh account, and never quitted "The Friend at Hand" until he had demonstrated over sundry pots of ale, his favourite theory—the injustice of taxation without representation.

Meanwhile, in her solitary home, the drooping head of his young wife was throbbing with anxiety, as her tremb-

ling fingers plied the busy needle that eked out a miserable subsistence; and at intervals she muttered to herself, "I really think, bad as the times are, we might make both ends meet pretty comfortably; only the beer and the politics, or the politics and the beer, for they both mean the same thing, take up so much time and money. I'm sure I think Tom needn't tax himself so much."

It is remarkable how perversely some women argue, and how utterly incompetent they are to understand the noble science of politics!

Tom's oratorical displays sometimes terminated in an unceremonious ejection into the street. On such occasions his indignation was quite awful, and the thundering denunciations he uttered were sometimes caught up and carried to "ears polite." A comfortable parish functionary once thought it necessary to call on mine host of "The Friend at Hand," and, in a confidential way, while ensconced in the warmest seat in the snug bar over a bowl of the landlady's celebrated punch, he hinted a doubt of the policy of letting "that ragamuffin, Tom Bibulous, hold forth in such a style of a Tuesday night."

"Why, you see how it is," said mine host, thrusting his hands, as was his wont when speechifying, into the pockets of his apron, and filling them with the silver, which he drew to the top and then suffered slowly to escape from his fingers with a comfortable chink to the bottom of the capacious pockets, "You see how it is, such folk's as Tom helps to fill my house; I should never do the suug trade I do without 'em. Tom drinks, and he draws. And lord love ye, with all his bluster, he's as harmless as a chicken; and so they be all on 'em: they talk a bit big to be sure, but bless your heart! I can tell you, and I'm no green-horn, I knows a thing or two—beer is the safest thing in the world to wash down politics! They may talk about independence, but its only talk. Why, when the strike was at Tom's old master's, with all his brag, that ere chap was obligated to give in—one of the very first: how should he, or they that's like him hold out? with never a feather to fly with, as the saying is. And at the elections, politicians, like Tom, may talk of their

principles in the morning, but at night they're to be found in that *candidate's* houses as draws the best ale, and the most of it, be *he* Tory, Whig, or Radical. No, no! there's no harm in Tom; I knows how to draw him mild, or fine, or how much head to give him to a drain. He aint like Jack Forbes—*Master* Forbes I s'pose I must say now he's getting on so—when *he* was first in business, the rector's son called on him to canvass for his vote; and when Forbes seemed resolute to vote for the opposite party, there was a hint that if he voted against their wishes, he would lose the rector's custom and patronage. Jack Forbes began to be quite crusty about his principles, and when the word patronage was mentioned, what does he do, for I see it myself, but lay hold of a brown jug of water that stood on the table, and filling a small glass, quite good humoured and civil, but with the air of a lord he bowed to the rector's son, drank his health along with that of the candidate he meant to

give his vote to; and, after emptying his glass, said, mighty coolly, looking the young gentleman full in the face, 'He who is content to drink no other beverage than this, needs no man's patronage.'

"What d'ye think of that for a touch, eh? No fear of Tom Bihyious coming out with his independence in that way. Let 'em talk politics—the drink, between you and me, brings 'em down, and keeps 'em down; and its only nat'ral like, after drinking so much good ale, they should spout a little froth." A chorus of laughter, at this joke of the landlord's, concluded the conversation; and Tom's politics were voted harmless to all but himself, and vastly serviceable to "The Friend at Hand."

Reader, of all the *rare* and choice exotics, called virtues, which care and watchfulness induce to take root in the ungenial climate of this world, assuredly none among them is more *rare* than the virtue of—CONSISTANCY!

A TEE-TOTAL "BRIDAL SONG,"

COMPOSED FOR A PRIVATE PARTY OF TEMPERANCE FRIENDS ON THE DAY OF THE
QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.

DEAR friends, with loyal pride, drink to the royal bride,

Fill your glasses with pure sparkling water;

Leave tipplers to their wine, in a draught more divine,

We'll toast free Britannia's fair daughter!

Yes! fill full from the well, where *truth* loves to dwell,

'Tis an emblem of sweet virgin fame;

While time shall endure, there's no beverage more pure,

Or more worthy Victoria's fair name.

Oh drink then in water alone

To the bride upon England's throne!

For she's graceful as a fountain—

Chaste as dew-drop on the mountain.

Radiant as the cheering "bow of promise in the cloud,"

When 'neath the kisses of the sun its glowing brow is bowed!

The libation we pour, is plenteous and sure,

Bland, fruitful, and free, as true love;

It gives health to the veins, and verdure to the plains,

It flows like sweet *peace* from above.

May our Queen's domestic joy be as free from alloy,

As this draught we now quaff to her name,

May love's genial spring, unnumber'd blessings fling

O'er the path of the fair regal dame!

Oh drink then in water alone, &c. &c.

C. L. B.

THE SCIENCE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

As there are many persons who will be convinced only by what they term *impartial* testimony, of the value of Temperance in any form, we hasten to lay before them the following remarks, abstracted from *The Lancet* of the eighth of February.

So conclusive are these notices, that after reading them, few, we think, will be inclined longer to doubt the wisdom of *at once* adopting a pure, efficient, and practical principle, as contributing to the promotion of health, both moral and physical, and all the blessings to which it is both preliminary and indispensable.

First, then, we beg to introduce the following letter, specially dedicated to mothers:—

"EFFECTS OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKS ON MOTHERS AND INFANTS.

"To the *Editor of the Lancet*.

"SIR:—I have resided in Ramsgate during nearly eight years, and have in that time attended 1,127 midwifery cases, and have invariably found, that, other circumstances being equal, those mothers who never tasted malt liquors, wine, or spirits, during, and subsequent to the period of labour, have had the easiest labours, the earliest recoveries, and the best health afterwards. Nay, more, I know several mothers who never could nurse their children, under the ale and porter system, without suffering greatly in health, but who, after relinquishing the use of those baneful stimulants, have experienced a perfect freedom from disorder during the period of lactation. Nor was this all. The offspring of such mothers have enjoyed an unprecedented immunity from disease also.

"That some females do not feel their health disordered whilst using those drinks, I am ready to admit, and that their tender infants, also, may escape, for a time, with impunity, is certain, but that both mother and child suffer more or less, in proportion to the quantity of these drinks taken by the mother, at a remote period, if not at the immediate time, is to me as certain as that I am now writing. Nor do I see how it can be otherwise, according to the laws which govern the animal economy. Let any man in extensive practice, any man who is accustomed to reflect, review the state of health of the great majority of ale and porter drinking mothers, during, and after the period of child-bearing, and then say whether their health is what it should be, had they lived according to nature's dictates. In affirming that it is not, the mass of disease that presents itself amongst this, the better part of created beings, strongly confirms the assertion. I have under my own eye many

mothers who are experiencing the ill-effects of the moderate (not the immoderate) use of these falsely denominated "strengthening" beverages, in the form of liver and stomach complaints, skin diseases, asthma, dropsy, &c., and every impartial and observant member of the profession must have noticed similar results. Thousands of children are annually cut off by convulsions, &c., from the effects of these beverages, acting through the mother.

"Strong drinks excite a feverish state of the body, and create an artificial thirst,—a thirst which is not expressive of any real want of the constitution, but a certain proof that the want does not exist. The greater the craving for them, under these circumstances, the more certain we may be that they are not needed, and that they will cause positive mischief to both mother and child. The constitutions of both are stimulated beyond what nature ever intended that they should be. The laws which govern the animal economy are positively infringed, and it is impossible that either mother or child can escape the penalty of that infringement. Both will suffer to a certainty in some shape or other, if not immediately, at a future period. I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

"A COURTENAY, Surgeon R.N.
"Ramsgate, Jan. 18th, 1840."

Next we beg leave to call attention to the following subjects in immediate apposition, namely:—

OPIUM AND TEE-TOTALISM.

Who would have imagined that there was any connexion between the most deleterious of intoxicating drugs and Total Abstinence from intoxication drinks! Yet a physician of repute has ventured to make the assertion to the prejudice of the latter as promotive of opium, or rather *poison-eating*!!!

Thanks, however, to the official returns, even the clerks of public offices must see the malignant absurdity of such an assertion; the following is from *The Lancet*:—

"It will be seen from the Reports, that the comparative effects of opium and alcohol have been under discussion at one of the medical societies. The assertion of Dr. JOHNSON, that 'the insurance-offices had found that the sale of opium had increased in a direct ratio with the increase of TEE-TOTALISM,' was calculated to give importance to the question; but, fortunately, the official facts, adduced by Mr. DOWNING, DO NOT BEAR OUT THIS OPINION. In referring to the quantity of opium on which duty had been paid, he found that, in 1836, there were 38,550 hogsheads

bonded; in 1837, 36,800 hogsheads; in 1838, 30,800; in 1839, 40,000 hogsheads—or, in the two last years, 70,800; in the two years preceding, 75,350 hogsheads.

"The consumption of the drug is very considerable, and it cannot be all employed as medicine. It is used for the adulteration of various spirituous drinks, which form the staple of gin-palaces, and is taken by a few individuals; but we do not believe that opium is eaten extensively in this country. It is not smoked at all. It is right, however, that the practice should be denounced, and that the public should be guarded against the deleterious effects of a baneful and very insidious indulgence.

The following will be found very interesting as a national picture of degradation:—

"The destruction of 20,283 chests of opium, the property of British subjects, valued at £2,400,000, by the Chinese Commissioner LIN, and the motives for that operation, present some features not undeserving of consideration. LIN pretended, in his proclamation, that the paternal regard of the EMPEROR for the health of his subjects, led him to adopt this extreme measure. The spectacle of a despotic government manifesting any concern for the public health, and making any efforts or sacrifices for the preservation of the lives of its subjects, is so novel, that we have examined the facts of the case, in the hope of being able to hold up the Sun of the Celestial Empire as an example to the barbarian governments of Europe, who not only allow, but encourage, their people to consume various kinds of poisons.

"The interests at stake are of great magnitude, and the subject has been warmly and ably discussed.

"The plan of sending opium to China, was originally suggested by Colonel WATSON. In 1773, the British East India Company made a small adventure of opium from Bengal to China; the trade increased, and ships laden with opium went annually to Whampoa, with little molestation, until 1820, when the foreign dealers in opium were driven to Lintin and the coast. A vast portion of the surface of our Indian territory is now covered with the glistening poppy flower. Malwa, Benares, and Behar (Patna,) are the chief localities from which opium is obtained. In Benares, Behar, and all the territories within the jurisdiction of the East India Company, the cultivation of the poppy, the preparation of the drug, and the traffic of it until brought to Calcutta, are monopolised by the British Government in India. It is sold by public auction at Calcutta, and most of the commercial houses there are engaged in its traffic. Half of the opium produced comes from Malwa, whose chiefs are under British protection. About two-thirds of this Malwa opium are transmitted direct to Bombay (paying a transit duty of 175 rupees a chest to the British Government), and is then shipped in English vessels to China. The British merchants at Calcutta say, in their Memorial to the Privy Council,

'That while the profits of opium shippers have seldom exceeded from 5 to 15 per cent. on the Government sale price, those of the opium manufacturers, namely, the British Government of India, have usually varied from 200 up to the enormous amount of 500 per cent., on the cost of manufacture.' This statement is corroborated by the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the renewal of the East India Company's Charter in 1832. 'The monopoly of opium in Bengal,' the Committee reported, 'supplies the Government with a revenue amounting to, sicca rupees, 8,459,425 or, sterling-money, £981,293 per annum, and the duty which is thus imposed amounts to 301½ per cent. on the cost of the article.' The Committee did not think it advisable to abandon this revenue, the duty falling principally upon the foreign customer. The transit duty on opium shipped from Bombay yielded a revenue of £200,000 in the year 1832.

The Emperor of China entertained a proposal to LEGALISE the opium trade in 1836, and this gave an impetus to it, encouraged too, as it was, by the highest provincial authorities, to whom the illicit traffic yielded a large revenue. The intention was abandoned, and severe and stringent measures were resorted to in 1837 and 1838 to arrest the pernicious trade. No decisive step, however, appears to have been taken towards foreigners, until the 12th of December, 1838, on which day preparations were made by the Chinese authorities for *strangling a native opium dealer in front of the factory*. On the 10th of March, 1838, the Imperial High Commissioner, LIN, came to Canton, declaring 'the utter annihilation' of the opium trade to be his first object, and on the 17th of March he issued an edict, and on the 19th 'all foreign merchants were forbidden to go down to Macao;' in other words, they were detained prisoners at Canton. By a strong land and water-guard all the Europeans were detained close prisoners in their factory. On the 22nd of March, Captain ELLIOT, the Chief Superintendent of the British Trade in China, required that all the ships of Her Majesty's subjects at the outer anchorage should proceed forthwith to Hong Kong (an island one hundred miles from Canton), and be prepared to resist any act of aggression on the part of the Chinese Government.

Captain ELLIOT repaired on the 24th to Canton, and, according to his own statement, immediately proposed to put an end to the state of difficulty then existent by the faithful fulfilment of the Emperor's will. He was answered by a close imprisonment of more than seven weeks, with armed men by day and night before his gates, under threats of privation of food, water, and life. 20,283 chests of opium were then on board the receiving-ships, and other vessels, moored at Hong Kong, Lintin, or still more distant stations up the coast. This opium was a hum-

* It is very obvious from the tenor of this document, that the Emperor of China's motive is pure; but, that his Ministers are corrupt.

dreid miles from Canton; and although within the Chinese waters, utterly beyond the reach of the Chinese power. Unfortunately, both Captain Elliot and the merchants, who either were, or represented, the owners of the opium in question, were at that time detained prisoners at Canton. While thus imprisoned, Captain ELLIOT, 'without supplies of food,' issued a public notice to the merchants, also 'without supplies of food,' requesting them, in compliance with the demands of the Commissioner, and on behalf of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, to surrender 'for the service of her said Majesty's Government, to be delivered over to the Government of China,' all the opium under their respective controul: he, 'in the most full and reserved manner, holding himself responsible for, and on behalf of Her Majesty's Government, to all and each of Her Majesty's subjects, surrendering the said British-owned opium into his hands,' 20,000 chests were at once freely surrendered to him; but 20,283 chests had been demanded; and the quantity deficient he purchased, and paid for by bills drawn on the British Government, which the Lords of the Treasury dishonoured. The terms of the stipulation are characteristic.

"As the opium was delivered in, the servants were to be restored; the passage-boats to be permitted to run; the trade to be reopened. Breach of faith was to be visited, after three days' loose performance of engagements, with the cutting off of supplies of fresh water; after three days more, with the stoppage of food; and, after three days more, with the last degree of severity (i.e. death) on Captain ELLIOT. The terms were violated by the Chinese, and the trade was stopped in June.

"There can be no doubt that the trade in opium has been, for very strong reasons, promoted by the Indian Government; and that it has been, to a certain extent, sanctioned by the British Government and Parliament, although it was understood, as appears from the detailed evidence before the House of Commons, on the renewal of the last Charter, that the said trade in opium was confined to China, where it was contraband and illegal; and was known to produce most injurious effects upon the infatuated people.

"It is evident that the Emperor of China has opposed the introduction of opium into his dominions; and that its injurious effects on the health of the opium-smokers among his people, have been one of the grounds of the prohibition. But that it was a second, and a secondary motive in the policy, although it occupies so prominent a place in the proclamation, appears to be pretty well established by Mr. WARREN. The opium was invariably paid for in silver; and HEO NAETSE, a very high officer, calculated the 'annual waste of money,' by this means, at ten millions of taels (£3,333,333). The opium turned the balance of trade against them, and silver was exported. This produced a temporary disturbance of the circulation; and the crude political economists of China reasoned, like the politicians of the last century in Europe, that this was a dead loss to the country. HEO NAETSE recommended that the importation of opium should

be legalised—that it should be delivered to the Hong merchants *only in exchange for merchandise—and that no money be paid for it.* 'Perchance,' his memorial concludes, 'this may be found adequate to stop the further oozing out of money, and to replenish the national resources.' The startling discovery, that China lost above ten millions of taels, made a permanent impression upon the Chinese, and is frequently referred to in the public documents. CHOO TSAN, probably the political rival of HEO NAETSE, presented a counter-report to the Emperor; he controverted the proposition, that legalising the trade in opium would put a stop to the exportation of silver; and dwelt upon the grievous moral and physical effects of opium upon the people. He expressed his belief, that 'the purposes of the English in introducing opium into China had been to weaken and enfeeble the Celestial Empire.' The Imperial Commissioner, LIN, states very emphatically in his edict, 'The loss of the silver of China, during the period of several years past, by exportation beyond sea, has been not less than some hundreds of millions. The Imperial commands have been repeatedly received in reference to the importation of opium, and the exportation of pure silver, reproving all the officers, of every degree, in the most severe terms. Yet those Hong merchants have continued in the same course of filthy and disgraceful conduct, to the great indignation and gnashing of teeth of every one.'

That the health of the Chinese people was injured by the extensive consumption of opium cannot be doubted; that the East India Company, as well as the merchants, well knew its effects, and yet persisted in smuggling the baneful drug into China, is not disputed by their advocate, Mr. WARREN; whom we have principally followed, in the narrative; and that the exportation of silver, rather than the importation of opium, was the mainspring of the movements of the Emperor,* appears too well established to justify us in affirming that the health of the people was ever a serious motive of public policy either in China, India, or England."

We are glad to perceive that our Temperance friends are holding meetings to repel the slander that has been cast upon them, relative to their falsely alleged opium; we hope to be able to report the result of these meetings in our next number. On Wednesday, February 26th the first meeting on the subject was held at Aldersgate Street Chapel, but the necessity of going to press, and want of space, prevented our reporting particulars.

* The Emperor's Trucking Ministry!

BIOGRAPHY.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

WE feel convinced we cannot offer to our Total Abstinence readers a more acceptable biography than that of the celebrated man, and great *practical* advocate of Temperance, whose name is at the head of this article.

What can be more delightful to a reflective and benevolent mind, than to see a person raise himself by his own merits, from a humble station in life, to that eminence which he may be calculated, by his virtues or his talents, to adorn? In this point of view there is no character that can be contemplated with more interest than that of Benjamin Franklin, who, intended originally for the sordid employment of a tallow-chandler, by the mere force of native genius, guided by prudence, and strengthened by integrity, became the first philosopher, and the first legislator of the age in which he lived; who kept the eyes of both the Old and the New World fixed on his discoveries and his politics; whose life was a pattern for imitation, and whose death was a subject of general mourning, not only throughout the United States of America, but likewise in the politer circles of France.

This admirable man has left a memoir of himself, written with the most engaging simplicity, and with exemplary candour. From this narrative it appears, that although intended for his father's business of a tallow-chandler, at Boston, in America, from ten years old, he entertained such an unconquerable aversion to it, that his father, fearing it might drive him to a seafaring life, for which he had always shewn a predilection, gave up the prospect of being assisted by him, and at the end of two years suffered him to be bound apprentice to his elder brother, who was a printer.

This avocation was much more congenial to Franklin's taste, and greatly tended to foster in him the passion for books, and love of composition, which had characterized him from a child; but finding his brother a somewhat more tyrannical master than suited his

early notions of independence and justice, he left him clandestinely, and went to Philadelphia in search of employment.

At that city, into which, at a subsequent period of his life, he made an almost triumphal entry, hailed on all sides as the great founder of American independence; he first landed, with only five shillings in his pocket. His first meal in it was of dry bread, which he ate as he wandered up and down the streets; and when he had finished it, he quenched his thirst with the waters of the Delaware. To one of such simple habits, poverty itself could hold out no cause of alarm. Before his little fund was exhausted, Franklin procured the employment he desired, and soon gained the esteem of his master and his associates, by his temperance, industry, and amiable frankness.

Deceived by some visionary promises held out to him by Sir William Keith, Franklin came to London at eighteen years of age, without a single friend, either to counsel or assist him. Happily his principles were so far fixed, and his pursuits of so laudable a nature, that a situation which to almost any other youth would have been fraught with danger, to him only proved the means of increasing his knowledge, by enlarging the sphere of his observation.

Franklin, while in England, thus gives his testimony to the excellence of water drinking.

On my entrance, I worked at first as a pressman, conceiving I had need of bodily exercise, to which I had been accustomed in America, where the printers work alternately as compositors and at the press. I drank nothing but water. The other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were great drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally a large form of letters in each hand, up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see, by this and many other examples, that the "American aquatic," as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter.

The beer-boy had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone. My fellow-pressman drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint with bread and cheese for breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one at dinner, one again about six o'clock in the afternoon, and another after he had finished his day's work. This custom appeared to me abominable; but he had need, he said, of all this beer, in order to acquire strength to work.

I endeavoured to convince him that the bodily strength furnished by the beer, could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed—that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf; and that consequently if he ate this loaf, and drank a pint of water with it, he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer. This reasoning, however, did not prevent him from drinking his accustomed quantity of beer, and paying every Saturday night a score of four or five shillings for this cursed beverage—an expense from which I was wholly exempt.

After a residence of eighteen months in England, he returned to his native country, unimpaired in the simplicity of his character, though refined in mental cultivation by his voyage across the Atlantic.

He now settled at Philadelphia, as a printer; and his active and speculating mind immediately began to shew itself. He published newspapers and periodical works, one of which was the famous almanack, called "Poor Richard's," ten thousand copies of which were for many years sold annually in America: it is replete with the most excellent rules of conduct, and is written in so engaging yet impressive a style, that in Pennsylvania, in particular, the effects of the frugality and industry which it enforced were long observable in the habits of the people, and the consequent ease which their circumstances exhibited. He likewise formed clubs and circulating libraries, directed scientific enquiries to the purposes of domestic comfort, and transfused into every thing he projected or organised such a spirit of rational liberty, temperate philosophy, and useful informa-

tion, as speedily procured him the notice of government. In 1736 he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly, which he regarded as his first entrance into public life: his next step was to become a justice of the peace and a legislator, and in the latter capacity he was re-elected every year for ten years, without his ever asking an elector for a vote, or signifying either directly or indirectly any desire of being chosen.

Franklin's philosophical and political fame began now equally to diffuse themselves over the world. His attention to that branch of natural philosophy in which he afterwards became so eminently distinguished by his ingenious discoveries, was originally excited by an accidental acquaintance with a Doctor Spence from Scotland, who showed him some experiments in electricity, the first he had ever seen. To a mind like his, this opened a field of enquiry, which he investigated with equal ardour and acuteness. His theories, new as they were bold, gained him the honour of a gold medal from the Royal Society of London. The University of St. Andrew's conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws; that of Edinburgh and of Oxford followed its example, and most of the other learned bodies of Europe were equally ambitious of calling him a member who first entertained the daring thought, like the fabled Prometheus, of stealing fire from heaven, in attracting its lightnings by means of pointed rods, and thus conducting them harmless to the earth.

The unhappy misunderstandings between America and the mother country, which preceded their final rupture, were but too well calculated to draw forth Doctor Franklin's political talents; and as he was in England during much of the time when party disputes were at the highest, and his extensive influence in his native country was universally acknowledged, his opinions were eagerly looked for, and jealously scrutinized on both sides of the Atlantic, as likely to have considerable weight in determining the question whether America should assert her independence as a country, or submit, unrepresented, to the taxation imposed upon her as a colony. The justice and moderation of Franklin's counsels, at such an eventful crisis,

drew upon him the discontent of all parties less rational than himself. Whilst in America, the people reproached him with being almost lukewarm in their cause; in England he was accused of endeavouring to sow dissensions between the countries, regardless of the horrors of civil war, and to alienate the affections of subjects from their lawful governors.

Amidst all the clash of parties and the outcries of calumny, Doctor Franklin, however, remained unmoved; though, as he has himself declared, in a letter to his son, nothing could have supported him so firmly under such trying circumstances, but the soothing assurances of his own conscience, that he was endeavouring, to the utmost of his ability, to promote the social rights and happiness of mankind; and the conviction, that sooner or later, the true motives of every person's actions must be made manifest to the world, and their real value impartially appreciated. Nor was his consolation drawn from a source that could deceive him: within a very few months from the period when he had been most injured by suspicion, and loaded with reproach, England did him the justice to regret that she had not been guided by his advice, and America to acknowledge that she was indebted for her independence to the wisdom of him, who first taught her to assert her own rights, and trust to her own resources. On the commencement of the war between America and this country, Doctor Franklin was sent from Philadelphia to France, in the important character of envoy. He was presented to the king in the gallery of Versailles, and was received in the most gracious manner. He was accompanied on the occasion by a great number of Americans and individuals of foreign states, who were collected together by curiosity, to see so venerable a character; and his years and the simplicity of his dress, added to the respect which his talents had before inspired. His influence at the court of France, and the personal esteem in which he was held by the literary and scientific classes in its society, were so great, that he was enabled to obtain assistance from that kingdom which greatly contributed to bring the war with England to a favourable conclusion, and establish the

American independence on a basis not to be shaken so long as it remains true to itself. After representing his native country for nine years in France, Doctor Franklin at length returned to Philadelphia, and entered it amidst the shouts and acclamations of thousands who had flocked from all parts to testify their esteem and veneration.

The warriors who had shed their blood for an independence insured by means of his sagacity, were eager to exhibit to him their glorious wounds. He was surrounded by old men who had petitioned Heaven to live long enough to behold his return; and by a new generation, eager to survey the features of a great man, whose talents, whose services, and whose virtues had excited in their hearts the first raptures of enthusiasm. Having advanced from a port henceforth open to all nations, to a city, the model of all future capitals, he beheld the public school which he had founded, in a state of splendour; and saw the hospital, the establishment of which had been one of his first services, and the increase of which was owing to his foresight, now fully commensurate to all his wishes: the latter by solacing suffering humanity; the former by aiding the progress of reason. In about three years after his return to Philadelphia, Dr. Franklin withdrew himself entirely from public life, having long been desirous of the tranquillity which his increasing years and declining health required. He still, however, served his country occasionally with his pen, but for the last twelve months of his existence, his infirmities confined him almost entirely to his bed, without, however, impairing either his mental faculties, or his cheerfulness of disposition; and he finally resigned with the utmost calmness, a long and useful life of eighty-four years, uniformly spent in the service of his fellow creatures. His life affords one of the finest moral lessons that can be offered up to the admiration, the applause, or the imitation of mankind.

As a man, we have beheld him practising and inculcating the virtues of frugality, temperance, and industry.

As a citizen, we have seen him repelling the efforts of tyranny, and asserting the liberty of his countrymen.

As a legislator, he affords a bright

example of genius soaring above corruption, and continually aiming at the happiness of his constituents.

As a politician, we survey him on one hand acquiring the aid of a powerful nation, by means of his skilful negotiations; and on the other, calling forth the common strength of a congress of republics, by fixing a central point to which they could all look up, and concentrating their common force for the purpose of union, harmony, legislation, and defence.

As a philosopher, his labours and his discoveries are calculated to advance the best interests of humanity. He might, indeed have been justly termed the friend of man, the benefactor of the universe.

The pursuits and occupation of his early path, afford a most excellent and instructive example to the young; his middle life, to the adult; his advanced years to the aged. From him the poor may learn to acquire wealth, and the rich to adapt it to the purposes of beneficence.

The following extract from his 'Advice to Young Tradesmen' will, we think, be very acceptable on the present occasion:—

"At this time, when the general complaint is 'that money is scarce,' it will be an act of kindness to inform the moneyless how they may reinforce their pockets. I will acquaint them with the true secret of money-catching, the certain way to fill empty purses, and how to keep them always full. Two simple rules, well observed, will do the business.

First, let honesty and industry be thy constant companions: and

Secondly, spend one penny less than thy clear gains,

Then shall thy hide-bound pocket soon thrive, and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache: neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. Now, therefore, embrace these rules and be happy. Banish the bleak winds of sorrow from thy mind, and live independent. Then shalt thou be a man, and not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, nor suffer the pain of feeling little when the

sons of fortune walk at thy hand; for independency, whether with little or much, is good fortune, and placeth thee on even ground with the proudest of the golden fleece. Oh, then, be wise; let industry walk with thee in the morning, and attend thee until thou reachest the evening hour for rest. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny when all expences are enumerated and paid; then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independency shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds."

The excellence of these remarks, however simple, and even homely the guise in which they appear, cannot be too forcibly pointed out at the present time; when persons who cannot save such large sums as may promise them a speedy independence, or gather the means of greatly increased expenditure, disdain to save anything. They spend as much on frivolous pleasures for themselves, and a showy and useless education for their children, as would, if laid aside for each child at its birth, secure it the means of procuring a comfortable and honorable livelihood; and at their death they have no other inheritance to bequeath their families, but habits of idleness and indulgence, which fill the world with discontented youths, and helpless young women, whose pride can reconcile them to every degradation, except that, as they imagine it, of being known to maintain themselves by honest industry. Let the young keep it incessantly in mind that ere they can be generous, they must be careful; and, that to be truly honourable and independent, the first step is to know that they can maintain themselves whenever occasion may require, by their own exertions, and be contented to live within their means; which is, after all, the only real test of comfortable circumstances. How often do we hear those, who are called rich, and who are most anxious to be thought so, imputing it as a reproach to the poor that they save nothing out of their wages, and take no thought for either themselves or their families beyond the present moment. Yet ask these

very persons, amidst their showy establishments, and idle lives, if they save out of their incomes, or abstract any thing from their present pleasures, for casual emergencies—how few can answer in the affirmative. Many can talk of their *gains*, of those sudden influxes of wealth, caused by some unexpected turn in commerce, which may bring ruin to perhaps their next door neighbour, or by the lucky result of some speculation, which in its failure might have brought beggary on themselves, and distress on all connected with them; but as for the regular systematic *savings*, purchased by privations, and persevered in through

principle, they are as rarely to be met with, as is the blessed consciousness of independence and comfort, by which they are invariably accompanied, and for which the affected gaiety of those who wear fine clothes with empty pockets, is but a sorry substitute.

Were the precepts of Franklin acted on for only one year, by all ranks unanimately, what a different picture would society present! The voice of discontent would not be heard at the end of that time; for people would find that the remedy for the inconveniences of the times rest with themselves.

SONG OF THE OCEAN.

"In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,"—*Addison.*

From my Maker's hand, at His high command,
I arose in splendour and might!
My glorious birth left my sister earth
Less than she deem'd her right;
But Almighty wisdom my courses bound,
And bade me encircle the world around.
Know ye my form when the blast and the storm
Have roused my furious might?
When the strong ships fail, and the brave men quail,
In horror and wild affright?
When the scoffer bows his stubborn knee,
And owns a present Deity!
When the blast has blown, and my anger flown,
All gaily my wild waves play
In sparkling vest, and feathery crest,
They bear the bark on her way.
And lands remote own my power to bless,
As I circle the earth with a fond caress.
The clouds that fly o'er the azure sky,
From me receive their birth;
Ye behold my pow'r in each balmy show'r
That gladdens the teeming earth.
Streamlet and spring, lake, river, and sea,
All—all are subordinate unto me!
I know no change, my proud steeds range
Free—free o'er my wide domain;
In every clime, they defy old time,
To lay his hand on their mane.
The "spirit of God" o'er my face has pass'd,*
And my waves His eternal form have glass'd.

C. L. B.

* "And the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."—Genesis i. 2.

ANALYSIS OF THE AMERICAN REPORT FOR 1839.

TRULY our transatlantic brethren are an example to the world for enterprise and perseverance. No sooner do they discover an abuse, than they fully and comprehensively investigate it, and immediately set themselves to remedy it with a zeal and earnestness that no other country can parallel. The witty Colonel Crockett's motto, "go a head," is their national characteristic. The important and interesting mass of facts they have collected from every quarter of the globe, and embodied in their Annual Report, is truly wonderful, and might almost make us look at home with some feelings of dissatisfaction, did we not bear in mind that in England the difficulty of Temperance labours is infinitely greater than in America; prejudices are stronger, interest more powerful, and old countries, like old people, do not hastily give up old habits, however culpable and dangerous. Regarded in proportion to the vast comparative amount of difficulties to be contended against, and also to the comparatively small number of influential persons who, in this country, have taken up the cause of Total Abstinence, we have reason to be abundantly thankful that our cause can rear its head with vigour, and dread no shame, even in comparison with the giant offspring—the Total Abstinence Sampson that Columbia has given birth to.

The most delightful circumstance, and that also which explains the whole secret of Temperance success in America, is the perfect UNITY APPARENT IN ALL ITS OPERATIONS, and the cordial co-operations of all its various committees. No divisions or petty differences mar the intention of their labours; and if any individual differences of opinion exist, they are either suppressed in a spirit of concord, or amalgamated into a uniform whole for the good of the great cause which each is bound to promote.

The following is a brief but compendious sketch of the existing Temperance organizations:—

"Twenty-four State Temperance Societies, or Unions, with numerous county and town auxiliaries, are in a state of healthful action;

and some of their last annual reports have exhibited great diligence and zeal, with the most gratifying success. State Societies have been organised during the year in South Carolina and Missouri; and a Territorial Society in Wisconsin. The number of members in these various associations, it is difficult to estimate. From the report of one, the New York State Society, the committee learn that it has, in 57 counties, 1,178 auxiliaries, embracing, on the comprehensive pledge, 131,161 members; and that there are within its bounds 160,000 members of Total Abstinence Societies, 27,839 of which have been gathered in during the year. The society has issued, during the year, 152,700 publications, equal to 14,928,200 duodecimo pages. In Massachusetts, from 15,000 to 20,000 have the last year signed the comprehensive pledge. In New York city, more than 10,000. In Philadelphia, more than 4,000. In the latter city, the committee have noticed with pleasure the rise and spread of Temperance Beneficial Societies, which already embrace and secure, by sympathy and pecuniary aid in affliction and trouble, 2,000 of the labouring population. Such societies, it is believed, are well adapted to our great cities. A moiety of the money squandered in drink is here cast into the common treasury; and a regard for character, and desire to reap a benefit from the common fund in the hour of want, unitedly serve to secure the members in the firm practice of total abstinence from all that intoxicates.

"Seamen's Temperance Societies are well sustained in our principal ports. The New York Society reports 200 captains and 2,000 seamen as regular and consistent members; and seamen's boarding houses, on temperance principles, like so many light-houses, are planted all along our coast, inviting the sons of the ocean to places of safety, houses of refuge, from the great destroyer.

"These organizations must be sustained while there is a distillery pouring fiery desolation over the land, or a dram-shop or evil custom preparing victims for Moloch. They are the great moral machinery which is to effect the reformation of the country and the world; and the committee would regret to see the day when, at temperance meetings, the pledge should no longer be circulated."

It has always been a question in England whether legislative enactments would prove really favourable to the cause of Total Abstinence. If they are in reality conducive to the promotion of national sobriety, the American Tee-totalers have great reason to congratulate themselves on the assistance which their representatives have afforded them. It appears the alteration of the licencing law in Massachusetts, the restrictions in Connec-

ticut, Illinois, and Mississippi, has had a beneficial effect; many eminent legal authorities speak favourably of the improvement in public morals, and the very great diminution of crime in consequence of withholding licences. Yet excellent as the restrictions on the deadly traffic undoubtedly are, of course designing, interested, and unprincipled persons are frequently to be found who contrive to evade these preventative legislative measures: and in some cases, as we have frequent opportunities of hearing, venal or ignorant magistrates impose only a nominal fine, by which means the wholesome restrictions of the law are rendered, in many cases, of no effect. It is the circumstance of the liability of all *laws* for the suppression of intemperance being evaded, that renders us doubtful of the real efficiency of such measures, except as evidences of high national opinion and purity of morals; in the latter sense they cannot be too highly valued. But there can be no doubt that individual conviction is the only certain way to ensure permanent and general reform. Considering the question of the expediency of legislative enactments in this light, we must decidedly dissent from one remark that the American Report contains, viz., "THE MORALITY OF A PEOPLE WILL NOT RISE ABOVE THEIR LAWS." If this were true, what would now be the state of affairs in England? The flourishing condition of the Teetotal cause in this country proves that the morality of an intelligent and conscientious people will rise above their laws. The example of former periods, when custom sanctioned and legalized the most revolting acts, is no criterion for Christian people of the nineteenth century. At all events we feel proud and happy that the Total Abstinence tree was planted in England VOLUNTARILY, and by the industrious classes: we believe this is the reason why its root is so sound, and its growth so vigorous; we believe that laws, however excellent, have more frequently followed than led the intelligence of the community; we further believe, that all great reforms have sprung from the people, not excepting that greatest of all causes, the introduction of Christianity, of whose Divine founder it is recorded, that "the common people

heard him gladly;" and who chose his disciples from among those who have learned wisdom in the stern school of worldly adversity.

It affords us great pleasure to perceive the number of Temperance periodicals that are circulated in the Union—*fifteen* flourishing publications advocating the great principles of Total Abstinence is a sufficient proof of the extent and value of their exertions, and the consequent progress of the cause they are so energetically engaged in.

The most interesting portion of the Report is the mass of facts which that indefatigable apostle of Temperance, E. C. Delevan, Esq., collected during his European tour. Though our transatlantic brethren remark on our difficulties:—

"From Great Britain we are anticipating tidings of great good. The deadly Upas tree is there most deeply rooted. The monster intemperance has strongholds in church and state. A revenue of eight millions sterling from the traffic in ardent spirit alone, causes the government to set every thing at defiance which looks like reform; while the immense capital invested in distilleries, breweries, gin-shops, wine vaults, and all the drinking customs of a prosperous, most powerful, and haughty nation, sneer at David with his sling and stone. But he comes in the name of the Lord of Hosts. The axe is laid at the root of the tree. Moloch trembles. The nations are inquiring in every part, 'What new thing is this?' and Temperance is already crowned with laurels."

Few things could be more confirmatory of the concluding sentence of this paragraph, than the appearance of the great procession on the 20th of May last, in reference to which Mr. Delevan observes—

"At first I thought the procession of doubtful expediency; but I am now convinced that it will, in its effects, prove one of the most important moves ever made in Great Britain."

The following is a most important and afflicting communication from Canada:—

"Wo! Wo! Wo!—The fiend intemperance rides over this devoted country. The scenes that every where abound in town, village, and court, are heart-rending. Religion, morality, industry—all are swallowed up in intemperance. The only new buildings are distilleries, and rum-sellers hire the shops, as they become vacant, from the cessation of useful business.

"We have one Great Idol to whom sacrifices are made, such as were never made to

Moloch or Juggernaut. The distillers are his high-priests, keeping up his never-dying fires, (a type of the fire that shall never be quenched.) And the rum-sellers use his missionaries, by precept and example, urging men to sacrifice themselves at his shrine. All are on the road to ruin, each striving to attain the goal himself, and urging on his neighbours. How long, O Lord! how long will this fell destroyer remain unbound?

"Unless the wise and the good in Britain, in the United States, and in Canada, unite their unceasing prayers, and untiring efforts to restore peace to this country, we had almost said, we might shut up our churches, dissolve our Temperance Societies, and discontinue every effort to promote the spiritual welfare of the community. The bloody demon of war destroys every thing that is good and virtuous with a power which is almost irresistible; and he exerts the same power in promoting every thing that is evil. But intemperance is one of his chief agents. Deprive him of the aid of intoxicating drink, and his power will be almost gone."

In contradistinction to this melancholy, but by this time we trust, ameliorated picture of the state of the Temperance cause in the North of America, is the gratifying intelligence from the South of India; the head-quarters being Madras, in the East Indies. The following is an extract from a letter addressed to the corresponding secretary of the American Temperance Union:—

"Madras, February, 1839.

"SIR,—You will no doubt be highly gratified to hear that a Temperance Society has lately been established at Madras on Total Abstinence principles. About the year 1833, or 1834, Temperance Societies were first introduced into India, it is believed from Jaffna, in Ceylon. These societies soon spread over the whole peninsula, but notwithstanding this great success, and the good effected by these societies, in reclaiming several drunkards, and lessening the evils arising from intoxication, it was found that *unless Beer, Wine, and other fermented drinks were wholly discarded, no permanent good would ever be effected, and that the demon of drunkenness would still retain possession of his strong holds.* It was therefore resolved by one of the American missionaries stationed at Madras, to form a society based on 'Total Abstinence principles,' and to this society when formed, he gave the title of 'South India Temperance Union,' a journal was commenced at the same time, and tracts, &c. circulated."

The Sandwich Islands, it appears, have been long in advance of more civilized nations, having imitated the Americans in adopting prohibitory measures against the traffic in strong drink. We trust the time will soon arrive when other remote parts of the world, now suffering under the miseries

which the refinements (in wickedness) of more ostensibly enlightened nations have introduced among them, will adopt measures, individually and collectively, to check the flood of intemperance and all its attendant horrors.

The research of our able advocate, the Rev. F. Beardsall, into the wine question, and his remarks on the wine producing countries, have been so long before the Temperance public, by means of that gentleman's valuable lectures and writings, that the facts contained in the American Report, relative to the wine districts of France, would not be new to our readers. We rejoice, however, that one crowned head in Europe has borne testimony to the value of our Total Abstinence principle; and when reading the account of the interview of E. C. Develan with Louis Phillipe, we feel convinced that the small pure stream of truth that has sprung up among huts "where poor men lie," will in time roll its mighty tide against the walls of palaces, and effect a peaceful and splendid revolution in the character and condition of nations.

We cannot better conclude our analysis than by quoting the following admirable words from the concluding paragraph:—

"To our friends and co-workers in foreign countries, the committee say, let us unitedly look up to the God of Heaven for a blessing, and in the spirit of the Gospel, unitedly press forward in our great work. We feel that we are engaged in a cause in which are involved the most precious interests of the human family. The world is to be given to the divine Redeemer. Every valley is to be filled, every mountain laid low, every obstacle to the spread and reception of the Gospel to be removed, and HOLINESS to the LORD is to be written upon every pleasure and employment of man. The temperance labours of missionaries of the cross in Pagan lands, peculiarly call for grateful acknowledgments. And while the labourers in the temperance cause are so numerous, and so widely scattered, it is also a subject of devout thankfulness that there is such unity in counsel, such unity in feeling, and such a prevailing spirit to press forward to victory."

We rise from the perusal of the "American Report," with feelings of warm admiration for the zeal of our Columbian brethren, and a spirit of generous emulation that prompts us to use our best endeavours to "go and do likewise."

LITERATURE.

A LECTURE ON THE SIN, AND REMEDY OF DRUNKENNESS. *Delivered in the Wesleyan Chapel, Bridlington, January 9th, 1840.* By the REV. JAMES KENDALL. Published by especial request.

We perfectly understand the nature of the especial request, which ushered this puerility into the world, and the interests it was meant to serve; our sapient opponents may have well spared their especial requests until they obtained some more competent champion,—as to ability, candour, and manliness, we mean; certainly if falsehood, folly, profanity, contradiction, and hypocrisy, be desirable qualities, we ought to congratulate them on having secured the assistance of *one* so matchless in these qualifications. In looking over the pages of this choice specimen, it might well be said of us: "To spy the nakedness of the land ye are come;" and we should have contemptuously consigned it to dull forgetfulness had it not been that the station of the author as a spiritual teacher, (save the mark) and a member of a large and highly influential body, conferred on him a sort of extraneous importance, and present claims to that notice which he does not otherwise merit, either as a man, an author, or an opponent.

We have heard of a painter, or rather a dauber, who used to paint under his pictures "this is a cock," or "this is a jack-ass," as the subject might be, to enable the beholder to form some notion as to what creature of the animal creation he intended to represent. In imitation, we presume, of this plan, the Rev. James Kendall writes a preface, to tell the reader what his lecture is meant to be. He says it "was designed to be very plain, and strictly religious." (Oh! great design miserably foiled!) and then, as it was necessary to secure the patronage of a *well qualified and impartial* judge before venturing on the dangerous waves of public opinion, he modestly adds:—"I approve of what I have written." Poor man, what a pity that he should be, in this respect, alone in his glory! A curious remark as to time, also, occurs in this charming explanatory pre-

face:—"The time is now fully come when the awful sin of drunkenness must be denounced." Indeed! what a valuable discovery that must be to a *time-server*. We must give our readers a few specimens of the picture which the preface says: "was to be plain and strictly religious."

In accordance with this plan, the following is certainly a very *plain* contradiction. Speaking of the drunkard the author says:—

"In the mean time, he is beyond most others, hopeless of reformation. It is a very dreadful consideration that comparatively (mind I say *comparatively*) few drunkards are effectually reclaimed."

Shortly after, this "Sir Oracle" exclaims:—

"Never let that strange and almost *infidel* opinion be fostered, that drunkards cannot be, or that they almost never are reclaimed."

So much for consistency! We select at random the following statements, which all our Tee-total brethren will perceive to be *plain* falsehoods:—

"The practice of eating opium we are assured by most respectable authorities, has increased since the establishment of Temperance societies in this country to a most fearful extent, and has been productive of *fatal* results."

And, again:—

"How is it that in every city, town and village, of our native land, the great mass of the people are sober and temperate!"

The 60,000 drunkards who perish annually, besides the uncalculated tipplers, who by moderate degrees pave the way to their untimely graves; and the £50,000,000 sterling which intoxicating drinks pay to the revenue, sufficiently refutes the latter statement. And with reference to opium, the pages of this Magazine* show, from sources unconnected with Temperance societies, that there is not the shadow of a foundation for any such insinuation.

And now having demonstrated the *plainness* of the lecture, we shall examine how far the author has adhered to his design of being "strictly reli-

* See "The Science of Total Abstinence," page 20.

gious." The following is a singular piece of *strictly* religious advice :—

"Sober Christians should be particularly cautious and abstemious in the drunkard's presence. Taking no strong drink before him that he may be thus silently and significantly admonished."

In the amusing preface before alluded to, the *Rev!* gentleman has kindly told the reader how he is to understand this. He is not to think that the lecturer allows, or recommends intemperate drinking in the drunkard's *absence*. We will be tractable, and allow our understanding to be trammelled in this way, and submit to comprehend, at the bidding of this spiritual teacher, that black is white, out of a feeling of charitable indulgence. But did the author think the inference he guards against, was the only one his most complimentary advice admitted of? if so, we are sorry for the lamentable obtuseness of his intellects. Christians have been often aggrieved at the statements of Temperance advocates; and as *truth* is the most painful offence possible, they have been angry and indignant; what will they now say to the grossly insulting advice given them by a champion of their own :—"SOBER Christians should be particularly *cautious* and *abstemious* in the drunkard's presence!" Can it be possible, SOBER CHRISTIANS need to be so admonished!

We pass over the manifest hypocrisy which inculcated from the pulpit, is as awful as it is disgusting; particularly when we consider the text of the discourse "Walk *honestly* as in the day." The sincere, pure minded, consistent Christian practices no such paltry and contemptible trickery; he remembers that he walks in the sight of God at all times, and, therefore, is uninfluenced by the presence, or absence of *man*.

Mark the profanity of the following observation :—

"We cannot be *better* than our master. It is well if we be *as* our master."

Grief, and shame, cast out indignation, when we perceive men, calling themselves Christians, daring, impiously, to plead for sensual indulgences, and justify them by the alleged example of the *one great name*. The injury done to the sacred cause of religion, by these arguments, is incalculable. On their heads be the solemn,

the awful responsibility, who *practically* apply the daring reproach of the Pharisees, to the character of our Holy Redeemer.

The following is not surprising, from one who advises Christians to adopt two systems, *one* in public, another in private :—

"It is for you to consider whether for a limited time, or all through life, you will make up your mind to be a water-drinker? Whether on no occasion, nor under any circumstances, except by medical prescription, you will take not one drop of strong drink? And whether, when you are *from home and travelling, amongst strangers, who know nothing of you or your pledge, you will refrain from taking one single drop of ale, or wine, or spirits?* It is for you to consider when you are seen by none but God and yourself, whether you will not, under a mere and *false* pretext of inward pain, comfort yourself with a little of that liquid which you consent to call poison?

These enigmatical lines require brief explanation, as they admirably illustrate the conduct of one of the author's very particular friends.

Does the Rev. J. Kendall remember a Wesleyan minister of Chelmsford who signed the Total Abstinence pledge, and when among strangers, who knew nothing of him or his pledge, drank wine, beer, or whatever came in his way, until some one inadvertently whispered the matter abroad, and it became expedient for the *Rev.* gentleman to resign? in the meanwhile, very general disgust being felt, even by our opponents, at the meanness of this individual's conduct, it became necessary to remove him to a new circuit where his conduct was unknown. Imprudence is ever the companion of vice: this man could not be content to amend his life, attend to his duties, and steer clear of the society he had disgraced. No! he must needs turn round and slander those he was not fit to act with. The Temperance Society of the town in which the slanderer dwells, requested its committee to investigate; and according that respect to his station, which he did not merit from honest men, as an individual, hearing he had expressed a wish "to meet the infidel crew," meaning the total abstainers, they came to a resolution to afford him the opportunity he desired, and appointed a discussion on the usual fair and approved plan. Had the Temperance committee measured this Wes-

leyan preacher's intellects, the merest tyro among them would have been equal to the task of refuting so shallow a disputant; but out of respect to his office, as a spiritual teacher, they appointed *one* to meet him, unsurpassed in intelligence and candour, and that honest manliness that could appreciate the frank and open opposition of an honourable opponent; *one*, moreover, that it was a high and undeserved compliment to afford such a pitiful adversary an opportunity of meeting—language has no terms which will exactly express the scorn which all candid minds must feel when they are informed—this man, after slandering and defaming a cause he once professed to join and to admire; and after declaring himself “ready to defend” his principles, actually turned coward! thus proving the truth of the old adage, that “the bully and the craven are not unfrequently united in the same person.” This conduct is so utterly at variance with all received opinions of justice and candour, that we have no hesitation in saying, it is not merely

un-Christian, but unmanly and un-English.

The Rev. J. Kendall knows the party we allude to—the Temperance Society and the world know him also.

It is gratifying to reflect that many *estimable* and *intelligent* ministers of the Wesleyan body, and large numbers of their consistent members, are staunch abstainers; and we confidently anticipate their rapid increase, particularly when we remember their benevolent, pure, and enlightened founder saw the evil and cure of drunkenness in exactly the same light in which we see it. His rules contain a law which, if acted on consistently, is as binding as any Temperance pledge; a law that strikes at the *traffic* as one of the deepest roots of the evil. Let Wesleyan preachers, before they revile Total Abstinence Societies, refresh their memory by reading the following rule of their founder:—

First—“Avoiding evil of every kind.”
“Drunkenness, *buying* or *selling* spirituous liquors; or *drinking* them, except in cases of extreme necessity.”

SCIENCE, EXHIBITIONS, AND THE FINE ARTS.

PROGRESS OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

MAP-COLOURING.

ONE of the most signal improvements in the useful arts during the last month, is Mr. Knight's invention of a mode by which maps may be coloured at press. Nor is this all, for the map itself is printed by the same press in lieu of being the work of the copper-plate engraver. Wood blocks are used; the minute sections being all composed of metallic ink, inlaid. No less than seven colours are used, and these laid on first; after that comes the linear designation of countries, towns, cities, rivers, &c.

The advantages are extraordinary indeed, for, by the new process, a map, which at one time would have cost 4s. 6d., may now be afforded for 4d.!! Schools will be greatly benefited by this change; more particularly those wherein the earliest inductions to knowledge are communicated. Until this invention was brought forward, the colouring of maps was done entirely by hand, and was a very expensive and a very tedious operation.

The projected improvements in the Daguerrotype (or sun-painting instrument) have not been realized; nor have any of those practical applications to engraving, which were announced by Dr. Donné and others.

GALVANIC TELEGRAPH.

It affords us much pleasure to communicate
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that the galvanic telegraph is likely to be generally introduced, and that the experiment on the Great Western Railway has perfectly succeeded. When it is recollected, that *however great the distance* from one end of the wire to the other, the signal is *transmitted at the instant it is made*, the importance of this mode of communication to the commerce and government of the country will be at once recognized. The wires are protected, and kept distinct, in cases constructed for the purpose, and contrived so as not to be affected by damp. Fortunately the experiments on this subject have been conducted by men of scientific experience, and therefore the mere trials of amateurs and their failures, have been avoided.

BUDE LIGHT.

The *Bude light* has amply fulfilled all the expectations formed of it, emanating as it did from the studio of a Gurney and a Faraday. The light is intense, and may be thrown over a vast space, yet be wholly isolated, so as not to affect the atmosphere of the apartment by increase of heat. The best proof of this is given by the introduction of it in the House of Commons.

LOCOMOTION.

Our locomotive carriages have not yet increased above the speed of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour; but in steam-boat navigation a vast improvement has been achieved by the substitution of the Archimedian screw for the

clumsy side-paddles. This screw works in the dead-water of the vessel, and is not seen: the motion communicated is very rapid, the water is not much disturbed, and the increase of speed is about one-third. We hope that builders will, for once, waive their obstinacy of prejudice, in favour of an invention so manifestly advantageous.

STEAM ENGINE—STOVES.

There are no improvements in the steam-engine; and the *Chumk* stove is found not to supersede that of Dr. Arnott, either as to heat or any superiority as to liberated gases. In fact, by this new stove, the air becomes impregnated with a vapour, not absolutely mephitic, but, to our thinking, very unwholesome.

TANNING.

In tanning, a principle, not very new, has been patented by an American, who creates a vacuum around the skin, and so fills it with tan in a very short time. The plan is simple, and certainly very expeditious. Our shoe-shops will now be more abundantly stocked than ever.

FUEL.

Anthracite (stone coal) is about to be pretty generally used in steam-boats, as the experiments have completely succeeded. We shall, when that is the case, have a river navigation free from smoke—a consummation most devoutly to be wished!

SCIENTIFIC EXHIBITIONS.

THE GUIANA EXHIBITION, REGENT STREET.

Mr. SCHOMBURGK was sent out some years ago on an expedition of scientific discovery to Guiana, and is now exhibiting in Regent-street the results of his labours. They are exceedingly curious, in botany, mineralogy, atmospheric notices, and living records of men and manners. The gentleman named has brought to England three Indians of separate tribes, who each speak a different language, although their habits are analogous. In British Guiana there are six distinct tribes. The most ingenious and, at the same time, the handsomest of the three is *Samarang*, who belongs to one of the most powerful casts—the *Macusi*. He is five feet in height, and twenty-one years of age. The slight clothing of these Indians is very graceful, and admirably adapted to their modes of life. The numerous drawings give an excellent idea of the country, and are, we understand, about to be engraven, under the patronage of many distinguished individuals.

CATLIN'S INDIAN EXHIBITION, EGYPTIAN HALL.

THIS is one of the most interesting exhibitions ever opened in the metropolis. It consists of several hundred paintings in illustration of the remaining tribes of Indians in the States of America; and a poor remainder it is after the ravages of whakey, small-pox, and the perpetual inroad of the white settlers.

In a few years it is supposed that the tribes will have dwindled to a negative population, and then all traces of their customs, will, with

them, have passed away; Mr. Catlin, therefore, has conferred a very great boon upon science by having rescued so large an amount of useful information from oblivion. The paintings are portraits of the principal persons of the various tribes, male and female; and also views of scenery, and groupings to elucidate national customs and manners in war, the chase, amusements, &c. &c. These last are among the most spirited productions we have ever beheld.

There is, in addition, a very curious collection of pipes, shields, swords, spears, drums, dresses (of both men and women), tomahawks, moccasins, and other articles; and in the centre of the room is a remarkably handsome wigwam, embroidered, which belonged originally to the Crow Indians. We counsel our friends, by all means, to hasten to this exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

SUFFOLK-STREET.

THERE are few things more communicative of pure gratification than a fine collection of paintings, ancient or modern; and it must always suppose a want of nationality, as well as very questionable taste, to condemn the latter in reference to works of the olden time, which were, themselves, once, "modern." In the British Institution this year there are many admirable paintings, but by no means an *average* number, as compared with former years. Great names appear shy of decorating these highly patronised walls: wherefore, we know not. That of Stanfield for instance, or of Roberts is no where to be seen; and Mr. E. Landseer, has been very, very sparing indeed in his canvas!

(1.) His "Young Roebuck and Rough Hounds" is, of course, masterly in the handling; but there is no room to make out the forms as we could desire to see them.

(3.) "Christ blessing little Children," by Eastlake, is a very exquisite picture; full of a sublime simplicity in colour, grouping, and expression. It is small, but not the worse for that; and the only fault we find is, that it has an air a little too conversational.

(16.) The "View in the Higher Swiss Alps," by A. Calame, is very clever in many respects; but it is too large as a mere landscape *without figures*, and is deficient in that charm of light and shade which English artists of celebrity so happily throw over their works. Mr. Calame should study David Roberts.

(33.) Creswick's "Haddon, Derbyshire," is a charming picture, and so also is Inskip's "Wayfarer," (60) though he indulges in a most extravagant breadth of touch. But then his drawing is admirable and his eye for colour extraordinary; and these qualities compensate for many defects.

(65.) Scott Lauder's "Looking Glass," is worthy of the Flemish School.

(91.) "Hungarian Nobles," a sledge scene, by Zeiter, is very spirited in drawing, and capital for his very peculiar effects of colour.

(175. 189.) The *Chartist* pictures of the

same artist are also graphic illustrations, though there is too much *white* in them.

(359.) Wilson's "Light Breeze" has all his usual merits of transparency and motion, and R. W. Davis's "Highlands" (419) is beautiful for its truth to nature.

(426.) Of Mr Hart's "Lady Jane Grey" we cannot say anything in praise; it is immense in size, and to our ideas very indifferently composed. Nor can we speak in laudation of MacIise's "Robin Hood," (290) which though excellent for expression, is far too *green* in colour, and is broken up too much in the grouping.

Among the works in the department of Sculpture, Ritchie's "Sappho" (458) is an exquisite production.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,

EXETER HALL.

THE new music of the past month has been for the most part of a rapid and uninteresting character; for not even the august occasion of the royal marriage has inspired a true poet or musician with the requisite fervour of composition. Indeed a *task* for the occasion, of whatever kind, appears always to paralyze the efforts of genius. Under this head we cannot omit to notice a delightful evening given by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, on Friday week. The singers comprised Miss Birch, Miss Lucombe, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Young, Mr. Leflier, and others; and the chorus was composed of above five hundred voices. The magnificent new organ was used on this occasion, and nothing could exceed the richness, the sweetness, and the power of its tones, under the masterly hands of those who performed on it. One of the most attractive airs of the evening, was Mr. Young's "Ere infancy's bud!" which was given with a *metallic lucidness*, and pathos of expression, that was truly captivating: it was encored. The large room was crowded, so that long before seven o'clock there was no sitting room: the number present must therefore have been very great. Mr. Surman conducted with great skill and steadiness; and the choruses displayed an unison to be met with *only* in the metropolis, and at such meetings as these.

FINE ARTS.

PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
Colnaghi & Co. London.

A companion portrait from a painting by the same artist, and a very fascinating one. This is not a mere map of the face, but an index to the mind of the lovely and highly gifted Sovereign whom it represents.

PORTRAIT OF PRINCE ALBERT OF SAXE.
Colnaghi & Co. London.

This is a very excellent likeness engraved from the miniature of Mr. Ross, and must be highly satisfactory to all Englishmen as being the transcript of an individual so accomplished and amiable in character, and *now* so intimately allied to the destinies of these realms.

COLONIAL EMIGRATION.

IN emigration there is always some predominant *mania* effected by the puffs of advertising companies; and at present South Australia and New Zealand are the grand competitors for settlers—the El Dorados of those who recklessly leave the known for the *unknown*. Not that we would condemn emigration to a new country! No—under the guidance of pre-knowledge, temperance, and industry, sustained by health and *agricultural* or *mechanical* experience, it is, to those who have large families, one of the most judicious of available projects. But the major part of those who leave their country for a "paradise among savages," are wholly unfit for its toils and discomforts, and in that *second* primeval state which they adopt, are as useless to themselves as they are to others! There can be no doubt that New Zealand offers many advantages to the farmer, whale-fisher, carpenter, blacksmith, miller, shoemaker, &c.; and the same may be said of South Australia, where, however, another means of acquiring wealth is that of keeping sheep; but in order to do this, a man must *don* the savage, and live a sort of Robinson Crusoe life in the *bush* for four or five years. A married man, therefore, must not think of a country life in South Australia! In all these speculations, *Upper Canada*, a much more desirable location, seems to be lost sight of; so true are the premises wherewith we started in the beginning of this article.

BIOGRAPHICAL OBITUARY.

Many persons of distinction, chiefly foreigners, have died within the last month, and among them Marshal Maison, one of Napoleon's generals, and the hero of the campaign in the low countries. Another and a more peaceful record is that of the decease of Mrs. Boddington, the poetess. After alluding to her poems, a contemporary thus speaks of her:—"Mrs. Boddington was likewise the author of *Slight Reminiscences*, and other prose works, which not only entitle her to the highest place in that class of literature to which these works belong, but stamp her as the originator of a style of descriptive narrative peculiarly her own; in which we admire a wonderful power of depicting nature, great originality, a variety and an endless flow of fancy, a happy mixture of pathos and *sober* thought, with delightful cheerfulness and enthusiasm, a suavity of mind shining throughout, and a pen 'thick-dropping with beauty and gladness.' Those who delight in the simplicity, feeling, and quaintness of the earlier writers, must hail the volume of poems just referred to, as a revival of a taste fast fading away, and, unfortunately, too often replaced by meretricious and affected extravagance."

There is no circumstance in connexion with modern literature, that affords a greater source of national congratulation, than the number, and surpassing excellence, of the British female poets of the nineteenth century.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

TEMPERANCE CONVERSAZIONE.

A most interesting, highly respectable, and numerously attended Temperance Conversation, was held in the Emancipation School Rooms, Fisher-street, Red Lion-square, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 18th; the room was tastefully decorated with laurels, &c., producing a very cheerful effect; and the arrangements throughout were of such a character as to reflect the highest credit on the individuals through whose exertions and under whose directions they were planned. The company was of the most select description, being specially invited by circulars, and accompanying cards. Several Christian ministers were present, and others, to whom invitations had been sent, who could not, through previous engagements, attend, expressed their cordial good wishes for the success of the Temperance cause, and their desire to promote any plan, and co-operate in any means, which either directly or indirectly tended "to restore man to duty, happiness, and God." The following are a few highly respected names, among many others, from whom most kind and encouraging letters were received:—Rev. J. Sherman; Rev. J. H. Hinton; Rev. Caleb Morris; Rev. J. Woodwark; and the Rev. J. Binney.

Several scientific singers were present on the occasion, who ably conducted the vocal part of the entertainment, while a desert was served to the company during the evening.

After tea, which was exceedingly well arranged, R. Walkden took the chair. Singing. And an appropriate prayer by the Rev. C. Stovel.

The Chairman, in his opening remarks, took occasion to refer to an interesting meeting at which he was present at Staines, where he was delighted to behold the minister of the establishment associated with the Wesleyan and dissenting minister in forwarding the great cause; he referred to the encouraging symptoms of the ultimate and final triumph of the cause. He knew of one branch that had three hundred signatures at one meeting. It was also to him an encouraging fact, that our operations were beginning to attract attention in other and higher circles. In a late debate in the House of Commons, Lord Morpeth had taken occasion to remark, that through the exertions of Father Matthew, he had been enabled to withdraw from Ireland 15,000 troops. Such was the influence of unqualified Temperance in promoting habits of industry, peace, and good will among the inhabitants. If the success in Ireland proved permanent, he hesitated not to state that next year the whole of the troops might be withdrawn; he considered these statements as literally fulfilling the prophecy, "the swords shall be beaten into plough-shares, and the spears into pruning hooks." Mr. O'Connell, in the course of the same debate, stated, that he did not entertain the least doubt of the permanency of the change; he knew the Irish character, they would adhere. In one district where, during

a certain season, one hundred and fifty arrests had taken place for high crimes and misdemeanours. In the latter district, since the prevalence of unqualified temperance, not one had taken place. Our cause is the *common cause*—the cause of the philanthropist—the Christian and the patriot—the cause of our country and our God. He did hope to see the day when those costly edifices, used for the sale of this deleterious article, would be clothed in mourning for the sins and devastations they had caused, or left to moulder into ruins—Tee-totalers might meunt the heap, shouting, Victory! Victory! Victory!

The Rev. W. R. Baker spoke on the first subject of address, viz., "The principles and operations of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society." He thought it impossible that any one could, in the present day, be ignorant of the principles and operations of the society; they had been so fully explained, they had reached every town and village in the land, they had been carried through the country; and were he to meet with any one who was still ignorant of these principles, he should conclude that he had been on a voyage to some distant part of the world; but there were a few things that he would premise, first—that drunkenness is an evil—this would be admitted by all; and that our common christianity laid us under obligation to attempt its removal. We consider, and rightly consider, *ignorance* to be an evil—hence we attempt its removal; *heathenism* is an evil; *poverty* is an evil—hence says the apostle, "whose hath this world's goods and seeth his brother hath need, but shutteth up his bowels of compassion, how dwelleth the love of God in him." So also are we bound to attempt the removal of this formidable evil—*intemperance*! It is an evil that prevails to an alarming extent, which no one, I presume, will attempt to dispute; but when we consider the advantages with which we are favoured, the moral advantages, the civil advantages, the Christian advantages, our nation ought to be the most sober in the world; but contrast it with other countries, with Papist, with Pagan, with Mahomedan countries, among them all our drunkenness causes us to pass as a proverb, a by-word, a reproach. Ought it to be thus? that we are characterized for our drunkenness is an humiliating fact. Total Abstinence is a ready and radical cure for this national evil—it is most certain that those who never take that which can intoxicate, will never become intoxicated—this cure is also as *practicable* as it is *radical*. We can be as healthy and happy without them. I could produce argument to substantiate these statements if it were necessary; but on the present occasion I appeal to facts—one fact is worth a thousand arguments—but we can produce ten thousand facts; and if that be not sufficient, we can produce twenty thousand—yes, a million, if necessary, from all classes and conditions, consisting of every peculiarity of constitution.

That constitution must be peculiar not to find a corresponding similarity among so many; he considered the difficulty not so much constitutional as the want of the will—the *will is power!* And then again, abstinence is perfectly lawful; by abstinence we infringe no right, either Christian or political; we have the example of Christ, who drank water at the well of Samaria; and we can be as thankful for water as for wine, and trust with equal assurance on that promise—"thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." He then urged the adoption of this safe and easy cure for intemperance, by the tears of the widow, the cries of the orphan, from the love of our neighbour and the love of our country, from our common christianity as bringing glory to God, and producing happiness among men. The rev. gentleman sat down amid the continued cheers of the company.

After which a Temperance hymn was sung by the choir and parties engaged in conversation. During which a question was asked: "Are infidels eligible to bear office among us?"

Mr. Baker answered. He would receive any one that would sign the pledge as members; he considered a sober infidel better than a drunken one, but he should not consider them eligible for office.

II. Subject—A Surgeon's Testimony. M. Hicks, Esq. illustrated the influence of alcohol in producing and generating disease, and weakening the sentient powers.

His statements were confirmed by W. Jones, Esq., another surgeon.

After which the hymn,

"Let Temperance and her sons rejoice," was sung by the choir, and conversation resumed.

III. Subject. Impediments to the spread of the principles of the New British and Foreign Temperance Societies from the injudicious advocacy and conduct of its members.

The Rev. C. Stowell did not think it at all surprising that there should be imperfections and mistakes in the advocacy of the principle. Imperfection was interwoven with our very nature. In this instance it was the effect of unchecked zeal; men who have been addicted to drinking all their lives, or for many years, by abstaining became more healthy, and happy, and they look around upon men whom they consider examples to the world, but who, perhaps, were never drunk in their lives, or at least only partially so, and think it strange they do not adopt the system. He pointed out the injury frequently done by impugning the *motives* of our opponents, by so doing we build a bulwark around their consciences, which it is impossible to penetrate. He referred to the necessity of treating drunkards affectionately and kindly; many of them were not drunkards because they love it, but were seduced by the love of company, a false idea of gaining business, and various other causes. He referred to the awful ravages of intemperance in the church of Christ, which he considered as calling loudly to her ministers to be on the watch, and take decisive measures against it. He knew many effecting instances in which the most promising youth had been ensnared through the influence of

early indulgence, and many a father that had to mourn over a lost *'Abselem'*, and pointed out the necessity of placing the temptation beyond their reach. It is impossible that we can do justice to the Rev. gent's able and convincing speech. He sat down amid continued cheers.

Thomas Smeeton, agent of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, spoke to the subject. He referred to the common objection that we placed our system before the Gospel. He said there was a vast difference between precedence and preference; he would illustrate it by supposing a lady, richly dressed, was passing along Holborn, which was very muddy, as it had been for some days past, she, wishing to cross over, a man with a broom went before her and swept away the mud. Now he thought that no one would say that the broom, which took precedence, had the preference. It was just in this relation to the Gospel that we wished Total Abstinence to be regarded. He was warmly greeted.

The following hymn composed expressly for the occasion, was then sung by the choir:—

Hail to the pure and hallow'd glow
Of friendship's sacred fire,
When "converse sweet" promotes the flow
Of every good desire.
When lofty reason rules the hour,
And leads the ardent mind,
To dedicate it's ev'ry power
To benefit mankind.
May kindred feelings warm each breast :
That kindly meets us here ;
May truth, with gentle love expressed,
Our conversation cheer.
While Temperance fair, with brow serene,
Points out the peaceful road,
That leads us through life's trying scene,
To virtue and to God.

The Rev. J. Burns. Subject.—Impediments to the spread of the principles of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, from timidity, prejudice, habit, custom, and self-interest. The Rev. gentleman considered the lateness of the evening a sufficient apology for not detaining them long. He took a hasty, but lucid and masterly, review of his subject; commencing with self-interest. Illustrating in his usual animated and convincing style, the force of custom, and the influence of prejudice, and sat down amid loud cheers.

Mr. Jameson made a few remarks on the subject, and concluded with a call to professing Christians to unite in the work. After which a hymn: "Sound the loud trumpet o'er freedom's fair land," was sung by the choir, and the company separated, highly satisfied and delighted with the intellectual entertainment of which they had partaken. We trust that evening parties, conducted in a similar manner, may become general among our intellectual Temperance friends.

CHELSEA TEMPERANCE HALL.

THE most active preparations have been making for some time past by the Chelsea Temperance friends to get their Hall ready, to open, as announced in their bills, on Monday the 2d of March. We are glad that success has hitherto crowned their exertions. The

Hall is nearly completed, and it is computed will accommodate about seven hundred persons. Being near Knightsbridge, and immediately in the vicinity of Sloane-street, it is situated in the preferable part of the New Road. A large attendance at the opening is confidently expected, this being, we believe, the first Temperance Hall opened in London in connexion with the New British and Foreign Temperance Society. That respected and zealous patron and advocate, R. Walkden, Esq. of Pinner Park, has kindly consented to preside at the opening. The Rev. Jabez Burns and other distinguished and popular advocates are expected to be present at the meeting. The ladies of the Chelsea Female Temperance Association have consented to preside at the tea meeting, which will commence at four o'clock; the public meeting at seven. We understand the Chelsea friends have had great difficulties to surmount in effecting their praiseworthy work of raising a place of *their own* for the advocacy of Temperance, and we hope the members of other branches will show, by their attendance, their sense of the zeal and diligence that has animated the Tee-totalers of Chelsea.

WESTMINSTER BRANCH.

To the Editor of the Temperance Magazine.

SIR,—We hail with satisfaction and pleasure your forthcoming periodical, which, as we are capable of judging, promises to be of great utility in the important work of the Temperance Reformation.

That such a work has long been a desideratum, will be readily acknowledged by every friend of true temperance; and as a committee we most heartily wish it success; conceiving as we do, that you cannot do a greater service to our common cause, or better subserve the general interests of the society, than in correcting the almost universally acknowledged evil of attaching gaming tables at our Temperance Coffee Houses, we shall esteem it a favour if you will give insertion to the following address on this subject.

Signed on behalf of Committee of
the Westminster Branch,
J. H. ESTERBROOKE, Secretary.
Temperance Chapel, Broadway,
Feb. 20, 1840.

Westminster Branch of the West London
Auxiliary to the New British and Foreign
Temperance Society.

The Committee of the above Branch deeply regret the existence of circumstances which render it imperative on them to disclaim any connexion with a society recently formed at a Temperance Coffee House, under the designation of—"The Westminster Friendly Temperance Society," notwithstanding that society has surreptitiously adopted and printed the rules of the branch as its basis.

Various rumours and mis-statements have also been industriously circulated, assigning improper motives to the Committee in withdrawing their meetings, and the Saturday night meeting of members from the above coffee-house, they feel it a painful duty they owe to themselves and the society with which they

are identified, to defend themselves from false charges and misrepresentations, and also to disabuse the public mind on this subject, and fearlessly to state that the course they have adopted is attributable only to the determination of the proprietor of a certain coffee-house in first introducing and then continuing the use of a Bagatelle board, after repeated remonstrances from the Committee and others, as to the moral injury the members of the society, and especially the youths who resorted to it, were likely to sustain.

They sincerely regret that the adoption of such a course should have given offence to any party; but in the performance of a public duty, they deem it of higher moment to study the opinion and views of a large body than succumb to the caprice or pander to the sinister views of any individual or individuals, however extensive their influence may be.

By this course also the Committee feel that they have only recognized the great principle laid down by the Rev. J. SHERMAN in his admirable sermon addressed especially to members of Temperance Societies, (vide page 20,) the spirit of which they wish individually to cherish, whilst the sentiment it contains they deem worthy of the serious consideration of every Tee-totaler in the kingdom.*

"If you make the coffee-house a tavern; if you convert a place of refreshment into a gaming-house, and waste your precious time in gossiping and idleness, instead of attending to the duties of your family, and to the interests of religion, you are only exchanging one evil for another,—a folly which may be equally injurious both to your present interests and your eternal salvation."

* We deeply regret that any disunion should exist among our Westminster brethren, and we most fervently hope that all differences of opinion may be speedily adjusted in a spirit of candour, consistency, and Christian love. Our members should at all times recollect that the eye of a censorious world is on them; and that when engaged in carrying out a great principle of moral reform, their character and conduct should exhibit a perfect and uniform consistency; foibles and follies that in the great mass of the people are overlooked, assume a very important character when practised by those who profess to set an example to society. We trust that our Westminster total-abstinence brethren who are unfortunately at issue with their committee on the subject stated above, will, with due appreciation of their mental faculties, seek some more intellectual, rational, and instructive amusement than that afforded them by "bagatelle," which is perhaps rightly named, a "trifle!" But our friends, *Mme.*, and *talents*, are no trifles, they both must be accounted for, and both should be improved. We are friends to all innocent amusement, and we know that those pleasures are the most enduring and delightful that tend to inform the mind and elevate the character; fortunately there is no lack of rational recreation in the present day that combines amusement with instruction,—reading associations, mutual improvement societies, musical and harmonic institutions, and, above all, scientific lectures are among the many sources of useful, elegant, and pleasing recreations which a little united exertions on the part of our members, could speedily organize and arrange.

We offer these remarks in a spirit of perfect fairness, friendliness, and IMPARTIALITY towards ALL parties concerned, and with an earnest desire that a speedy adjustment of differences may take place.
—EDITOR.

DEPTFORD FESTIVAL.

THE first Anniversary Festival of the Deptford Branch was held in the Wesleyan Association Chapel, Griffen Street, Deptford. The chapel, on this occasion, presented a most imposing appearance, being decorated with evergreens, transparencies, banners, &c., with suitable mottos. About half-past five the company sat down to partake of tea, cake, &c. The cloth being removed, at seven o'clock, S. M. Gilbert, Esq. was called to the chair. A hymn was sung; and J. W. Green engaged in prayer.

The Chairman said he felt happy in meeting the Deptford friends at their first Festival; had he not been deeply interested in their welfare, on account of his being present at the formation of the society, he should have debarred himself the pleasure of coming, having but recently recovered from severe indisposition.

W. J. Smith, the Secretary of the society, read the report, which contained a brief history of the society, and much pleasing information, together with encouragement to proceed in their work of faith and labour of love. Upwards of forty public meetings had been held during the past year, and that the society, at present, numbered nearly 150 consistent members.

Mr. Hart moved the first resolution. He rejoiced at the success that had attended the labours of the Tee-totalers of Deptford; he recollected when he first visited Deptford, four years since, he found a difficulty in obtaining a bell, much less a place of meeting to make the principles known. He visited Deptford again, in April 1838, and held several meetings. He urged on all to give the principle a trial.

Mr. Balfour, of Chelsea, in seconding the resolution, shewed the folly of the many means that were proposed to abolish drunkenness. Some said educate the people and drunkenness will cease; but how was it that so many of the most learned—some of the brightest stars in the literary world practised drunkenness; how was it so many fell through that vice; he was satisfied that the only cure for drunkenness was Total Abstinence.

Mr. Currie supported the resolution. He depicted, in glowing terms, the happiness, comfort, and enjoyment of the life of the Tee-totaler; and urged on all to support the Temperance cause. If it became general there would not be so many compelled to lie on *wooden feathers*; their wives and children would be better clothed and fed; he had experienced great hardships through drunkenness, but now enjoyed the comforts of a sober life. He then sang some lines of poetry of his own composition, and sat down amidst much cheering.

Mr. J. W. Green, in moving the second resolution, enlarged to a great extent, on the evils of intemperance, the numerous murders, thefts, losses at sea, shipwrecks, &c., occasioned by drunkenness. He felt satisfied the only remedy for such evils, was Total Abstinence. One proposed education; but when the mind had been reduced from its proper standard by the disease of alcoholic drinks,

education would be of no avail, it never could succeed. (Hear).

Lieutenant Collins, of the Royal Navy, from Liverpool, in proof of what had been advanced, would say that Total Abstinence was the best remedy for intemperance. He felt happy to state he had joined the society twenty months, and never was stronger in body, or better in health; indeed it had completely transformed him from an old man into a young one.

Mr. Griffith, known by the name of "Tom Griffiths," a reclaimed character, gave a humorous, but most impressive account of the benefits he and his family had derived from the operations of Temperance.

Mr. Hopkins advised the beer-drinkers, if there were any present, to leave off drinking unwholesome wash, and drink home brewed such as his domestic partner made. Her malt was beefor mutton, and she hopped it with barley, and that made a really nourishing beverage. He was sorry to see so many blankets at the pawn-shop doors when such numbers of poor were wanting them to cover themselves in the cold weather. He called upon all, if they wished themselves well, to come and sign the pledge. (Cheers).

The Chairman felt happy to introduce to their notice Mr. McCarthy, who came forward amidst tremendous cheering, and, in a speech of thrilling interest, gave a graphic description of a sober man; shewing the life of quietude and evenness of temper contrasted with that of the drunkard, who was a mere walking will, a perfect nonentity, one who scarcely ever knew himself, but some dared to raise their puny arm against this principle. He could tell them that Tee-totalers were not to be gripped out of it so easy as they imagined. He had heard much of the drunkenness of Deptford; he felt satisfied much drunkenness still existed in Deptford; he felt interested in the welfare of the drunkard, and was determined to do all he could to reclaim him; he was glad to find that a Tee-total battery was raised that would destroy the strong holds of intemperance, and leave it a heap of ruins. The latter part of his address was confined to the Irish. He gave some judicious remarks, and some practical hints, and spoke largely of the operations of Father Mathew's. He urged on them to form themselves into societies and abandon the use of intoxicating drinks. He exhorted all to come and sign the pledge, and sat down amidst great cheering.

A collection was then made in aid of the funds of the society; other addresses were delivered by Messrs. Moorhouse, Quelch, and Frost, and a vote of thanks passed for the chairman. Although it was growing late the company seemed unwilling to separate; they lingered about the aisles and pews of the chapel having enjoyed the feast of reason and the flow of soul. It is a meeting that will not soon be eradicated from the minds of those that were present; we trust it will prove to have been a season of great usefulness, and that many a drunkard will be led to abandon his folly, and embrace the Total Abstinence pledge. There is much room for the Tee-totalers to be up and doing in this town: it contains a population of 25,000 souls; much

drunkenness still exists; gin-palaces rear their gaudy heads in almost every avenue; there is a distillery and malt house in full operation, seeming to bid defiance to the imagined Lilliputian arm of the Tee-totalers, whose numbers are yet but few, but we feel persuaded if that little band of volunteers do but persevere, they will make those scenes of confusion and riot tremble to their very foundation.

It is to be hoped that the friends from the metropolis will lend their Deptford friends a helping hand. The meeting is held every Thursday evening.

STRAND BRANCH, ENON CHAPEL, CLEMENT'S-LANE.

SINCE the revival of the above branch, we are informed that this little band of Tee-totalers have had much to contend with, but headed by that champion of Total Abstinence, the "devoted disciple" of Long Acre, as some of the newspapers a few weeks ago pleased to term him, for consigning the residue of a stock of wine, then in his cellars, to the common sewer, we have no fear of their planting the Total Abstinence Tree in the densely populated neighbourhood where they have now pitched their tent. We have paid them a visit, and were much pleased to see so large an assemblage of persons congregated together, particularly at the attention paid to the speakers on the occasion. They have an extensive field for usefulness, and as our hearts desire is, that wherever Tee-totalism is advocated it should be supported, we urge upon our brethren to give them all the help they can at their public meetings on Friday evenings. They were the first, we believe, in opening their place as a "Temperance Chapel," in which, we are glad to hear, the Gospel is preached three times on the Sunday—morning, afternoon, and evening. To them we would say, and to all who wish well to the extension of the Gospel,—bring all your force in the field to disarm the drunkard of that deadly weapon—alcohol; and the cause of truth will be extended, God will be glorified, and drunkards reclaimed.

SOHO BRANCH, ORANGE-STREET SCHOOL ROOMS.

WE sincerely rejoice to have to record the opening of a new and interesting field for Temperance labours in this populous district. We believe four meetings, distinguished with signal success, have been held in the school-rooms, Orange-street, at all of which numerous signatures have been obtained, and there cannot be a doubt that this will prove a most important rallying place of Temperance: the habits of the neighbourhood call aloud for the purifying of cold water. In addition to the usual attractions, in a moral point of view, of a Temperance meeting, the lovers of genius cannot fail to contemplate the scene of the Orange-street meeting with great interest, it being held in the residence of that truly great, and justly celebrated man, Sir Isaac Newton. We do not know that the house of that eminent philosopher and sincere Christian could be more worthily used.

FITZROY BRANCH.

THE weekly meeting in this district continues to be well attended, and every week pleasing instances are brought to our notice of the triumphs of our principles over intemperance. Feb. 11th, Mr. Miller in the chair, addressed by Messrs. Wilkin and Winter, bricklayers; Ford, a sawyer, Bagnall, Conway, and Mr. Jameson (agent); seven signatures obtained. Feb. 18th, Mr. Ford in the chair, addressed by Messrs. Adkins, Woodward, Jones, and Tilly; twelve signatures obtained, and many said they would try before they signed. The attention of many respectable tradesmen have been attracted to our meeting, many of whom have stated their conviction of the benefit many families are enjoying in this neighbourhood by adopting our principle, who, a short time ago, were in the lowest state of poverty and wretchedness.

MARYLEBONE AND ST. JAMES'S.

SIR:—I hail with pleasure the announcement of a Temperance Magazine and Literary Miscellany, believing, as I do, that the press is one of the most powerful auxiliaries that can be employed in the furtherance of the Temperance reformation; I doubt not, but in the forthcoming Magazine will be found such matter as many of our non-intellectual friends have long sought for in vain. According to your prospectus, you are taking new ground, and I trust you will meet with that support which will be a means of encouraging you in your labour of love; and I need not add, let your standard be nothing short of true Temperance; wage war against, not only the drinking usages, but also the traffic, and God will bless your efforts. As you solicit the aid of those who are connected with Metropolitan Societies to forward brief reports of their progress, I beg a small space of your Magazine. I have been connected with the Marylebone and St. James's Auxiliary since its commencement in August 1838; the number of signatures since then amounts to nearly 2,000; within the last three months the Auxiliary has been divided into Branches, two of which are now in active operation, (the Lisson Grove and Paddington, and the St. Anne's Branch) others are in the course of formation, and are only delayed till suitable places for holding public meetings can be obtained. The success of the above named Branches has been far beyond the expectation of the most sanguine amongst us. The weekly meeting at the British School, Ship Yard, Wardour Street, is always crowded to excess, and great anxiety is manifested by the people to sign the pledge. We seldom take fewer than from twenty to thirty names at the meeting; last Thursday we had a most animated meeting, great attention was paid to the arguments advanced in support of the principle of Tee-totalism and an appeal was responded to by 25 persons signing the pledge. Greater things than these are in reversion, if we but make a determined stand against the foe, strong drink. In conclusion, "I would say, let us take one word for our motto, 'Onward! Onward!'" and God will help us. Yours &c.

Feb. 18, 1840.

W. B. MAWSON.



THE
LONDON
TEE-TOTAL MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

No. 2.]

APRIL.

[Vol. 1.

LIBERTY.

THERE is no word more universally used in England, and less generally understood, than the word liberty. We boast, as a people, of our freedom and our independence—we conceive ourselves to be far in advance of the rest of mankind in religious, intellectual, and moral greatness—we enjoy many invaluable blessings in the constitutional institutions of our land, in the freedom of opinion, and the sacred right of private judgment. Yet, with all these advantages, it remains to be seen whether, considering liberty in the Christian and enlarged sense, we possess that great amount of individual freedom on which we pique ourselves; and what are the greatest obstacles to the attainment of personal, and mental LIBERTY.

One cause of the many mistakes which free-born Englishmen fall into respecting their liberty, is, the regard-

ing that sacred privilege as an extrinsic, not an intrinsic possession. Limiting its application to political measures and the conduct of others towards them; forgetting, too frequently, that the most severe bondage, the most tyrannic slavery, humanity endures, is that caused by the ascendancy which base passions, and silly prejudices, are allowed to obtain over the dictates of reason, and the admonitions of conscience.

The bad passions of men have been the originators of all the bad customs of society: which proceed slowly in their first introduction, but once established by the influence of opinion, there is scarcely any limits to their sway—it is thus that drinking usages have obtained their power; self-indulgence and sensuality first introduced them; self interest, in some cases, vitiated taste, weakness, and igno-

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VOL. I.]

rance, in others, have perpetuated and strengthened their tyranny, until this Christian land, boasting of its knowledge, power, and *liberty*, "mourneth because of drunkenness."

It is eighteen hundred years since the beautiful lesson of real liberty was taught by the Apostle: "to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness." Enlightened as society has become in many particulars, still this doctrine is too little reflected on. It is idle for individuals to talk of their liberty while habit binds them in its time-strengthened bonds; and while in many cases, they pursue' in unreflecting indifference, a particular path, because others have set them the pernicious example, without any exercise of their judgment, or any appeal to their conscience. How many of the most enlightened and intellectual of our countrymen have yielded up their reason and their liberty to strong drink! have gladly become the servant, nay the *slave*, of a habit, which, in its dread progress, has caused more sin, suffering, and despair, than any other vice: a habit that has spread domestic woe, and national degradation; individual suffering, and wide spread depravity. It is worthy of remark that this chain of misery, and bondage of error, has been wrought by the efforts of *opinion*! No law has compelled its adoption; no force has aided its inflictions; no political tyranny has driven men under its dominion, thus proving the truth of the poet's remark—

"Of all the miseries that mankind endure,
How few can kings, and laws, or cause, or cure."

Christian Englishmen have been, and, alas! too many of them still are, the wretched bondsmen of their own appetites; with the words "freedom" and "*liberty*" perpetually on their lips—they have sunk into the most complete and debasing slavery!

But in the midst of our national disgrace, as a people prone more than any other nation in the world to indulgence in the vice of intoxication; how cheering is it to know that the light of truth has dawned upon our darkness and shewn us our real condition; *free*, indeed, in our institutions, free in our

laws, and free in the exercise of our religion; but bound in fetters of sensual and sinful indulgence. We lament over the existence of poverty, ignorance, and its attendant—vice; while the very class who suffer most by their combined inflictions help to raise a sum annually, for a useless and injurious article, more than sufficient to alleviate all the poverty, dispel all the ignorance, and correct all the vice with which society is afflicted.

To know our error, has always been considered the first great preliminary towards amendment, and happily, that most essential knowledge has been acquired. Though a remarkable perverseness has still to be combated and overcome. Considering the magnitude and universality of the vice of intemperance, it appears wonderful that the thoughts of philanthropists should not have been directed to a remedy, commensurate with the evil, at an earlier period of the world's history. But an unfortunate delusion prevailed and rendered all attempts at reformation abortive; the real nature of the fluids, which mankind consented to pollute their palates with, was unknown; even, it would appear, to the learned. Mixtures and compounds, which careful investigation has discovered to be worse than useless as nutriment, and highly dangerous as beverages, had received the sanction and approbation of mankind for ages. The *use* was always thought absolutely essential, proper and praiseworthy; and the abuse, only, was condemned. It is reasonable to suppose that had society known the article itself was bad and injurious, its use could not have been defended; for regarding it only in a moral, or merely economic point of view, the use of that which did no good, and might, and often did, do harm, was in itself an abuse of common sense, of time and of money. This view, however, of the case was not taken simply from ignorance in some, and prejudice in others. Strong drink "had achieved greatness," or "had greatness thrust on it," and the utmost that religion and morality could be induced to do, as a preventative of intemperance, was to *commend* the use, as it was termed, and caution against the abuse. So that the condition of society generally, in relation to the commission

of a most debasing and dangerous vice, was similar to the state of a sportsman who stakes a large wager on a trotting horse, that he is in imminent fear will break into a gallop and cause him to lose his money. The only difference between the use and the abuse, is, that one is a trot and the other a gallop, on a restive, excitable, and vicious steed, and both are likely to lead to the same dangerous results.

In addition to the false fame bestowed on strong drink, was another unfavourable circumstance—the want of sympathy between the moderate and the immoderate drinker. The former never imagined that any part of the latter's delinquency was to be attributed to him; he never reflected that his example was infinitely the most pernicious of the two; for while the *drunkard* was an object of disgust to all but a few unfortunates like himself, the *drinker* was not unfrequently a pattern to be admired and emulated; to be able to carry a large quantity of wine or strong drink without breaking down under its weight, was considered a very admirable and gentlemanly quality; and when inebriety was censured, it was the physical weakness that succumbed, not the moral turpitude of the act, that was con-

demned. With such a vast amount of ignorance, such defective moral views, and such appetite-begotten prejudices, were the chains of custom forged, and thus did Englishmen combine to cheat themselves out of their birth-right—*liberty*.

A new era has happily commenced—society begins to perceive that political *liberty*, and Christian *liberty* are two very different things; that a large amount of individual slavery may exist with the one, and that subduing the passions, governing the appetites, and shunning, in all possible ways, “every appearance of evil,” is the only method of securing the other.

It has been well observed that “virtue is its own reward;” this is eminently the case with the virtue of self-denial. When it is practised for the good of others, the glow of philanthropy and Christian love towards suffering humanity, seconds the approving voice of conscience; when self-denial is practised as a means of self-government and moral regeneration, the delightful consciousness of duty fulfilled, of amended character, of improving prospects, of subdued evil, and of mental triumph, all conduce to the attainment of the highest and purest, individual *LIBERTY*.

THE RECLAIMED.

———“Happy day that breaks our chain!
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to Nature's great metropolis,
And re-admits us, thro' the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne.”

YOUNG.

At the close of a lovely summer's day, two females were seated together in a neat little parlour at an open window that looked into a pleasant plot of garden-ground. The stillness and serenity of the sunset hour did not appear to have communicated its soothing influence to the tempers of the females, both of whose countenances bore traces of deep emotion, though of an opposite character. The face of the elder exhibited marks of thoughtful displeasure, while floods of tears, of mingled sorrow and indignation, deluged the fair countenance of the younger; an open letter lay on the table between

them, and seemed to have afforded the theme of trouble or discord. There was a long pause, unbroken, save by the sobs of the weeping girl; the angry flush faded gradually from the brow of her companion, who was the first to break silence by exclaiming kindly, while she took the somewhat reluctant hand of the mourner, “Dear Kate, I have spoken warmly, more warmly than wisely I fear, but affection for you is the cause; come dry your eyes, I am angry, I confess, to see that a few words of *truth*, Kate, yes of *truth*! which I, as your nearest relative, felt bound to utter about this ill-advised young man,

should cause you such emotion. He is not worth a thought, much less a tear, of yours; and like the good and sensible girl I know you are, dry your eyes and let us say no more about him."

"I am grieved at *your* unkindness, not about *him*," protested Kate. "Though it is very unjust, dear Aunt, in you to judge William so severely; we have known him so long, from a mere boy, and I never heard any one speak ill of him; he used to be a favourite of yours."

"There are many persons, Kate, we may like as acquaintances, and even admit as friends, that we should not sanction in the near connection which, as I gather from the letter you gave me, this young man wishes to effect. I have known him long, it is true, as a merry, good natured, and tolerably intelligent youth; but with no firmness, no fixed principles, and very little self-government; even his talents, for I don't deny he possesses some, are of a dangerous character, likely to lead him into company; indeed they have already. I plainly perceive that he is one of those unfortunately yielding persons who, when asked to do any thing which reason disapproves, has not the firmness to say 'no.'"

"I plead guilty," said a young man who had entered the garden and approached the window unperceived by those who were discussing his character, and to whose ear the silence of the evening had conveyed the words of the speaker, "I have yielded to many unwise and wilful influences; but do not, dear Miss Morley, prejudice Kate against me for any errors of the past, I can but regret that I should have ever given you reason to think ill of me; the future will, I trust, redeem the past."

"That, time alone can assure me of William Horton," replied the aunt coldly.

William looked round the room anxiously for Kate, but she had hastily disappeared at the first sound of his voice; and the young man felt he must now plead his cause to one who would not weigh his words in the scales of partiality. Long and serious was the conversation that ensued; much to the mortification of the youth he found that a scrutinizing vigilance had marked

all his actions, and that the revision of them had operated seriously against his prospects of happiness; and all his protestations and assurances were so discouragingly received, that his patience began to give way, and he felt glad to reflect that Kate was of age to receive or reject him, independently of her pertinacious relative. Taking courage from this thought, he said, somewhat warmly, "You are prejudiced, forgive me for saying so, Miss Morley, my faults, which I have neither denied or extenuated, have been those of almost every young man; it is not kind or reasonable that they should be 'set in a note-book,' and arraigned against me to the ruin of my hopes of future happiness. I am no idler or drunkard that you should deem me incorrigible."

"My niece is a gentle and a religious girl, mild to a fault; if she did not find happiness in the marriage state, she would be completely miserable. The coldness that produces indifference, and the anger that engenders defiance, have no part in her disposition. You tell me you are no drunkard, no idler. I have no respect for, or faith in, a character made up of negatives—a person may not actually be the character you mention, but by habits and association, he may be in the fair way to become such. I hear you are the best singer at the weekly concerts held at the 'Barley Mow;' I do not consider my niece's happiness will be increased by the public exhibition of that acquirement in such places. I hear also you are the best speaker at the weekly debating club at the 'Blue Posts;' I confess this accomplishment does not appear to me likely to promote domestic felicity. No, no! William Horton, I do not give my consent so inconsiderately; quit this sort of amusement and companionship for a year or two."

"A year or two!" ejaculated the youth quite aghast.

"Yes, a year or two; and then William Horton I may, if I am spared, listen to your proposals, at present I must reject them;" so saying, Miss Morley rose from her seat, as a signal for William to depart.

With a crimson brow and palpitating heart the latter prepared to obey the signal, deeply mortified, and, indeed, indignant at what he fancied the un-

worthy treatment of a fastidious old maid. The kindness of his nature, however, would not suffer him to depart without bidding adieu, as in the anger of the moment he purposed doing; quitting his hold of the door which he was about opening, he advanced with outstretched hand towards Miss Morley, exclaiming, "Let us part friends; and God forgive you for the unhappiness you have caused me in the short space of time I have been here. You have judged me harshly; even my poor amusements, if they were objectionable, were in a manner compelled, from the circumstance that I had no mother or sisters, no home, in short, to wean me from them. Your religion, Miss Morley, should have made you more charitable."

Miss Morley suffered the young man to take her reluctant hand, and feeling touched by the manly frankness of his demeanour, she said, more kindly than she had previously spoken, "Kate is no coquette, William; a year or two will be no trial to her."

In a few moments William was pacing with hasty strides, and tumultuous feelings, along the road which, full of hope, he had previously traversed. The exceeding beauty of the summer's night had tempted Kate to walk forth to enjoy its tranquil freshness, and, it might be accidentally, as she was returning from her short stroll she encountered William. It has been well observed that the conversation of persons, situated as William and Kate were, though highly interesting to themselves, is not very intelligible or agreeable to others, therefore we shall leave the young man to plead his cause with all the energy which opposition, and wounded feelings gives to natural eloquence, and merely content ourselves with informing our readers, that before they separated, Kate, though dutiful and affectionate, was inclined to believe her aunt arbitrary and prejudiced in this instance, and, for the first time in her life, to consider both herself and her lover as persecuted and ill used.

Alas! what a perilous guest is love! how does it rend asunder early ties, and "separate chief friends." Kate and her aunt, like myriads before them, saw the same object with different eyes, and grief and anger became the inmates of

a roof where, heretofore, all the kindest charities had dwelt.

A summons from a relative in London offering William Horton a very eligible situation in his office, gave a fresh impetus to the wishes of the youth, and Miss Morley, wearied with the constant entreaties of William, and really concerned at the melancholy and altered countenance of the once cheerful Kate, was at length induced to yield a reluctant consent to the union, hoping, rather than believing, that it would produce happiness to both. Miss Morley had lived long enough in the world to know that good intentions are no security against bad or foolish actions; fixed principles, founded on the immutable basis of religion, were, she knew, the only security for uniform propriety of conduct in the trials and temptations of life. Nevertheless, when she looked on the fine open countenance of him her niece had chosen, her mind misgave her, that, in her deep solicitude to secure that beloved niece's welfare, she had magnified his failings and done him far less than justice; still a sort of obstinate adherence to her opinion made her manner somewhat ungracious, and though Kate deeply felt the separation, which by giving her to new duties, removed her from one who had been a mother to her: William was not sorry when the time of departure drew nigh.

The autumn of the year saw our young couple settled in neat apartments in the neighbourhood of London, and two years of happiness, of such a perfect and uninterrupted character, passed over their heads, that the aunt's predictions were forgotten. During that time Kate had but one cause of complaint—the length of the solitary hours of the day, when William was by an unavoidable necessity pursuing his daily avocations. This evil was now no more complained of, for a companion had arrived to claim her attention and share her solitude. Previous to the birth of this interesting companion, Kate had been in the habit of walking out to meet her husband on his return, and sometimes he prevailed on her to visit, with him, some place of amusement; this she always did reluctantly, not from any fear of consequences, but from that love of home, and pleasure in the uninterrupted society of her husband,

which her affectionate nature produced. William, however, sometimes wanted excitement; his evening glass, used in compliance with the tyranny of custom, being taken alone, seemed solitary; it sometimes also, by momentarily elevating his spirits beyond their natural level, prepared for the consequent and never-failing re-action of depression; he missed the laugh, the jest, the song that early habit had endeared. And shortly after making the discovery that his evenings were very dull, he found out a remarkably quiet and respectable parlour, frequented by some agreeable young men, where he hoped to find a pleasant relaxation for an hour or two after his daily toils. To quiet the apprehensions of his thoughtful wife, he resolved to go only on stipulated nights, and then merely for an hour; and to this he remarked, "no reasonable woman could have any possible objection." Poor Kate smiled her assent, and did not permit herself to think that "William could be wrong;" to be sure she did not know how he could complain of being dull, when they were all so cheerful; but men all wanted more amusement than women, and so she reasoned herself into submission and patient acquiescence. In a very few months she found ample exercise for her forbearance and patience, the prudential resolutions of visiting the fascinating parlour in question on certain evenings, and at certain hours, was soon abandoned; and it was frequently midnight ere the once punctual husband returned; and then he seldom ventured to look at the pale face and heavy eyes of his anxious wife, who wearied herself forming excuses for him, and whose joy at his safe arrival, after her fears had begun to whisper forebodings of danger, was so great, that anger for the past was forgotten in present gladness. This change in William's habits produced many other changes; his temper once so cheerful and serene, became capacious and unequal; the excitement and mirth of his evening carousals was followed by fits of sullenness and dejection, until even Kate's patience became sorely tried, and she whispered to herself, "his smiles are for others, his frowns for me." Late hours at night made him frequently late at his office, a circumstance that was not overlooked by the

relation he served; expostulation engendered irritability, and mutual dissatisfaction usurped the place of confidence and approbation. Perfectly entangled in a labyrinth of perplexity and vexation, the only sure way of extrication never occurred to the infatuated young man. What was at first resorted to as a mere amusement, became now a solace from the cares it had produced, a refuge against the attacks of conscience; and the more completely to stifle its "still small voice," he drank deeper than he had ever before done, and when in the grey light of morning he stood in the gentle presence of his weeping wife, it was with the furious gestures of a maniac.

From this period Kate might be said to feel, in their full severity, the stern realities of life. She found that the growth of evil in the human heart, its prolific soil, was more rapid than words can pourtray; and peaceful and pure as had been her own course in life, she speedily discovered that she partook in her husband's degradation; the loudly expressed compassion which humiliates more than it soothes; the officious advice, kindly meant, perhaps, but certainly painful, and often useless, was liberally bestowed by neighbours who took occasion to blame the wife's gentleness as one cause of the husband's faults. As if the heart, which meekness could not touch, could ever have been reclaimed by violence and anger. Kate heard all that was said to her with that bitterness of mortification which the hearing of faults, where love would fain believe there are none, ever engenders. Last, and in comparison to other feelings, perhaps, *least* in the black catalogue of evils, came *poverty*. In vain was all the economy of the young wife exerted, her expences curtailed, even her darling infant denied the adornments which maternal love would have lavished, difficulties and embarrassments surrounded them. Bills came in where Kate never dreamed of credit having been obtained; and her's was the harsh and afflicting task of facing those who she knew not how to answer. That most important of all debts, *rent*, became due without the means of payment. To increase the torment of her over-wrought and sensitive spirit, she could not speak to William; at night

he was incapable of listening, and in the morning his head-ache and feverish nervousness produced such a pitiable irritability, that she feared to increase his distress by her statements. In this dilemma she determined, with more tenderness than wisdom, to sell the few personal articles of value she possessed, and thus satisfy the most important claim. It cost her a pang to part with trifles which she did not value for themselves, but as mementos of her aunt's affection; nevertheless, all was secondary to her desire to behold her husband free, in part, from his difficulties. By this means the rent was paid; but natural discontent, on the part of the people of the house, at the late hours of the infatuated husband, rendered her so uncomfortable, that in a short time a new home was to be sought; and an obscure lodging, chosen for cheapness, not comfort, in a crowded street in the metropolis, became her residence.

In the meantime she could not conceal it from herself any longer, that William had become a confirmed drunkard, and the energy of despair emboldened her to speak to him. Her expostulations were received with scorn and anger. "He would not be dictated to," was all the reply vouchsafed. Reports of his conduct had reached Miss Morley's retirement, who wrote, under the influence of her indignation, to her young relative, bidding her to bring her child and come home as the best method of restoring her husband to his senses. The letter, so sincere in its intention, was read with many tears; but Kate felt the advice it contained to be perfectly useless. "If I cannot bear with him, who will?" she exclaimed; her husband entered at the moment, and seeing the letter in her hand requested its purport; unfortunately it was so worded as to leave it doubtful whether Kate had not written to complain, or, at all events, to furnish the information on which the letter dilated. A paroxysm of anger was the consequence; and after loading the unfortunate Kate with every epithet of reproach his anger could suggest, he left the house to pursue, with increased zest, his career of iniquity. From that time the language of hatred became common from the drunkard's lips—the

dreadful effects of strong drink in hardening the heart, and weakening the moral sense, were fearfully apparent. Kate shrunk with fear at his approach, and even his child cowered and nestled still closer to its mother's bosom when he was near. The wife's only solace, and last resource, was prayer; her sorrows had had one blessed and sanctifying effect,—they had drawn her nearer to Him who is "mighty to save." She often indulged a hope that religion would find her wanderer, and gently lead him back to the paths of rectitude and truth. But as if all hope was to be stifled in her bosom, he was seldom in a condition to think, and when he did, the ribald sophistry of dissolute companions, acting on his enervated mind, had weakened his capacity of belief. Consequently, he gladly adopted the lamentable theories of infidelity—there was something soothing in the thought that man was not a responsible being, that all his actions, no matter how bad, were induced by circumstances which he could neither resist or controul; this was a creed suited to vice, therefore it obtained a speedy adoption by the degraded William Horton.

It is unnecessary to trace his progress step by step down to the depths of iniquity; suffice it that his relation's forbearance became exhausted, and he was dismissed from his situation with disgrace. Kate, with uncomplaining industry, strove to contribute to their mutual support by exerting her skill as a seamstress, which was now indeed imperatively necessary, for William sought no sort of regular occupation, preferring a kind of vagabond life as a singer at the different concert-rooms of various taverns, where, if he obtained sufficient to supply his bacchanalian wants, he procured nothing to contribute to the support of his wife, whose delicate health, and prospect of increasing family, rendered peculiarly unable to bear the fatigue and anxiety of labouring for her own support. It seemed at times that her gentleness actually increased her husband's anger; for whether he feared her complaints, or despised her patience, certain it is he never for a moment reposed any confidence in her; and it was with an aching heart that Kate perceived him, in the few intervals of sobriety which

he might be constrained to pass at home, frequently employed in writing, which he always carefully concealed from her. Fearing some impending evil which she could not exactly define, dread made her watchful, and glancing her eye over her husband's shoulder one night when indisposition kept him from his accustomed haunts, she perceived that he was employed in copying the signature of George Horton, his late employer. He frequently paused in the work to mutter curses on his unsteady hand that refused to second his efforts in producing the required copy.

"Can I do your writing for you, William," faltered the trembling wife.

"No," was the laconic reply.

"Your head will not permit you to write I fear," she continued, "do, pray, put it by till to-morrow."

"Don't worry me with your senseless chatter," growled the miserable man; and a pause ensued which Kate feared to break, though inwardly resolved to nerve herself for an effort to check her erring, but beloved husband in his wayward course. Her heart throbbed so strongly with suppressed emotions of grief and terror, that its palpitations were almost audible in the stillness of the room. She seated herself, and taking her babe on her lap while she hushed it to sleep, her eyes were rivetted, in one burning gaze of intense anxiety, on the agitated brow of her husband. After many fruitless efforts she perceived, by the look of almost fiendish exultation that crossed his countenance, that he had been successful in the nefarious attempt he had made. Now, she thought, is my time to speak, and acting on the impulse with a firmness and energy, very unusual to her, she exclaimed, "William, what are you doing, are you mad, that you wish to rush upon destruction? I don't ask you," she continued with fearful earnestness, "to have mercy upon me; I don't ask you to have mercy on this poor child; but oh! have mercy on yourself. William, William, I have borne much without complaining to you, or of you, but to see you before my eyes planning sin that will lead to endless disgrace and misery, this I

cannot, I will not bear! We are poor, dreadfully poor, and I dare not look forward to the future; but whatever suffering it may bring, I can bear cheerfully, William, indeed, indeed I can; but a *forgery*, William—a *forgery*!—a *felon*!—think of it—the very idea crushes my heart within me—let us struggle, or starve, or die, no matter how miserably, rather than such horrible disgrace befall us." The impetuosity of her manner completely startled her guilty husband, and for some moments deprived him of the power of utterance.

"Hush, Kate!" he at length said, looking with alarmed glance round the miserable room, "you are raving, girl. Hush! such words are dangerous."

"Not to innocence, William; I must be heard, nay, in this matter," she continued, rising, and with her child in her arms, "I will be obeyed. Give me that paper;" and her disengaged hand grasped the guilty work on which so much labour had been expended, and in the next instant it was burning in the fire along with several smaller scraps on which he had tried his skill. The suddenness and impetuosity of the movement left the enraged husband no alternative, while exhausted and overpowered with the excess of her emotion, Kate sunk on her knees, and bursting into tears, raised her streaming eyes in mute thankfulness to heaven for the courage which had been granted in this trying emergency. But the danger to herself had only just commenced; she thought not of that, nor indeed had she time to think, for just at the moment that she was pouring out her soul in mental prayer for her wretched husband—and in a far less period than it has taken to record the incident—a spirit of ungovernable vengeance rose with demon strength in his breast, and the kneeling suppliant was felled to the ground, with a violence that apparently deprived her of sense and life. Casting one horror-stricken glance at the fearful work of his hand, and with a thousand conflicting tortures maddening his distracted mind, he rushed from the house he knew not whither.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

CHRISTIANITY AND COLONIZATION.

In our previous investigation of the state of the Christian missions in the South Seas, we promised to lay before our readers the fruits of further inquiry into that important subject, in its connection with Temperance throughout the remote parts of the world. The further we proceed, the more fully do we see occasion for Christians to exclaim: "We are verily guilty concerning our brother;" for the *North* echoes back the complaints and affecting "messages" of the *South*, and, in fact, the whole heathen world, in every place where civilized man has settled with a view to colonization, may with justice rise up in judgment against us. Since, with the good which Christianity is so eminently calculated to produce both temporally and spiritually, we have carried the evil of pernicious luxury and mis-called refinement. The tree of knowledge that Christians have planted in those distant lands, has borne abundantly of evil and of good; but, alas! for the infirmity of human nature, the former, in its popularity and its effects, has quite neutralized the progress of the latter. We are glad to perceive that the praiseworthy enquiries of the "Aborigines Committee of the Meeting for Sufferings" are eliciting and placing before the public many most valuable and startling "facts relative to the Canadian Indians." But a small remnant of these once powerful and numerous tribes have escaped the effects of the intemperate habits which *Christians!* have introduced among them. In too many cases the death dealing *firewater*, has been deliberately employed as an auxiliary to fraud; in enabling civilized men to obtain possession of the lands of the Indians; or it has been used as a powerful bribe to induce these simple children of nature to enter into wars and tumult in which they had no personal interest; thus systematically rousing their worst and most malignant passions, apparently with the intention of leading to their speedy extinction from the land, which the one God and Father of the whole human race had given them to enjoy and to possess.

The voice of the Heathen in all colo-

nized countries is the same; it is the voice of suffering, of complaint, and of well grounded suspicion. But we will leave him to speak of his wrongs, feeling convinced that no language of ours could convey with equal pathos and simplicity, the affecting statement the following contains:—

"An address delivered in council, in the presence of Sir William Johnston, who spent many years among the Mohawks, and was well acquainted with their language, shall be given as taken down by him.

"Fathers, brothers, and countrymen,—we are met to deliberate upon what? upon no less a subject, than whether we *shall*, or shall not be a people. I do not stand up, O countrymen, to propose plans of war, or to direct the sage experience of this assembly in the regulation of our alliances—your wisdom renders this from me unnecessary. The traitor, or rather the tyrant, which I arraign before you, O my people, is no native of our soil, but rather a foreign miscreant; an emissary of the evil power of darkness. It is that pernicious liquid which our *heartless* white friends have so artfully introduced, and so plentifully poured in upon us. O, ye Creeks, I thunder in your ears this denunciation, that if this cup of perdition continue to rule among us with sway so intemperate, ye will cease to be a people; ye will have neither heads to direct, nor hands to protect you. While this destructive poison undermines all your powers of body and of mind, with ineffectual zeal the warrior's enfeebled arm will draw the bow or launch the spear in the day of battle. In the day of council, when national safety stands suspended on the lips of the hoary sachem, he will shake his head with uncollected thoughts, and drivel forth the babblings of a second childhood."

A most humiliating picture of the depravity, and gross fraud practised by the whites, in possessing themselves of the land of the Indians, is here presented:—

"The payments and presents which are given to the Indians, professedly in exchange for their *land* and in requital for services, are, for the most part, made in such a form as to be of little advantage to them. Not only are the articles themselves often objectionable, but they are given to the Indians at so great a distance from their homes that the expense and loss of time incurred by the journey are a serious evil. Intoxication is encouraged by the festivity promoted at the distribution of the payments. Many articles which might be serviceable are disposed of to iniquitous traders, who make a point of attending on these occasions, and it forms a subject of just complaint by Sir F. Head, that the stores on the American frontier are to a considerable de-

gree, supplied by articles thus obtained from the Indians. This abuse cannot, however, justify the reduction of the payments which he proposes, but should lead to a prompt reform in the mode of making them. John Sunday informed a member of the committee that, after a distribution of this kind, at which some of the Indians were desirous of carrying home their quotas in specie for future use, they had the mortification to find that all their dollars were *counterfeit*: he did not attribute this fraud to any official individuals, but to the artifice of the accompanying traders, who obtained this result by a combination of exchanges.

"In the pamphlet last issued by the committee, various particulars were given respecting the compulsory removal of the Indians from the territories of the United States. By the treaties there referred to, notwithstanding their oppressive and injurious character, a certain payment for the ceded territory was stipulated for, and an average price of about two-thirds of a dollar per acre was agreed to by Congress. This land, it should be observed, consisted of much fertile, improved, and favourably situated territory, whereas the lands to which the Indians are expelled, are not only badly situated, in a far western yet inland position, but a considerable part of them is stated to be perfectly barren, and incapable of affording subsistence for man; yet the average price of the land to be thus given in exchange is valued to them at considerably more than a dollar per acre. Revolving as the terms of this contract must unquestionably appear, they are liberal when compared with those which our Government has sanctioned with regard to our confiding Indian allies."

Is there a heart that does not glow with honest indignation at such nefarious conduct? Can it be expected that the principles of Christianity should make any marked and distinguished progress among the Aborigines of America, while the practice of persons professing the faith which our Missionaries go forth to teach, is so at variance with the immutable dictates of conscience, which the Almighty has placed in every human heart.

Perhaps the most appalling records of intemperance which the earth presents, are to be collected in Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales. The letters of a pious, intelligent, and zealous friend, James Backhouse, recently engaged in a religious visit to those places, affords the enquirer a mass of information at once afflicting and interesting. The above zealous labourer in the cause of Christianity, visited those terrible abodes of human misery and crime—the penal settlements; where despair seems, in many cases, to paralyze all efforts of improvement. Yet it is

worthy of remark, that among the most degraded, and, it is presumed, vicious of our species, the words of eternal truth, which James Backhouse felt himself called to deliver, were received with respect, attention, and gratitude: thus proving that *kindness* is the surest road to every human heart.

After some experience in the colony, the intelligent traveller in question makes the following important remarks:—

"5th 10th mo. Had justice toward offenders been more duly considered, it would, probably, long ere this, have induced the legislature to enquire more seriously than it has done into the causes of crime with a view to remedying them. This consideration is especially due to prisoners, when it appears that the use of ardent spirits is the chief cause of crime, and that by legalizing the sale of this article, and by the countenance given to its use by the community, they and the government are the chief patrons of crime.

Want of education being another fertile source of vice, consideration ought to be had to those who are ignorant, and through this cause go astray. It is not generally with themselves that the fault of want of better education lies. Again, the immoral examples of persons of the upper and middle classes, and often of the *professed teachers of religion*, has, beyond a doubt, a great place in the encouragement of crime. By far the greater proportion of prisoners is from the lower classes; and it will be found that most of the crimes they have committed, were committed under the excitement of ardent spirits; and that, apart from this excitement, the criminals are not more depraved than the generality of their countrymen. Also, that most of the robberies were to enable them to indulge in vices, which money was necessary to enable them to indulge in; and that the example of indulgence in these, by those above them, (and who, to the shame of Christians, were too often counted respectable, because they possessed property to enable them to indulge,) was a great means of destroying in their minds the barrier of moral principle that would have made them fear such indulgence. Those who expect the punishment of crime to prevent its commission, whilst such fertile sources of its propagation remain, will certainly be disappointed. The removal of those who have become contaminated, and their reformation, will no doubt prevent crime increasing as it would have done, had their influence continued to be exerted on the British population; but unless the incentives to crime be removed, punishing it will only be like trying to pump out a river that threatens inundation to a country, whilst the remedy of turning the course of the springs that supply it is neglected."

James Backhouse was an apostle of temperance, according to the light which, a few years back, prevailed on

the subject. We are not of those who ridicule the efforts of the old temperance society; it was most useful in directing attention systematically to the vice of intemperance; and though the cure it proposed was neither sure or effectual, it made way for the progress of truth: to despise its efforts, is like despising the dawn of the morning, for not possessing the radiance of the "risen day." The research and enquiries of James Backhouse, led him to believe, and also to advocate, the use of water as the safest and most healthful beverage; and the testimonies from the speakers at temperance meetings, where he delivered lectures, afford most interesting assurance that abstinence from ardent spirits was the preliminary step towards abstinence from all fermented liquids; which we are more than ever convinced is the most important step towards making missionary labours truly efficacious. The following testimony of James Dore, a convict, is a most interesting and important statement:—

"He (James Dore) said, the first time he took spirits, a little was given him in a small vial when going a short voyage, which he was charged to drink lest he should take cold! His father was a man who endeavoured carefully to inculcate honest principles into his children, both by example and precept, and who used to ejaculate on leaving his house, "The Lord preserve my going out and my coming in, from henceforth and for evermore," in a low tone of voice; but he was a drunkard, and James was sometimes sent to the public-house to bring him home, and on such occasions his father often gave him a little sup in the bottom of the glass, and was amused at the wry-faces that his son used to make on drinking it. When the boy became able to drink a whole glass-full, his father expressed great pleasure; little anticipating that he was training his son, not only to drunkenness, but through drunkenness to dishonesty; and at length he became both a drunkard and a thief; and was transported for a robbery. He was now a prisoner in bondage in a foreign land; but years rolled on and the term of his transportation expired, and he regained his freedom, but not from bondage to habitual drunkenness, this to him was more powerful than the laws of his country. He many times sold the shirt off his back for drink, and, to use his own expression, also parted with the flesh off his back for it, for he was several times, while a prisoner, flogged for being drunk: but, as soon as he was loosed from the triangles, he hurried on his clothes, with his back bleeding, to the first place where drink was sold and drunk again! Often the declaration, "Drunkards shall not inherit eternal life,"

came awfully before his mind: he was alarmed, miserable, and ashamed of himself, and he cried to God for deliverance. He, joined the temperance society, resolved he would leave off the use of spirits, and drink only a little wine or beer, *but these kept alive his depraved appetite*: he began to attend the Methodist meeting, hoping thereby to gain strength, but in a few weeks he was again overcome by his old enemy; and being ashamed to be met in that condition, he left the road and lost himself in the bush, where he remained all night. Still in the anguish of his soul he cried unto the Lord for deliverance, and in this state he attended a meeting at the Black River, where his attention was directed to the teaching of the Holy Spirit as a witness against sin, revealed in the secret of the heart, leading to repentance and to the bearing of the cross, and giving mankind a sense of their weakness, in order that they might place their trust in the Lord alone, and obtain strength from Him to perform his will, and receive remission of sins through Jesus Christ. These doctrines made a deep impression upon J. Dore, and he sought help under the conviction wrought upon his mind, to leave off the use of all stimulating liquors, and keeping dependent upon Divine help, he forsook the use not only of spirits, but of wine and beer. He has also been enabled to leave off smoking and chewing tobacco; and, to enable him the sooner to pay his debts, he has left off also the use of tea and sugar. These privations cost him something for a few weeks, but now the desire for such indulgence has left him, and he is in better health and spirits than before. Several persons, however, have brought liquor to him, and tried to persuade him, that as he had drank, chewed, and smoked so long, he would certainly die from leaving off these practices. The poor man is now working for ten shillings per week as a builder, and is in a very humble, thankful state of mind: he walks eight miles into town to meeting, and is likely to stand his ground so long as he continues in humility and watchfulness."

A useful hint to Christians and missionaries, is conveyed in a few words in the notice of the following slight incident:—

"There are two black boys at Kangaroo Bay, one of whom, named Dickey, says he is an orphan of the Locklan tribe (a tribe to the southward, on the Locklan River.) Ann Carr has clothed them in some old garments of the men, which, though they fit badly, make them more decent than usual. Dickey, who appears to be about twelve years of age, has become useful in the house, in the work of which Ann Carr instructs him with motherly kindness: *she also gives him his meals in the same room with themselves, and of the same kind of victuals as themselves eat.* Being thus raised to the same grade with the family in many points, the boy is making more progress in civilisation than most of his race. *I am persuaded a rational attention to points of this kind, in missionary labours, is of more importance than many well-intentioned Christians imagine; and*

that a line of consideration and conduct, such as Christian principles, fully carried into practice, would lead to, is of the utmost importance in preparing the mind to receive the doctrines of the Gospel."

We cannot but consider it a deep reproach, that such a simple circumstance as treating these boys like human beings and not like dogs, should be so rare as to merit being instanced as an example to "servants of the cross." In many cases, doubtless, want of information, and not ill intention, has been the cause of the sufferings which colonization by Christians (so called) has invariably produced; but the days of darkness, in respect to the vices we have cherished

and honoured, until they have become part of our social system, and poisoned at their source, all our efforts at evangelizing the world, these lamentable days, we trust, are now passing away. And soon may our missionaries and emigrants to distant lands and colonies consider it as much their duty, as time will show them it is their interest, zealously, to adopt the principles of total abstinence from all that intoxicates, as the great auxiliary to the propagation of that knowledge of the Lord "which shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

POETRY.

FIRE.

"In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice."—ADDISON,

THE spirit of life, and the spirit of death,
Have mingled their mighty pow'rs;
I unite them both in my glowing breath,
Yet man, in his tow'ring vanity, saith
"This element is ours."

"An excellent servant," the wise ones say,
"But keep him under well;"
And then of the plans that my course might stay,
The systems by which my pow'r they sway,
I often hear them tell.

Meanwhile I dance through their every vein;
I sparkling beam from the eye;
I warm the heart, and I mount to the brain,
I cure, and I cause them, many a pain,
As over each frame I fly.

I spread the rich bloom on the cheek of the
While his pulses swiftly play; [child,
I glow in the lover with fervour wild,
And trembling thrill through the maiden mild,
Who bends beneath love's sway.

Oh! say what were love if shorn of my aid!
Can he my might deny?
When from his side my strength has stray'd,
How soon his glittering colours fade,
And he stretches his wings to fly.

Light, like a bright garment I spread around;
I tinge the delicate flow'r;
Each bud that blooms on the verdant ground,
Feels in its bosom my glance profound,
And colours at my pow'r!

I flash from rich shrines 'neath grandeur's
Or in the rich man's hall; [dome,
When I visit in mirth a humble home,
What heartfelt joys in black winter come,
To cheer the cottage small.

At my angry glance earth's mightiest droop;
Forests of giant growth,
Ancient and strong, a goodly troop,
I dissolve them all at "one fell swoop"
Into floating wreaths of smoke!

When the lofty woods in my grasp I take,
Spreading my fiery pall!
I leap and climb, like a hissing snake,
And dart in many a quiv'ring flake,
Till blacken'd and charr'd they fall.

Then the clouds curl up like a blood-red scroll,
While smoke spreads her curtain dim;
And hot winds gather and wildly roll,
Moaning and sad, like a tortur'd soul,
In the regions of death and sin!

Like a spirit I dwell in the humblest stone,
And wait till call'd to flash;
As the soul that makes man's heart its throne,
Leaps to endless day at its Maker's tone,
With swift electric dash.

Myriads and myriads of forms I wear,
Varying, yet still the same;
Whether viewless I ride on expanded air,
Or the thick'ning clouds my burthen bear,
And gasp me forth in flame.

Man knows of me but my feeblest part;
Let him think of the caverns deep,
Where flowing like blood, in the world's great
My subtle essence I keenly dart, [heart,
And never pause or sleep.

Twin-born with radiant light am I;
Light that preceded Time.
Life, beauty, and vigour I supply;
As swifter than thought through earth I fly
With energy sublime.

Bethink thee, O man! of that dread hour,
When all in my grasp expire; [tow'r,
When my flames o'er a perishing world shall
And the stars shall fall, and the sun shall low'r
O'er one vast funeral pyre!

Oh! then humbly bend before His throne,
Who can bind or loose my might;
Who spreads his wonders o'er ev'ry zone,
That man, with awe, His pow'r may own,
And learn to think aright! C. L. B.

MORE HELP.

"Why standest thou afar off?"—Psalm x. 1.

ALTHOUGH much has been done by influence, exertion, and wealth, for the glorious cause of total abstinence, for which we would ever feel thankful, yet, in this important movement, and while the ranks of the intemperate are so thickly crowded, we feel we cannot, we ought not to be content; but would earnestly, and vehemently, pray and entreat of thousands of our fellow men *to come over on our side,—come over* from the ranks of the enemy and enlist under the banner of teetotalism,—*come over* and increase our strength that we may all fight manfully until the glorious victory shall be achieved, and "the curse of Britain" swept for ever from our land. We want more influence, and our lawful ambition in the good cause makes us aspire and hope for great things, and renders us desirous of reaching the ear, and obtaining the influence of Royalty. Trusting that the day may not be far off when the sceptre shall be swayed in favour of our great cause, and the crown shall be on our side. The regeneration of a people being worthy the attention of the highest human authority. We want the influence of **NOBILITY** and **STATE**, men of wealth and power, resulting from the stations you occupy, we want *your help*? we want no costly sacrifices; we ask you only to try our principles, and have courage to be the *masters* and not the *slaves* of fashion; cease to give sanction to that custom which, like Juggernaut of oriental idolatry, is ruining the happiness and comfort of our nation; we call upon you to hasten the day of our victory, *and come over and help us!*

We want the influence of **MAGISTRATES**, **RULERS**, and all in **AUTHORITY**; to such we say your example and influence is great and powerful, and shall it any longer be devoted to the God, Bacchus? Consider the true principles we advocate,—snap asunder the chains and thralldom which the drinking customs of our land has entwined around you. Oh! we entreat you to *come over and add to our numbers*.

We want the influence and call aloud to you **BISHOPS**, **CLERGY**, and **DISSENTING MINISTERS** of all denomina-

tions; shall it be that your example and wide spread influence shall not be in favour of our cause? God forbid! But may you be brought to the light, and no longer walk in darkness respecting this important question. We earnestly desire your co-operation in our enterprise; it goes forth in the spirit of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Oh! how awful is your responsibility who are placed as shepherds of Christ's flock, if you do not warn them by word and *example*, of the evils of intemperance, in which broadway of destruction thousands are crowding to their inevitable doom. Oh we pray you come over and help in this great temperance reformation by the employment of your talents and energies; we know nothing of sectarian principles; we pour blessings upon all, we ask the help of all; and trust, by your example, that soon, all the members of Christ's church, shall unite themselves to our society, and thus be instrumental in saving thousands from the drunkard's doom. Oh! we again urge you ministers of the cross to consider the end of the drunkard, *and come over on our side*.

We want the influence of the **MEDICAL PROFESSION**. Medical men you have it in your power to do much for us. How great is your influence amongst those requiring your assistance, and how anxiously will they follow your advice in order to obtain health—the greatest of all earthly blessings. You must be aware that the drinking usages of our country tends to produce many, and aggravate most of the diseases to which the human frame is liable; then test our principles, and by example, by conversation, by warning, by entreaty, endeavour to banish this enemy from our land. Thus you will be the instruments of saving many precious souls, and of adding numbers to our society. Then *come over and help us*.

We want the influence of **TEACHERS**. To you, the instructors of the rising generation, most earnestly would we plead with you on behalf of your important charge. What avails the cul-

tivation of the mind, if the moral habits are neglected? Oh! look well to them that they do not early imbibe a liking for the intoxicating cup; consider how soon evil roots itself in the human mind. Then urge upon them the necessity, in the morning of life, of signing our pledge, which will prove to them a rock of security against the pressing entreaties of the drinking communities of our Isle. Let the consideration of these truths induce you to *come over and help us.*

We want the powerful influence of PARENTS. How great is *your* responsibility—how influential *your* example. Your children look to you for instruction; how awful then will it be for you if you permit them to follow the drinking fashions of Britain, you know not to what lengths they may run, nor what tremendous consequences may ensue. We entreat you, if you regard the temporal interests of your beloved offspring, banish from your dwellings all intoxicating liquors; let them not have these stimulating drinks in any form, or manner; neither taste, or handle, lest a liking should be formed which may lay the foundation of their everlasting ruin, but instil into their young minds the beauty of total abstinence; remembering, that through *your influence*, the enemy of our cause may be driven from our land with this generation. We invoke your aid in this benevolent enterprise, *then come over and help us.*

We want the mighty influence of the FAIR OF BRITAIN'S ISLE.

You have a torrent of influence—irresistable influence—an influence capable of breaking up almost every evil in society; employ then that influence in the temperance cause. Much of your sorrow and anguish, which silently

you have suffered, has been through the baneful influence of the deadly alcohol.

Oh! then the claims upon you are stronger—give this society your intense, your earnest, and most active zeal. Let your compassion for your fathers, husbands, brothers, children, domestics, and the drunkards of England, and your regard for all that is pure and good in our dominions, lead you to examine our principles, and *come over and help us.*

We want the influence of YOUNG MEN and a RISING AGE.

You who have set out in a world surrounded with temptations and fascinating snares. We sympathise with you, and would most solemnly warn you to beware of the besetting sin of intemperance. You may not be blessed with the example of total abstinence in your parents, masters, teachers, or friends; but if you value your present and internal interests, look, read, and inquire for yourselves. Pledge yourselves members to our society, carry out our views, tread in the paths of tee-totalism; and the drunkard's end can never be yours. And to you young and tender ones, rising up to fill the places of your fathers,—we say to you, follow not their intemperate habits, but give the zenith of your lives to our great and glorious cause.

We invite all of every sex and age, rank and character, rich and poor, bond and free, to help our cause onwards, and wish good speed to the temperance plough destined to break up the fallow ground, that the seeds of the Gospel may be sown. And that a mighty harvest may be reaped to the increase of the Messiah's kingdom.

St. John's Wood Grove,

J. G.

MORAL OBLIGATION.

THAT it is optional with man whether or not he sanction any scheme for the advantage of his fellows, is a sentiment, the prevalence of which in society, profession and practice, alike indicate. To a certain extent this option exists; but that extent does not exceed the limit which bounds man's liberty to

sin, or violate the moral obligation which ought to dictate his conduct. As a social being, (to say nothing of the Christian character which he may bear,) both self-interest, and the duty which he owes to those with whom he associates, bind him to seek, in every possible legitimate way, the welfare of

society. The very principles upon which human society is founded, create, and impose upon every member of it, an obligation to promote the public welfare, and he who violates this obligation, and sacrifices, in any degree, public welfare to private interest, or feeling, either positively or negatively, to that degree, frustrates the design of society, and creates, or perpetuates social evil, in which he must necessarily participate. Wherever any social evil exists, (and social evil necessarily includes individual suffering,) and whatever be its character, any plan for its extinction has a sacred righteous claim to the highest and most expressive sanction which any and every individual can give to it, providing, however, that this plan be adapted to the production of its designed end, and will not, in its operation, produce evil equal to, or greater than that which it extinguishes. Any one, under such circumstances, withholding such a sanction, virtually perpetuates the evil, and violates a sacred obligation.

That temperance is an evil, no sane person will deny. Although primarily an individual evil, it, in numerous ways, afflicts society at large. The results of numerous experiments made by those who use intoxicating liquors moderately, as well as those who use them immoderately, attest that Total Abstinence from intoxicating

liquors is the only plan whereby this individual and social evil can be entirely extinguished. This plan, therefore, claims the highest sanction which every member of society can give, and no one has a right to withhold it, even though it should wound both his interest and his feeling.

What this highest sanction is, we now proceed to enquire. Men are bound by the ties of a mysterious sympathy, upon which is founded a powerful influence, which the conduct of one exerts upon that of another, and which we call the power of example.

Example is the highest sanction which man can give, because it is the most unequivocal, and, at the same time, the most influential. This sanction man is, in the case of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, as a means of abolishing evil, under a sacred obligation to give, unless in the operation of total abstinence principles, an evil is produced greater than that which is extinguished.

Until, therefore, it is proved that the entire abuse of intoxicating liquors is attended with evils, social, physical, moral, intellectual, and pecuniary, greater than those which flow from its use and misuse, he who will not give it the sanction of his example, is unjust to society, and in the injustice which he does to others, must himself ultimately share.

J. C. W.

PENCILINGS OF BACCHANALIANS,

BY QUIZZINA SKETCH.

No. 2.—THE MORAL PHILOSOPHER.

A MOST learned and profound philosopher, at least in his own impartial opinion, was Professor Erasmus Puffendorf Swillington, F.V.W., X.Y.Z., and P.B.C.D. Indeed all the alphabet at the end of his name, as types and hieroglyphics of learning and genius, was seemingly inadequate to do more than dimly shadow forth his greatness. It appeared, however, that the full blaze of his acquirements, his *imposing* name, like a comet with its tail, often dazzled the eyes of less gifted mortals, and rendered them unable to perceive,

still less appreciate, this distinguished man's wondrous powers.

Shakspeare, though allowed to be the most unequal, as well as the greatest of poets, never wrote a sillier line, than "What's in a name?" To be sure the words are put into the mouth of a lover which accounts for and justifies their folly. A name is a mighty important matter, as all the world can testify, even the unpoetical venders of strong drink know the potency of a name; hence we have "mountain dew," "cream of the valley," "purl," "elixir

vitea," and the like. Professor Erasmus Puffendorf Swillington has acted in conformity to the world's tastes; and though certain ill-natured matter-of-fact persons objected that the philosopher's professorship must have been bestowed by some college in Captain Gulliver's "Flying Island;" yet surely such objectors were very narrow minded, for it was perfectly in keeping that a learned metaphysician, that is to say, a student of the undiscoverable, and an expounder of the indiscribable, should be at perfect liberty to give himself a title, mystic, imposing, and, in reference to his studies, applicable.

The learned Professor was a man of various *tastes*, and universal sympathies. He liked the Germans—they were so profound; and therefore he strove to equal them, if not in metaphysical disquisitions, in *smoke*, which is much the same thing; and his pipe was puffed with an ardour that would have done honour to a student at Gottingen.

The inventive genius of the French the learned Professor could demonstrate proceeds from their stimulating their brains with snuff: consequently he acquired that interesting habit. Though, to confess a truth, the bit of lead which Nature so often drops into the cranium of the learned, as ballast to their valuable cargo, was so weighty in the Professor's case, that all the snuff ever ground would not blow it away.

The opium eating of the Turks, Swillington thought, produced, by its re-action, the gravity and taciturnity of that people—he might have added their indolence and ignorance also—the former qualities he knew were very valuable in helping a scholar to a reputation; indeed, he knew the very name of "opium eater" had conferred distinction on more than one great man. He might have added this to his list of habits, but he remembered that his own dear England's national beverage possessed, thanks to the brewers, such a copious admixture of the Eastern narcotic stimulant, that by drinking bottled stout, or even humble porter, he was saved the trouble of opium eating, a sufficient quantity of the drug being diluted to suit the most lethargic taste.

The Professor was strictly national,

as well as deeply philosophical; and while he drank English beer, and even English gin to show his patriotism, and, at all convenient opportunities, foreign wines and liquors to display his taste and freedom from prejudice, he regulated his potations systematically, and boasted of his *sobriety*. The latter term he explained somewhat metaphysically. It meant, according to his theory, a practical and daily training of the animal powers, to fight and strive with the mental faculties; and as long as the latter, by great exertion, could be kept from actually breaking down in the contest, so long *sobriety* was manifestly triumphant.

It was "werry headifying," so his housekeeper asserted, to hear the Professor, in his ornate style, dilate on the necessity of strong drink to the studious: "It is a demonstratile, undisputable, and self-evident position," he was wont to say, "that the various operatives, whether agriculturists, or mechanists, can dispense with strong drinks, *toil* being a sufficient stimulus to them. But students require that the powers of nature should be excited, refreshed, and vivified. I should be wholly unable to plunge into such profundities of thought as my studies lead to, if it were not for a little occasional stimulant. To the moral philosopher, and the political economist, artificial excitement is a necessity of nature."

Very few of the Professor's auditors ever differed from him in this matter: indeed, who would think of arguing with a man who, in addition to his abstract speculations, had a fund of general information quite amazing. He knew, for instance, how many little children of a month old there ought to be in the world, to a given number of old women of eighty-four; how many active men in the prime of life ought to emigrate annually to promote the prosperity of the nation; at what age it was desirable the labouring population should die off, to save expence to the country, and sundry other items of "useful knowledge" too "multifarious" (to use a favourite word of his) to enumerate.

Among the Professor's acquaintance, there was one venturesome young man, young people will be rash, who dared sometimes to "argue the point," who

drank his glass of water when thirsty, and despised and defied the whole army of intoxicating stimulants.

When the arguments waxed warm between the professor and the presumptuous tyro, and the necessity, the utility, and the physical fitness of strong drinks were found weak and untenable points, our philosopher always defended it on the score of its *MORALITY*!

"By dismissing inebriating drinks altogether (he would exclaim) you display weakness, you annihilate moral strife; only think of that, my dear sir! annihilate moral strife! Now if you took a little, that is to say *quantum suff*, and struggled against taking more, *that* would be moral strife. I have always drank, not in obedience to inclination, oh by no means! but out of regard to my *moral welfare*!"

To such an original argument as this, all the reply the young man could make was, that he "liked a quiet life and the less strife the better."

"Ah! that's because you have not sufficiently examined the theory of moral strife."

Shortly after this lucid exposition, the young man had an opportunity of perceiving the beauty of "moral strife"

practically exemplified by the Professor, who, after delivering a public lecture on "Self-culture and moral training," thought it desirable to set an example, by having a furious skirmish with some brandy and water, in which he thought himself triumphant, when, however, after many devious wanderings and describing a variety of circles and angles which attested more his mathematical zeal than precision, he at length reached his home, it was found that some light fingered philosophers had practised a new version of his own beautiful theory, in possessing themselves of his watch and struggling against taking his empty purse. And what was even worse, the dilapidated condition of the learned professor's nose, showed that his eloquence had made "the very stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

"I think I perfectly understand your theory of moral strife now," said the arch young water-drinker, "It means a drawn battle between *reason* and *appetite*, in which the latter is allowed the choice of ground and weapons, and the aid of all his allies, particularly *inclination*, *taste*, and *habit*."

BIOGRAPHY.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THERE WAS an amiable principle propounded and practically carried out by the distinguished subject of our present paper, viz., "Never to admit the faults of a work to those who were incapable of appreciating its beauties." It would be well if this maxim was more frequently conformed to in biographical sketches of character. It is an evil disposition that dilates on the errors and infirmities of a great man, and neglects to do justice to his virtues; it is also an act of injustice to the public to slur over or omit peculiarities of character or conduct, which are often of the highest value as examples or warnings. A great man's personal history, his habits, feelings, and tastes, are often the most valuable gift that he can bequeath to posterity.

VOL. I.

Bearing this in mind, we shall direct more attention, in this brief outline of the biography of one of the most distinguished men that modern times has produced, to his personal character, than to his literary efforts.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a native of Bristol: the time of his birth has been variously stated, but it is generally supposed to have been in the year 1772. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he formed a life-long friendship with a congenial spirit—the amiable and celebrated Charles Lamb. His childhood was not marked by any peculiar precocity of genius, his mind being of that deep, enquiring, thoughtful character, that does not often exhibit much on the surface until solid and broad foundations of excellence

have been laid. He completed his scholastic studies at Jesus College, Cambridge; and a remarkable eccentricity marked his career at the period of his quitting college. Yielding to some singular and unexplained impulse, he enlisted as a soldier in the 15th, Elliot's, light dragoons, under the assumed name of Comberback, which, as he could not learn to ride, was not unaptly pronounced Cumberback. While the troop, to which Coleridge belonged, was at Reading, his captain, on going into the stables one day, perceived a Latin quotation written in chalk on the wall; and questioning the soldiers, "Comberback" was said to have written it—this led to an explanation, and the officers of the regiment interested themselves to procure his discharge from so uncongenial a situation.

It is an equally singular fact that one of his most sublime and exquisite poems, "Religious Musings," was written at this period. It is said that this chaste production was penned in a *tap-room* at Reading.

Coleridge married early in life, and while as yet his talents were unknown except to his friends, the most distinguished of whom was SOUTHEY, then in the early dawn of his future greatness. Mrs. Coleridge was a Miss Fricker, of Bath, one of three sisters who all married poets, viz., Coleridge, Southey, and Lovell; the latter died early, and is therefore not generally known.

No man had fairer prospects than Coleridge, with talents allowed, by his most distinguished contemporaries, to be transcendent and possessing, moreover, so many amiable and admirable qualities of manners and disposition, that throughout his whole life he was ever surrounded by the most amiable, useful, and endearing friends. It appeared that to know him, was to love him. Yet with so valuable an advantage over literary men in general, who are often more admired than liked, this man, of vast and wondrous powers, had his mind depressed, his circumstances injured, his reputation tarnished, his usefulness circumscribed, and his talents deteriorated by weakly yielding to the dominion of one fatal and fascinating personal habit. He

was an *opium eater*; and perhaps the most celebrated votary and (during many years of his life) victim, that deadly drug ever had.

Just at the present time, when malice and falsehood are so busy in attempting, without the shadow of proof, to fix the aspersion of opium eating on that numerous class, who, by defying the tyranny of custom, the sneer of derision, and the thralldom of habit, have proved themselves such excellent practical moralists; it is desirable to portray the mighty influence which personal habit had over the gifted Coleridge. And when it is perceived by the testimony of *himself* and his *friends* what fearful struggles it cost him—the great and intellectual! to obtain the slightest freedom from the bondage of his besetting sin—what anguish and suffering his "immersion in opium" caused him; surely the most prejudiced of the enemies to the cause of "total abstinence from ALL that can intoxicate," will confess the rationality and propriety of going at once to the root of an evil, so mighty and overwhelming in its consequences, that even the genius of a Coleridge was powerless in its grasp.

A personal friend and great admirer of Coleridge, speaking of the period when the latter first sank under the dominion of opium, describes his looks, thus*—

"His appearance was generally that of a person struggling with pain and overmastering illness. His lips were baked with feverish heat, and often black in colour; and in spite of the water which he continued drinking, he often seemed to labour under an almost paralytic inability to raise the upper jaw from the lower."

The same writer, speaking of the efforts the poet made to free himself, says—

"Coleridge did make prodigious efforts to deliver himself from this thralldom; and he went so far at one time in Bristol, to my knowledge, as to hire a man for the express purpose, and armed with the power of resolutely interposing between himself and the door of any druggist's shop. Opium, therefore, was certainly the original source of Coleridge's morbid feelings, of his debility, and of his remorse."

What a humiliating picture of human

* "Recollections of S. T. Coleridge; by the English Opium Eater,"—*Tait's Magazine*, 1834 and 1835.

weakness do these statements present; particularly when it is remembered that, with this one dreadful exception, Coleridge was singularly simple in his tastes, and abstemious in his manner of living. The great expence, however, of the drug to which he devoted himself, and the ruinous loss, to a literary man, of time, by the inevitable prostration of his great powers plunged him in pecuniary difficulties, which ought never to have oppressed him; for in addition to the large sums which an author of Coleridge's celebrity could not fail to have realized, with ordinary application, his patrons, the Wedgewoods, with a high appreciation of his genius, allowed him £150 per annum, and during the reign of George IV. he had a yearly pension of £100. Yet with these helps he was for ever needy and embarrassed; perpetually soliciting, with a humility painful to think of, the pecuniary aid of friends; and indebted to the kindness of intimates for personal comforts and assistance. This is perfectly irreconcilable with all received opinions of honest independence and self-respect. The expence of the opium he consumed is estimated at £2. 10s. weekly. We are apt to turn with anger and contumely from the improvident claimant on our benevolence; we are apt to stigmatize such conduct, in common people, as meanness and fraud; yet in this great man an instance is afforded that all intoxication, whether on alcohol or opium, blunts the moral sense and deadens the lofty feelings of the finest as well as the humblest mind. No man, let his capabilities be what they may, can tamper with any species of inebriation without desecrating the temple of the mind, and defying the "Deity within him." Coleridge was so sensible of his humiliating infirmity, that he himself wished, at one time, to be placed in a private madhouse to effect his cure, from what was become a disease of frightful strength.

The following letter, written in all the agony of remorse, to his first publisher and friend, "Cottle," is sufficient, one would think, to set at rest for ever, all the pleaders for indulgence in dangerous stimulants. What man can dare to think himself safe in their use, when such a man as Coleridge

thus expresses their effects and his remorse?—

"Bristol, June 26, .6.4.

DEAR SIR,—For I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused—accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness and for your prayers.

Conceive a poor, miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain, by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have.

I used to think the text in St. James, that 'he who offended in one point, offends in all,' very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of OPIUM, what crime have I not made myself guilty of!—Ingratitude to my Maker and to my benefactors, *injustice and unnatural cruelty to my poor children!*—self-contempt—for my repeated breach of promise, nay, too often, actual falsehood.

After my death, I earnestly entreat, that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that, at least, some little good may be effected by the direful example!

May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and, in his heart, grateful,

S. T. COLERIDGE."

It has been common to exclaim against the indolence of Coleridge, and the comparative smallness of his literary labours. The exceeding originality and beauty of what he did, deepening the regret that he did no more. But so far from sympathizing in this popular feeling, the reflecting mind must regard with astonishment, the *quantity* he contrived to produce when his meridian of life was so miserably clouded; while its *quality* is evidence of powers unquenchable, unquenched, even by all the perverse endeavours of their infatuated owner.

His poems, particularly the "CRISTABELL," "GENEVIEVE," and "ANCIENT MARINER," have a wildness, beauty and sublimity about them, that renders them perfectly inimitable, in their startling originality. Coleridge, himself, justly said of "THE ANCIENT MARINER," "It may be surpassed; it cannot be imitated. His prose works, "THE BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA," and his periodical works, "THE FRIEND," and "THE WATCHMAN," are well

known; added to these the columns of the *Morning Post* were enriched for many years with political essays from his pen.

By great efforts, and *rigid abstinence* from the tempting snare that had trampled and tortured him so long, he freed himself from the bondage of OPIUM many years before his death. There can, however, be no doubt that the lingering sufferings which marked the close of his life, are attributable to the debilitated state of constitution engendered by his fatal propensity.

It has been asserted by those who knew him best, and who were the best qualified to judge, that his wonderful conversational powers, far exceeding those of any of his contemporaries, exercised the most benign influence on the, perhaps, less gifted, but more industrious, minds of those celebrated individuals, who delighted to listen, spell-bound, to the ever flowing, deep, and rich floods of eloquence that he poured forth in colloquial intercourse. More than one great writer has been accused of pilfering from Coleridge's conversation: and that thus "like the philosophers of old, he conversed with his followers, and his works were to be found in their minds."

A visitor to him shortly before his death, thus describes his person and frame of mind:—

"He is short in stature, and appeared to be careless in his dress. I was impressed with the strength of his expression, his venerable locks of white, and his trembling frame. He remarked that he had for some time past suffered much bodily anguish. For many months (thirteen) seventeen hours each day had he walked up and down his chamber. I inquired whether his mental powers were affected by such intense suffering. 'Not at all,' said he, 'my body and head appear to hold no connexion; the pain of my body, blessed be God, never reaches my mind.' Of all the men whom I have ever met, the most wonderful in conversational powers is Mr. S. T. Coleridge, in whose company I spend much time. With all his talent and poetry, he is a humble and devout follower of the blessed Jesus, even as 'Christ crucified.'"

He died at Highgate, July, 1834, evidencing by the serenity of his mind in his last moments, that his hopes and affections were fixed on things above. Though, as he affectingly states in one of his letters, he had but "one cry before God 'Mercy, mercy, woe is me.'"

Let all in deep humility avoid, and none presume idly to censure the weakness so deeply repented of, remembering that

"'Tis He alone who made the heart
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord its various tone
Each string its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
It's rarely right adjuſt ed,
What's done, we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted!"

BURNS.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

SOAP.

THERE is no article of the toilet for the sale of which English perfumers exercise more *audacious* and *mendacious* puffery, than for that of the indispensable detergent called soap. Each gives his soaps extraordinary and incompatible attributes. Not content with swelling, like an inflated balloon, his account of the qualities which his article really possesses, and thereby throwing doubt upon them in the minds of persons of judgment, properties are boasted of which no kind of soap can possibly possess. Thus, palm soap, and almond soap, and cocoa-nut soap, and transparent soap, and soft shaving soap, and various other soaps have all their dif-

ferent imputed virtues as medicaments and cosmetics. One manufacturer has lately brought out soap cakes without angles, because, as he alleges, the angular corners of the ordinary squares of soap hurt the delicate hands of the British fair. Another, an advertiser of almond soap, such as never before existed, either impudently or ignorantly alleges that, while his soap-selling brethren impose *alkaline* soaps upon their fair patronesses, his article is made wholly of almonds, which are as extremely beneficial as soaps containing alkalies are injurious. Now, no soap can be formed without an alkali, and that sold by this very puffer must con-

tain it in just the same proportion that any other soap does, which is to saturation of the fat or oil. Again, almond soap is made, not of the almond kernel, but of the oil extracted from it; and as this oil is expensive, manufacturers of even the best soap do not introduce a very large proportion. The perfumers do not manufacture their own soaps, but only perfume them after they are made by the soap-boiler, upon whom therefore, in his manipulation, their quality wholly depends.

Soap is a chemical substance arising from the union of an alkali with fat or oil. It has strong deterative properties, eradicating soil and grease from most substances. It is prepared and used for washing linen, and other domestic articles. It has likewise a powerful detergent action upon the human skin, and is therefore an indispensable article for the toilet.

The purest and best barilla is necessary for making the first quality of the white curd soap. For the mottled soap, a soda is preferable, which contains salts termed sulphurets, being combinations of sulphur with a simple element. Mottling is imparted by showering upon the soap when nearly finished, and through the spout of a garden watering pot, a strong ley of sulphuretted soda. This liquor, as it sinks through the mass of soap, gives the mottled appearance. In some manufactories in England, the French plan is followed of mottling by means of a particular application of sulphate of iron. The quantity of marble soap yielded by the French plan, as applied to olive oil in the south of France, is greater than that of white curd soap. Thus, at Marseilles, celebrated for its marbled soap, three pounds of olive oil afford five pounds of the best mottled soap, and only four pounds and a quarter of white curd soap; the increase of the former being three quarters of a pound in five pounds, or fifteen per cent.—a very considerable difference. At present it is the practice at Marseilles to mix with the olive oil in soap-making, a certain portion of the cheaper oils of the north extracted from seed, especially rape-seed. Between the oil of poppy-seeds and olive oil, there is a natural antipathy which prevents their combining in such perfect harmony as

to form good soap. None of the seed oils, however, produce so firm a soap as olive oil, because they are less rich in stearin, and more so in elain; neither will olive oil, or any other oil, produce so firm and beautiful a soap as pure tallow. That manufactured in England from kitchen stuff and bone grease, which are rank and foul, is of much coarser quality than if good tallow were used, and constitutes the cheap white soaps of the inferior shops. It is true that the action of the soda ley in some degree purifies these rank, greasy compounds of cooks' *vails* and pilferings from the dripping-pan, and partly overcomes their offensive smell; still these coarse soaps always retain a disgustingly rank odour, very perceptible on washing days, in those domestic establishments of the middle classes, whose fair directresses are penny-wise and pounds foolish, looking more to the cheapness than the quality of the article. We can assure these ladies that soap of first-rate quality will therefore perform the whole duty.

There is so strong a chemical affinity between stearin and either soda or potassa, that saponification with pure tallow may be effected at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, even in winter. This effect will also take place with butter; which explains how it is that, when the stomach is suffering from an excess of butter, a dose of either bicarbonate of potassa, or sesquicarbonate of soda, affords immediate relief.

Besides fats, resins are also very soluble in alkaline leys; but as they are not, by saponification, converted into an acid, there is no perfect soap formed. *The common yellow soap, so excellent for washing linen, so grateful to the skin, and certainly constituting, when of first quality, a cosmetic superior to any other, is made of common resin.* This substance enters into its composition in the proportion of from three to four parts of tallow to one of resin. The most effectual mode of making this soap, is to proceed at first as for white soap, and, when the process is nearly complete, to add and incorporate the resin reduced to a powder. The boiling is then kept up for a longer time with a caustic soda ley of more than usual strength. The exhausted ley being drawn off, the saponaceous paste is

thus purified. A body of strong ley is introduced, the mass heated, well worked with a rake, suffered to remain some time without agitation, and the ley then runs off. This is repeated twice with ley of less strength each time, making in all, three purifications, attended with agitation and then repose. The soap in the pan is next skimmed; after which it is baled out into the moulds. The best yellow soap has the colour of fine bees-wax, and is transparent upon the angles of the bars into which it is formed. A test of its goodness is affording a good lather with hard spring water. We recommend it strongly to mothers as the best article they can use for the skin of their children.

Some time since, Mr. Sheridan obtained a patent for combining hard soap with silicate of soda. The acid of this salt is derived from silicon, an infusible elementary substance, which, united with oxygen, form silicic acid or pure flint. The silicate of soda being ground to a fine powder, is triturated with hard soap, while this latter is in a hot pasty state. Though powerfully detergent, this soap is hard and gritty. The silicate of soda itself may be formed by boiling in a strong caustic ley of soda, ground flints, until the specific gravity of the solution be double that of water. A toilet soap, under the name of SILICA SOAP, has for some time past been in use. It is simply Mr. Sheridan's soap, to which some perfume is added, divided into squares, put up into handsome papers, and sold at just double its value. If used for shaving, it will spoil the razors by notching them throughout, but it cleanses the hands perfectly.

Of the hard toilet soap, the Windsor is the principal. This is formed by reducing curd soap to thin shavings, melting them in a water or steam bath, and stirring in essential oils of carraway and bergamot. In the common Windsor soap there is only oil of carraway. The brown Windsor is coloured by the addition of brown ochre; and as this colouring is of no advantage, the white Windsor soap is the best, because the most pure. The best kind of Windsor soap, made on purpose for the great perfumers of the metropolis, contains ten per cent. of pure olive oil, the remainder being fine tallow.

(Abridged from the Domestic Magazine.)

AMERICAN YEAST CAKES

In Cobbett's "Cottage Economy" there is the following valuable recipe for making a yeast superior to the yeast of beer, and enough of which may be made at once to last a year.

To make yeast cakes—Provide seven pounds of Indian corn meal, three and a half pounds of rye flour, three ounces of hops, and one gallon of boiling water. Separate the hops by the hand, strew and boil them in the water for half-an-hour, then strain the liquor into an earthen vessel, put in the rye flour while hot, stirring quickly as the fermentation commences. Next day, when it is working put in the Indian meal, stirring it well. Before all the meal is added, it will become stiff dough. Knead it well, and roll it out as you would a pie-crust, to the thickness of a third of an inch. Cut it into cakes with a tumbler, glass, or anything else that will serve the purpose; place these cakes on a board, and set them in the sun to dry. Turn them every day, sheltering from wet, until they become quite hard. Keep them in a bag or box perfectly free from damp. When you bake, take a couple of these yeast cakes, break them, and put them in hot water over night. Let the vessel containing them stand near the fire; they will dissolve; use the liquid for setting your sponge (as it is called,) just as you would the yeast of beer. White pea meal, or barley flour, will do as well as Indian meal. Mr. Cobbett observes, that the very best bread he ever ate was lightened with these cakes.

RECIPT FOR TEMPERANCE BARM.

Put three quarters of a pound of hops into three gallons of water; boil full two hours, strain the hops off, and let it cool to 148 degrees, then stir in half a gallon of pale ground malt; let it stand on the malt five hours, taking care that it is well covered down; and at 95 degrees in winter, and 90 in summer, put in three pints of old yeast and three quarters of a pound of flour, stir it up well, and in twelve hours it will be fit for use. If patent yeast cannot be got, about half a pint of brewers' yeast will do. As it does not "work" (a term used with bakers') so fast as brewers' yeast, it is necessary that the dough should be made warmer, and

consequently have more time ; hence it will be obvious that making the dough the previous evening to baking will be of importance. By fermenting the yeast with a few potatoes and a little flour four or five hours before using, it would be an improvement. The above "patent yeast" is generally known in London and its vicinity by the name of "compo," and supposed by many persons to be a mixture of deleterious articles, injurious to the consumers ; hence ignorance often charges the baker with a worse character than he deserves.

CAUTION TO MOTHERS.

THE practice of giving infants soothing syrups and cordials—such, for instance, as Godfrey's Cordial, Dalby's Carminative, and similar patent nostrums, cannot be too strongly reprobated. Besides the vast number of children whose death has been produced or accelerated by these potions, thousands have become sickly and feeble for

life, in consequence of the debilitating effect of the supposed remedies used in their infancy. The basis of all these patent *invaluables* for infancy, is, opium, a drug so dangerous and deadly, that it should never be used, except by medical prescription. The practice so commonly resorted to, of ignorant mothers, and obstinate impatient nurses, drugging, dosing, and physicing their helpless charges, justifies the assertion that children are, very generally, the victims of domestic quackery—the most dangerous, because the most easily resorted to, and the most unsuspected, of every species of quackery.

When such complaints are made of the restlessness and fractiousness of infants, if the child is healthy, the fault is in the nurse. Cleanliness, exercise in the open air, regular times of feeding, comfortable clothing, and, more than all, *patience and cheerfulness in the nurse*, are sure methods of curing fractiousness and restlessness in children.

ANALYSIS OF STANDARD TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

REGARDING *ignorance* as the primary cause of most, if not all, the evils that afflict society ; those methods of removing error by the testimony of well authenticated facts and appeals to the reasoning faculties, are the most valuable, and usually the most successful. Acting on this opinion the variety and extent of information, which the careful, zealous, and philanthropic labours of a few years has enabled the Temperance Society to present to the British public is truly a source of congratulation, evidencing, as it does, both high moral and intellectual excellence, and that noble independence of spirit which refuses to succumb to received opinions, merely because they have acquired the sanction of custom, and been fostered by the tenacity of prejudice. "Perfect love casteth out fear," and the miseries entailed on suffering humanity, merely by retaining the pernicious habits and drinking usages of our (on these points) ignorant ancestors, have at length aroused a moral power, mighty to cope with established evil, and fully equal to

destroy the tyranny of habit, and radically to uproot the disease it combats, a power, that while it is singularly effectual, is safe, simple, and practical. Thus possessing in its inherent excellence a principle of vitality that can never decay, and a principle of applicability that all may *test*—experience being its universal friend, and time its best ally. If no intellectual mind had devoted its powers to advocating, analyzing, arranging, and digesting into a system, the benefits of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, it might have existed, as it long had done, merely as an admirable but unpractised theory, which only a few singularly abstemious individuals could ever be found to recommend, and scarcely any one to practice. Fortunately for the interests of society there has been abundant research ; every minute ramification of the seducing error that has been so generally and so fatally acted on, has been laid bare ; and though much remains to be done in raising the mighty superstructure of TRUTH, the founda-

tion has been laid both deep and wide, labour and skill have united heart and hand, and the winds and waves of *interest* and *prejudice* will beat upon it in vain.

In analyzing the character of the standard Temperance literature, we must act upon the principle of "the last shall be first," because the highly commendable plan of the executive committee of offering a premium for an elaborate *Essay* on the subject to which they devoted their attention, has created an interest in that work—*BACCHUS* (by R. B. Grindrod), which its intrinsic literary merits cannot fail to increase. Several truly admirable books, worthy of a high place in the literature of our country, had preceded the appearance of the work in question; these, however, were essentially different in character. "*THE CURSE OF BRITAIN*" and "*THE IDOLATRY OF BRITAIN*"* being principally argumentative works, appealing to the Christian sympathies, the moral responsibilities, and the intellectual capacities of their readers; and "*DUNLOP'S DRINKING USAGES*" being a curious, elaborate, and useful treatise on *manners*, particularly in relation to what have been termed the laws of hospitality, which certainly are more arbitrary and unjust than any others, and have arisen, be it remembered, in most cases, from the people themselves. These works, so truly excellent in themselves, so pure in their intention, and so useful in their application, are not even yet sufficiently known or appreciated by the great mass of the Temperance public: we shall therefore, in due course, in our future numbers, revert to them. "*BACCHUS*," for the present, claims our attention: and eminently deserving is it of the careful perusal of every one desirous of being well informed on the historical, mental, moral, religious, physiological, and political portions of the Temperance question. This book, in contradistinction to those which preceded it, contains scarcely any argument, this is purposely omitted to make room for an immense mass of *FACTS* which well supply its place, and *opinions* of numbers of the very highest authorities,

ancient and modern, English, American, and foreign, which are carefully arranged and well digested into one uniform and complete whole. These *facts* and *opinions* supply a most valuable, and, at the same time, inexhaustible fund of "materials for thinking," and present a perfect and compendious repository of Temperance information, a guide to the enquirer after moral truth, and a complete text-book to Total Abstinence advocates.

The title, we humbly take leave to think, is the least happy of the author's selections. The appellation of the brutal and brutalising Heathen deity is too much honoured in being the comprehensive and unqualified name of a work replete with soundness and truth.

As it is only the thoughtful and intellectual among our adversaries who may be expected to read this book, we are glad to perceive that among the variety of subdivisions into which the work is divided, the merely *nominal Temperance!* of the abstemious (so called) portion of society, is very acutely analyzed. The following are searching remarks:—

"A further examination of this subject leads us to the astounding, but incontestable fact, that *that part of the community in general termed temperate, consumes a larger proportion of inebriating liquor, than those individuals usually denominated drunkards*. A great proportion of those who are known to be drunkards, in general are not habitual slaves to this most debasing vice. During their fits of intemperance they consume a large quantity of intoxicating liquor. On ordinary occasions they do not indulge in the use of strong drink to any serious extent. The former section of society, however, drink considerably less at *stated times*; but, by the accumulating amount of habitual and frequent repetition, consume a quantity, which, on calculation, appears almost incredible. The individual, for example, who indulges in but one glass of ardent spirit, or what amounts to the same thing, in two or three glasses of wine daily, consumes in the course of ten years, not less a quantity than thirty gallons of pure alcohol or spirits of wine—a poison well known to be most dangerous and fatal in its character. The consumption of this quantity, however, is far from being considered either as improper or intemperate. The most strenuous advocates of the moderate use of intoxicating liquor, would not, it is presumed, object to the daily apportionment of a pint of ale to each adult member of the human family—an allowance which, in the course of one year, would amount to forty-three gallons, or about *twenty-five gallons of proof spirit*. These and similar illustrations sufficiently demonstrate the fact,

* It cannot be doubted, that the research of the talented author of these works (Rev. W. R. Baker), considerably simplified Mr. Grindrod's task.

that those individuals, commonly denominated drunkards, do not invariably consume the largest portion of alcoholic stimulants.

"From the preceding observations it will be seen how impossible it is to arrive at a correct definition of the nature of intemperance, from the uncertain and ever-varying opinions and practices of the age. Chemical and physiological knowledge alone supply us with the requisite data. The most important distinction between the temperate and intemperate employment of articles of food and drink consists in the relative use they are of, in supplying the system with its *natural requirements*; in other words, in affording the human frame suitable food or nourishment. Some substances are proper as *articles of diet* when used in *moderate* quantities, or to such an extent as nature may require; others, on the contrary, are useful as medicines solely, and when employed *occasionally* and with *judgment*. The great distinction between these two divisions, obviously consists in the circumstance, that the one contains matter capable of becoming a *part* of, and consequently, of adding nourishment to, the corporeal system. The other exercises a specific or medicinal influence on some part or parts of the human frame; but it does not become *assimilated* with it. Arsenic, for example, has a powerful and peculiar influence on the human system. ALCOHOL, IN WHATEVER COMBINATION, IS SIMILAR IN ITS OPERATIONS. It *stimulates* or increases the action of the parts with which it comes in contact; but it is not added to, or identified with them. The use of alcohol, according to this unerring test of *dietetic* value, is found to be directly opposed to the *natural actions of the system*; because, like all medicinal agents, it can only be employed with beneficial results when the system is in an *unnatural* or *unhealthy* state. 'Nourishing substances, remarks a distinguished writer, 'require to be of a similitude with the substances nourished; and the constituent materials of man, and the whole of living creation, contain no such compositions as those fermented and spirituous liquors. Such liquors cannot, therefore, be reckoned useful in the way of nourishing or maintaining the principle materials of the human frame.'"

The conduct pursued at our elections cannot be too greatly reprobated, and we are glad that the foul bribery of the systematic panders to the debasing vices of electors is not unnoticed in Mr. Grindrod's work:—

"The elections to British parliament exhibit one of the most degrading features of modern history. *Individuals of great intellectual acquirements, and of high respectability in life, candidates for the honourable office of senators*, have been known openly and unblushingly to tamper with the freedom of electors, by inducing them to indulge in sensual temptations, and it is a fact of unquestionable notoriety that many of our modern

legislators have obtained their seats in the legislature through the drunkenness of their constituents. At these times some of the most populous and influential towns in the United Kingdom exhibit a large proportion of their inhabitants, more or less, under the influence of intoxicating liquors; and not unfrequently riots, destruction of property, and loss of lives, are the unhappy results. These practices, unfortunately for society, are but too general in their occurrence, and are equally subversive of individual independence and national prosperity."

One of the most important and interesting portions of the book in question is, the enquiry into and exposure of the adulteration of intoxicating drinks of all kinds, from stately wine down to common beer. It appears our modern wine and beer doctors may refer to classic authorities for precedents in the art of poisoning and deceiving:—

"Aristotle states, that either by natural consistence, or by boiling, or by adulteration, the wines of Arcadia were so *thick*, that they dried up in the goat skins. It was the practice to scrape them off, and to dissolve the scrapings in water. It is probable that the *thick* and *fat* wines of Chios, Thasos, Lesbos, and Crete, were of a similar description. The depraved taste of the ancients led them to adopt singular methods to adulterate these wines. In the words of an old writer, they resorted 'to such substances, as from their fragrant odour and agreeable pungency, were most likely to impart the desired properties,' *ut odor vino contingat et saporis quendam acumina*. Pulverized PITCH or ROSIN was sprinkled on the *must* during its first fermentation; after the completion of which, it was not unusual to infuse into it the flowers of the vine, the bruised berries of the pine or cypress, and the shavings of cedar-wood, southern-wood, and bitter almonds."

The popular fallacy that malt liquors are comparatively a harmless beverage is very ably exposed. The following deserves attention from those who still perversely think *good* ale a very good thing—Tee-totalers have fortunately long been aware of it:—

"Dr. M'Nish observes, 'Malt liquors, under which title we include all kinds of porter and ales, produce the worst species of drunkenness, as in addition to the intoxicating principle some noxious ingredients are usually added for the purpose of preserving them, and giving them their bitter.' Again—'The effects of malt liquors on the body, if not so immediately rapid as those of ardent spirits, are more stupefying, more lasting, and less easily removed. The last are particularly prone to produce levity and mirth, but the first have a stunning influence upon the brain, and in a short time render dull and sluggish the gayest disposition.'"

* Lecture on Fermented Liquors, by A. Carlyle, M.D.

We are aware that it is a favourite theory with some persons that the drunkenness on ale is of a distinct and more debasing kind than the drunkenness on wine. In illustration of this opinion a few years back, there was a dramatic piece represented at one of the metropolitan theatres, entitled, "My first Champaigne," in which it was attempted to be proved that a very superior and *etherial* kind of intoxication was produced! How debasing a picture does it represent of morals in the nineteenth century in Christian England, when the quality of the fluid, producing intemperance, was thought a sort of triumphant justification of a degrading vice—what an ignorant or diseased mind does such a line of argument bespeak. How little of the moral superiority, which a Christian country should exhibit, is apparent in the majority of our still unawakened countrymen. How applicable is the following observation:—

"In professedly Christian countries the measures to remove intemperance, as a vice, have been less vigorous and less general, than in those countries whose inhabitants profess

a widely different and unmeasurably less exalted and pure system of religious belief. This unfortunate dereliction of duty forms a subject highly deserving of Christian investigation. A review of the laws, ancient and modern, in relation to Temperance, distinctly shows the inefficiency of legal enactments alone to remove a vice, which, principally, if not altogether, is the result of improper moral training, imperfect education, and depraved appetite."

We trust that a "*Cyclopaedia of Temperance*," as the Prize Essay has been well called, will be the means of diffusing information, which is eminently necessary, as a primary means of arousing the attention, enlisting the sympathy, and directing the energy of an enlightened public opinion towards removing an evil, under which society has deeply groaned, ever since its first fatal introduction among mankind. We think it impossible that any mind anxious for improvement, or open to conviction, can possibly rise from the perusal of Mr. Grindrod's masterly, learned, and comprehensive essay, without being fully convinced of the beauty, consistency, importance, and truth of the principles he advocates.

LITERATURE.

ANNALS OF THE FIRST FOUR YEARS OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. By SIR JOHN HAYWARD, Knt., D.C.L. Edited from a MS. in the Harleian Collection. By JOHN BRUCE, Esq., F.S.A.

The reign of our gracious Queen has been prolific in producing and exciting research into annals and records of the female sovereigns who have swayed the British sceptre. Everything throwing light on the character of former Queens is very acceptable at present, and, as in other cases, the demand has created a plentiful supply. Miss Lawrence's elaborate work on the British Queens, and Miss Agnes Strickland's equally valuable work on the same subject, sufficiently attest its popularity. We have, in addition to these works, this quaint and admirable old MS selected with their usual judgment by the Camden Society, and now, for the first time, presented to the public. A few extracts from the work will best describe the nature of its contents. We extract

from Mr. Bruce's valuable introduction the following rather singular and amusing remarks (from a chronicler of a female reign) of women, by Sir John Hayward, the author of the work. The editor says:—

"The bitter feelings which Hayward entertained against womankind, lead to inferences not very favourable to his lady, 'O wives!' he exclaims, when commenting upon the conduct of the Duchess of Somerset in his "History of Edward VI." 'the most sweete poison, the most desired evill in the world. Certainly as it is true, as Syracides saith, that there is no malice to the malice of a woman, so no mischiefes wanteth where a malicious woman beareth sway. A woman was first given to man for a comfortor, but not for a counsaillor, much lesse a controller and director, and, therefore, in the first sentence against man, this cause is expressed, because thou obeyedst the voice of thy wife' (p. 84, edit. 1630). Notwithstanding their mutual disagreements, it may be inferred from their wills that both Hayward and his wife lived upon friendly terms."

As a picture of ancient manners, and

also as an amusing contrast between the public appearance of Queens on state occasions in different periods of time, we extract the following:—

“And, for that the presence of the Prince is of greatest moment to establish affayres, the Queene, the next day after her title was proclaimed, removed from Hatfield, in Hartfordshire, where shee then lay, towards London; and was upon the way incountred and intertained in all places with such a concourse of people, with soe lively representationes of love, joy, and hope, that it farr exceeded her expectations. The people of all sorts (even such whose fortunes were unlike either to bee amended or impaired by change) went many myles out of the City to see her, some upon particular affection to her person, others upon opinion of good to the State, some upon an ordinary levity and delight in change, and not a few because they would doe as others did; all with like fervency contending who should most neerly approach unto her, who should most cheerfully bestow upon her all honourable titles and happy wishes. Now, if ever any persone had eyther the gift or the stile to winnee the hearts of people, it was this Queene, and if ever shee did expresse the same, it was at that present, in coupling mildnesse with majesty as shee did, and in stately stooping to the meanest sort. All her faculties were in motion, and every motion seemed a well-guided action; her eye was set upon one, her eare listened to another, her judgment ranne upon a third, to a fourth shee addressed her speech; her spirit seemed to be every-where, and yet soe intyre in her selfe, as it seemed to bee noe where else. Some shee pityed, some shee commended, some shee thanked, at others shee pleasantly and wittily jeasted, contemning noe person, neglecting noe office; and distributing her smiles, looks, and graces, soe artificially, that thereupon the people againe redoubled the testimonies of their joyes; and afterwards raising every thing to the highest straine, filled the eares of all men with immoderate extolling their Prince. Shee was a lady, upon whom nature had bestowed, and well placed, many of her fayrest favors; of stature meane, slender, straight, and amiably composed; of such state in her carriage, as every motions of her seemed to beare majesty: her haire was inclined to pale yellow, her foreheade large and faire, a seeming sete for princely grace; her eyes lively and sweete, but short-sighted; her nose somewhat rising in the midst; the whole compasse of her countenance somewhat long, but yet of admirable beauty, not so much in that which is termed the flower of youth, as in a most delightful composition of majesty and modesty in equal mixture. But without good qualities of mynde, the gifts of nature are like paynted floweres, without eyther vertue or sappe; yea sometymes, they grow horrid and loathsome. Now her vertues were such as might suffice to make an Aethiopian beautifull, which the more a man knowes and understands, the more he shall admire and love. In life, shee was most innocent; in desires, moderate; in purpose, just; of spirit, above

credit and almost capacity of her sexe; of divine witt, as well for depth of judgment, as for quick conceits and speedy expedition; of eloquence, as sweete in the utterance, soe ready and easie to come to the utterance: of wonderfull knowledge both in learning and affayres; skilfull not only in the Latine and Greeke, but alsoe in divers other forraigne languages; none knew better the hardest art of all others, that is, of commanding men, nor could more use themselves to those cares without which the royall dignity could not be supported. Shee was religious, magnanimous, mercifull, and just; respective of the honour of others, and exceeding tender in the touch of her owne. Shee was lovely and loving, the two principall bands of duty and obedience. Shee was very ripe and measured in counsaile and experience, as well not to lett goe occasions, as not to take them when they were greene. Shee maintained Justice at home, and Armes abroad, with greate wisdom and authority in eyther place. Her Majesty seemed to all to shine through courtesy; but as shee was not easy to receive any to especiall grace, so was shee most constant to those whom shee received; and of great judgment to know to what point of greatness men were fit to bee advanced. Shee was rather liberall than magnificent, making good choys of the receivours; and for this cause was thought weake by some against the desire of money. But it is certaine that beside the want of treasure which shee found, her continuall affayres in Scotland, France, the Low Countries, and in Ireland, did occasione greates provisione of money, which could not bee better supplied, than by cutting off eyther excessive or unnecessary expense at home. Excellent Queene! what doe my words but wrong thy worth? what doe I but guild gold? what but shew the sunne with a candle, in attempting to prayse thee whose honour doth fye over the whole world upon the two wings of Magnanimity and justice, whose perfection shall much divide the lustre of all other that shall be of thy sexe?

“Upon the fourteenth day of January in the afternoon, shee passed from the Tower through the City of London to Westminster, most royally furnished, both for her persone and for her traine, knowing right well that in pompous ceremonies a secret of government doth much consist, for that the people are naturally both taken and held with exteriour shewes. The nobility and gentlemen wer very many, and noe lesse honourably furnished. The rich attire, the ornaments, the beauty of ladyes, did add particular graces to the solemnity, and held the eyes and hearts of men dazzeled betweene contentment and admiration. When shee tooke her coach within the Tower, she made a solemne thanksgiving to God, that he had delivered her noe lesse mercifullly, noe lesse mightily from her imprisonment in that place, then he had delivered Daniell from the Lyons denne; that hee had preserved her from those dangers wherewith shee was both invironed and overwhelmed, to bring her to the joye and honour of that daye. As shee passed through the City, nothing was omitted to doe her the highest honours, which the citizens (whoe could procure good use both of

purses and inventiones) were able to per-
 forme. It were the part of an idle orator to
 describe the pageants, the arkes,* and other
 well-devised honours done unto her; the
 order, the beauty, the majestie of this actione,
 the high joye of some, the silence and rever-
 ence of other, the constant contentment of
 all; their untired patience never spent, eyther
 with long expecting (some of them from a
 good part of the night before) or with un-
 satiable beholding the ceremonies of that day.
 The Queene was not negligent on her part to
 descend to all pleasing behaviour, which
 seemed to proceede from a naturall gentle-
 nesse of dispositionne, and not from any
 strayned desire of popularity or insinuations.
 Shee gave due respect to all sorts of per-
 sonnes, wherein the quicknesse of her spirit
 did worke more actively than did her eyes.
 When the people made the ayre ring with
 praying to God for her prosperity, shee
 thanked them with exceeding liveliness both
 of countenance and voyce, and wished neither
 prosperity nor safety to her selfe, which
 might not bee for their common good. As
 shee passed by the companies of the city,
 standing in their liveryes, shee tooke par-
 ticular knowledge of them, and graced them
 with many witty formalities of speech. Shee
 diligently both observed and commended
 such devises as were presented unto her, and
 to that end sometimes caused her coach to
 stand still, sometimes to be removed to places
 of best advantage for hearing and for sight;
 and in the mean time fairly intreated the
 people to be silent. And when shee under-
 stood not the meaning of any representa-
 tione, or could not perfectly heare some
 speeches that were made, shee caused the same
 to be declared unto her. When the recorder
 of the city presented to her a purse of crimson
 sattin, very richly and curiously wrought,
 and therein a thousand markes in gold, with re-
 quest that shee would continue a gracious
 mistress to the city; she answered, That shee
 was bound in a naturall obligatione so to doe,
 not soe much for their gold, as for their good
 wills: that as they had bene at great expence
 of treasure that daye, to honour her passage,
 so all the dayes of her life shee would be
 ready to expend not only her treasure, but
 the dearest drops of her blood, to main-
 tayne and increase ther flourishing estate.
 When shee espyed a pageant at the Little
 Conduit in Cheape, shee demanded (as it was
 her custome in the rest) what should be re-
 presented therein: Answer was made, that
 Time did there attend for her: 'Time?' (said
 she) How is that possible, seeing it is tyme
 that hath brought me mee hither? Here a
 Bible in English, richly covered, was let
 downe unto her by a silk lace from a child
 that represented Truth. Shee kissed both
 her hands, with both her hands shee received
 it, then shee kissed it; afterwards applyed it
 to her breast: and, lastly, held it up, thanking
 the city especially for that gift, and promising
 to be a diligent reader thereof. When any
 good wishes were cast forth for her vertuous

and religious government, shee would lift up
 her hands towards Heaven, and desire the
 people to answer, Amen. When it was told
 her that an auncient citizen turned his heade
 backe and wept: 'I warrant you' (said shee)
 'it is for joy;' and so in very deede it was.
 Shee cheerfully received not only rich giftes
 from persons of worth, but nosegays, floweres,
 rose-marie branches, and such like presents,
 offered unto her from very meane persones,
 insomuch as it may truly be saide, that there
 was neyther courtesy nor cost cast away that
 daye upon her. It is incredible how often
 shee caused her coach to staye, when any
 made offer to approach unto her, whither to
 make petitione, or whither to manifest their
 loving affectiones. Hereby the people, to
 whom no musicke is soe sweete as the affa-
 bility of ther prince, were so strongly stirred
 to love and joye, that all men contended how
 they might most effectually testify the same;
 some with plausible acclamations, some with
 sober prayers, and many with silent and true-
 hearted teares, which were then seen to melt
 from their eyes. And afterwarde, departing
 home, they so stretched every thing to the
 highest streyne, that they inflamed the like
 affectiones in others. It is certaine that thes
 high humilities, joynted to justice, are of
 greater power to winne the hearts of people
 than any, than all other vertues beside. All
 other vertues are expedient for a prince, all
 are advised, but thes are necessary, thes are
 enjoyed; without many other a prince may
 stande, but without thes upon every occasione
 he standes in danger. The day following,
 being Sundaye, shee was, with all accustomed
 ceremonyes, crowned in the Abbey Church at
 Westminster; having made demonstration of
 soe many princely vertues before, that all men
 were of opinionne that one crowne was not suf-
 ficient to adorne them. The coronation ended,
 shee passed in greate state to Westminster
 Hall, and ther dined."

Our brave Queen Bess begun well,
 in thus awakening and sharing the
 sympathy of her people. The record
 is valuable both as an example and a
 lesson.

ANTI BACCHUS. *An Essay on the Crimes,
 Diseases, and other Evils connected with the
 use of Intoxicating Drinks.* By the REV. B.
 PARSONS. J. SNOW, Paternoster Row.

We can readily believe that the adju-
 dicators of the prize of a hundred gui-
 neas had a difficult task in deciding the
 relative amount of superiority of two
 such able works as "Bacchus" and
 "Anti Bacchus:" and, on a perusal of
 the latter, without any wish to depre-
 ciate Mr. Grindrod's very excellent
 production, we feel inclined to think
 that a large portion of the temperance
 public will confirm by their approbation,

* The arches.

the vote of the Rev. Howard Hinton—"himself a host!"

"Anti Bacchus," besides containing a mass of instructive, interesting, and well-arranged facts, has this advantage: it is written in a forcible, clear, nervous, and argumentative style; and is offered to the public at a price that places it within the reach of the humblest individual; one hundred and thirty six closely, and well printed pages, in double columns, for the sum of two shillings, renders this production, both in quantity and quality, decidedly the cheapest standard work on temperance extant.

We regret that want of space prevents our giving more than this brief and insufficient notice of a work we have perused both with pleasure and advantage; in our next number we shall enrich our pages with an extract; in the mean time, we cordially recommend it to all persons anxious to obtain a knowledge of the scientific, historical, theological, moral, and political divisions of the great temperance question.

COMMON SENSE versus SOCIALISM. *An Address to the Working Classes on the Errors and Fallacies of the Principles of the People calling themselves 'Socialists.'* By CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

IN recommending this work to our readers, we cannot do better than extract the highly favourable opinion expressed by a liberal, and intelligent contemporary:—

"An Address to the Working Classes," &c., by Mrs. BALFOUR, is an admirably written exposition of the fallacies and errors of the Socialists, and contains a thorough review of the absurd and detestable sentiments expressed in their 'Six Social Tracts.'

"The women of Britain are greatly indebted to the noble minded and talented authoress, for this very excellent and well timed publication. We hope it will have a very large circulation. It is Sold by PAUL, 52, PATERNOSTER ROW, and twenty-four crowded octavo pages are given for three-pence!"—*The Journal of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society.*

TEA; ITS EFFECTS, MEDICINAL, AND MORAL. By G. G. SIGMOND, M.D., F.S.A., F.L.S., Professor of Materia Medica to the Royal Medico-Botanical Society. Longman and Co. 1839.

THIS interesting and valuable little volume contains a great deal of instructive information relative to the virtues,

medicinal and moral, of the plant that "cheers but not inebriates," its cultivation, its effects; and what is now of infinite importance, it proves that the tea-plant can be successfully cultivated in the British possessions. Amid abundance of excellent matter, a few strange blemishes are apparent.

Dr. Sigmond falls into the vulgar and now exploded error, that Temperance people drink more tea than other persons. They feel, we can assure the Doctor, exactly the same interest in his subject that other portions of the 'public may be presumed to feel—and no more. It is somewhat singular to find in a work on tea, the author straying from his subject in the following manner:—

"Good wine is a good cordial, a fine stomachic, and, taken at a proper season, invigorates mind and body, and gives life an additional charm. There can be found no substitutes for the fermented liquors that can enable man to sustain the mental and bodily labour which the artificial habits of society so constantly demand. Temperance and moderation are virtues essential to our happiness, but a total abstinence from the enjoyments which the bounteous hand of NATURE has provided, is as unwise as it is ungrateful."

We should be glad to know what total abstinence Dr. Sigmond can possibly allude to? we know of none such. The Society, known as Total Abstinensers, are grateful partakers of all the various blessings which the HAND OF NATURE provides. It is only the injurious inventions and productions of man that they reject as unnecessary, demoralizing, hurtful, and expensive. When Dr. Sigmond proves that "alcoholic preparations" are provided by NATURE, we will listen seriously to his arguments about our folly and ingratitude.

LIGHT CAKE WITHOUT YEAST.—One pound of flour; quarter of a pound of butter; five ounces of good moist sugar; two eggs; half a pint of milk—a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda to be dissolved in the milk—half a pound of currants, or a few caraway seeds, with some orange or lemon peel, and a little nutmeg. A small teaspoonful of tartaric acid to be dissolved in a small quantity of water and mixed with the sugar. Blend all the above ingredients well together, and put in the oven directly.*

* A trial of this excellent cake will establish it as a favourite. We are much indebted to the kind correspondent who forwarded it.—Ed.

SACRED GEOGRAPHY.

UNDER this head we shall occasionally present to our readers accounts of some of the most celebrated scites connected with Scriptural records; and without further preface we begin with one of the most interesting:—

MOUNT ARARAT.

This celebrated mountain of Armenia, is situated to the south-west of the town of Erivan, about five miles from the right bank of the river Aras, the ancient Araxes. It rises majestically from the midst of a great plain, detached from the other mountains of the country, in two conical peaks, one of which rises far above the limit of eternal snow. Humboldt, on the authority of the Russian traveller, Parrot, states its height above the level of the sea to be 2700 toises, which is equal to 17,960 English feet. Thus it is 6389 feet higher than *Ætna*, 4792 feet higher than the volcanic peak of *Teneriffe*, and exceeds by 1528 feet *Mont Blanc*, the point of greatest elevation in Europe. The smaller cone is separated from the greater by a plain of great extent, and is considerably lower, for the snow disappears from its summit in summer, and it serves as a calendar to the surrounding people, who regulate their agricultural operations by the progress of the melting of the snow on the little Ararat. The appearance of this mountain is well described in the travels of Sir R. Ker Porter and of Mr. Morier. The former approached it from the north, and paints in glowing colours the magnificence of the spectacle when he first came in sight of Ararat, rising from a widely extended green plain, fertilized by the clear waters of the Araxes, and covered with villages. He had the advantage of seeing it unveiled by clouds from its base to its summit, and the ice-cled cones shone with dazzling splendour against the clear blue expanse of the heavens. Mr. Morier, who approached it from the south, speaks in strong terms of admiration of the beauty of its form. Such a mountain must naturally be seen from a vast distance, and it is said to serve as a landmark to the navigators of the Caspian sea. A remarkable circumstance, as connected with the traditions belonging to this mountain has been observed, namely, that when seen from afar and in certain positions, the summit has a striking resemblance to a ship. The whole country round is full of traditionary stories about Noah's Ark and the flood. The Armenians call Ararat, *Massiseusar*, or Mountain of the Ark, the Persians *Koi-i-Nûh*, or Mountain of Noah. At Erivan, they show the spot where Noah first planted the vine, and the name of another town, *Nachichevan*, or *Nakhdjovan*, means, according to Chardin, 'place of descent,' being the place where Noah first settled when he came out of the ark.

Several attempts have been made to reach the top of the mountain, but no one has got much beyond the snow limit. The enterprising Tournefort, in 1700, made the attempt; but after undergoing great fatigue he was obliged to give it up. On the side of the

greater cone there is a vast cleft, which he describes as a deep abyss, with lofty precipitous sides, and sharp pinnacles of black rock. This cleft is so great that it can be seen distinctly from Erivan; and between it and the foot of the mountain there is a succession of low round-topped eminencies. One can hardly hesitate to consider this hollow as the crater of an eruption from the side of the mountain, an event which would be in accordance with the phenomena observed in all volcanos of great elevation; for in these, such as the peak of *Teneriffe* and *Êtna*, there is seldom an eruption from the top, but almost always from the sides, as if the great mass heaped up by successive ejections afforded a greater resistance to the volcanic force than the sides. But no eruption, nor any indication of volcanic action, has been recorded within the historical era. In the Chronicle kept by the monks of the monastery of *Eitschmajadzen*, in which everything relative to this sacred mountain has been carefully recorded. For the last 800 years, there is no mention of any eruption. Many parts of the region around Ararat are decidedly volcanic: *Sevelan*, a mountain 13,600 feet high, between Ararat and the Caspian, is volcanic, and Colonel Monteith thinks that it has perhaps been the latest in activity in that country. Extensive beds of lava are visible on its side, and there are warm springs all round the base. The same traveller, describing the lake of *Goukeks*, or *Sevan*, a body of water forty-seven miles long, and in some places twenty one broad, situated eastward of Erivan and between Ararat and *Sevelan*, says, that he found on its banks high perpendicular cliffs of lava, vast quantities of obsidian or volcanic glass scattered over the country, and the shores of the lake covered with pumice-stone, light enough to float on the water.

A remarkable circumstance is mentioned by Tournefort connected with Mount Ararat, namely, that the middle region, and even the borders of the snow limit, are inhabited by tigers. He says that he saw them within 700 yards of him, and that he and his people threw themselves on the ground for the sake of concealment while the tigers passed by. He adds that the young ones are caught in traps by the people round the mountain to be exhibited in shows of wild beasts throughout Persia.

PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.—If a man dressed as he dressed two-hundred-and-seventy years ago, the pug dogs in the streets would tear him to pieces. If he lived in the houses of two-hundred-and-seventy years ago, unrevived and uncorrected, he would die of rheumatism in a week. If he listened to the sermons of two-hundred-and-seventy years ago, he would perish with sadness and fatigue; and when a man cannot make a coat or a cheese for fifty years together, without making them better, can it be said that laws made in those days of ignorance, and framed in the fury of religious hatred, need no revision, and are capable of no amendment?—*Edin. Review*,

FINE ARTS, EXHIBITIONS, ETC.

FINE ARTS.

THERE are two engravings, from paintings executed by royal command, that, amid a host of similar works, possess more than ordinary interest; both in reference to the acknowledged celebrity of the artists, and the probable value which posterity may attach to the works in question, as commemorative and descriptive of an historical event. We allude to the picture of HER MAJESTY RECEIVING THE HOLY SACRAMENT AT HER CORONATION. Painted by C. R. LESLIE, Esq., R.A.

The glare, "pomp, and circumstance" of the ceremony of the coronation, must have been, we venture to imagine, unfavourable to the efforts of genius in delineation: no room being left for the play of the imagination,—that vital essence of painting. But if one moment more than another were propitious to the inspiration of genius, it must have been when the Queen, divested of all the ensigns of royalty, except the D'almatic robe, is kneeling at the altar to receive the Sacrament from the Archbishop of Canterbury. The ladies of the suite and the great officers of state, are of course all portraits, thirty-eight in number; there is such skilful grouping, that all crowding is avoided, the space occupied is that between the chair of St. Edward, in which the ceremony of the coronation took place, and the altar at which the sacred rite is being administered.

The great picture of THE CORONATION, by GEORGE HAYTER, Esq., has been exhibiting at No. 6, PALL MALL. The moment selected by the above distinguished artist, is when the Queen was crowned and the attendant nobles are putting on their coronets, the Archbishop giving the exhortations. This painting is likewise to be engraved by S. COUSINS, A.R.A. Mr. HAYTER is engaged on a companion picture, commemorative of the august ceremony of Her Majesty's Marriage.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

SUFFOLK STREET.

THE seventeenth exhibition of this society opened to the public on Monday the 17th inst. Many of the pictures are of more than average merit. Perhaps the gem of the collection is by PRENTIS, called 'THE HOLY OF AVARICE,' the subject is happily demonstrated. There are as usual a great number of portraits but Buss's 'MONOPOLIST,' and the admirable sea-side pieces of J. WILSON, present more than ordinary attractions, and are well worth a visit from all the lovers of native art.

STATE OF ART IN THE PROVINCES.

It is a matter, which facts have long since placed beyond dispute, that the means of improvement and rational recreation are more widely diffused in the provinces than in London; and there is among the middle and humbler classes, consequently, a greater

amount of information and general intelligence than is to be found in the same valuable portion of society in the metropolis. The consideration of total abstinence societies should be directed towards providing, improving, and instructive amusements for their members. Since the exercise of the mental faculties cannot fail to give permanency to the moral reformation they are engaged in carrying forward. Besides the necessity of presenting counter attractions to wean young men from the demoralizing concert-room of the tavern, where the allurements of music are used as inductions to intemperance, must be obvious to every mind. The few will love *truth* for its own sake; but the many require to have it made agreeable. And this it should be, as far as is consistent with the improvement of national morals. The Lyceums of Manchester, by providing the humble tradesman and the working man with opportunities of reading, listening to lectures, engaging in amateur concerts of vocal and instrumental music, and frequently bringing them together, by means of tea parties, for mutual instruction, are doing a work, second, certainly, in importance to the labours of "total abstinence societies" (for true temperance is the pioneer of literature as well as religion), but, nevertheless, worthy of the highest praise, and of being incorporated, wherever practicable, with the operations of the tea-total societies. It is true the inhabitants of London have access to many valuable institutions as well as to those national repositories—the MUSEUM and NATIONAL GALLERY. But in order to visit these places and obtain *improvement* from their stores of art, some previous love of art, and taste for science, must be awakened. Otherwise the visit is one of mere curiosity, leaving nothing but a chaos of confusion in the mind. We select from the annual report of the North of England Society for the promotion of the Fine Arts, the following, at which we rejoice. For a general diffusion of a taste for works of art, cannot fail, ultimately, in producing beneficial results to such societies:—

"The exhibition of the works of modern artists, which now adorns the rooms of the society, in Market-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will not, your committee regret to state, prove a source of profit to the society. Believing that this would be the case, and being impressed with the deliberate opinion that *all* classes should contribute in proportion to their means, to institutions by which *all* are benefited, the committee had determined to admit the working classes at a trifling charge, and thus render that important portion of this great community an assistance to the funds of this institution. The wish of the committee was overruled at a general meeting of the members; and the exhibition, since Wednesday week, has been opened *gratis* to the working classes, according to the arrangements made last year."

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

OPENING OF CHELSEA TEMPERANCE HALL.

On Monday the 2nd of March, the friends of temperance assembled in considerable numbers at the above place, and partook of tea, &c. together. The hall was tastefully decorated with the banners of the Western Auxiliary and Chelsea Branch; and festoons of blue and white, interspersed with evergreens, &c.: a gas star was lighted over the door. The whole had a pleasing effect, which was greatly enhanced by the smiling faces and kind and cordial attendance of so many friends.

The Public Meeting commenced at seven o'clock. The Rev. Jabez Burns opened the meeting with a solemn and appropriate prayer.

After the address of the able and energetic chairman, R. Walkden, Esq.; the Chelsea speakers each addressed the meeting for a few minutes, commencing with Mr. Herbert, (the father of tee-totalism in Chelsea,) followed by Messrs. Alsop, Phillips, Bryan, Balfour, Nettleton, and Currie.

After which the following hymn, composed for the occasion, was sung:—

"With cheering hope, and grateful love,
Within these walls we gladly stand;
Oh! may we lift our thoughts above,
And bless and praise the mighty hand
Of Him, whose mercies round us fall,
Oh! may He bless our Temp'rance Hall!

A holy joy this day is ours,
Dear friends, to join and greet you here;
Oh! may we consecrate our pow'rs,
In kindred unity sincere,
And warmly bid to each and all,
A welcome to our Temp'rance Hall!
Blest be the sacred Temp'rance cause
To suff'ring man in mercy given;
May its pure progress know no pause,
Till custom's fatal chain is riven,
And slaves escaped from Satan's thrall
Seek freedom in our Temp'rance Hall!

Beneath this roof may numbers come,
And leave the drunkard's deadly drink,
Enquiring seek their heavenly home,
And shun temptations fearful brink;
And gain, whatever else befall,
A refuge in our Temp'rance Hall!
Praise ye the Lord! ye Temp'rance band,
With joy and gratitude profound!
Praise ye the Lord! whose mighty hand
This humble work of zeal has crown'd!
Praise Him! and for his blessing call,
To rest upon our Temp'rance Hall!"

Our space will not permit us to give a report of the various energetic speeches that were delivered on this occasion by the Rev. Jabez Burns, Julius Jefferies, Esq., Messrs. Smeeton, M'Carthy, Weston, Hart, O'Leary, and Batey. The utmost attention was manifested throughout, and with the exception of a slight confusion caused by some persons in

the gallery leaning against the pipe of the stove which gave way by their pressure, the most perfect harmony was manifested by the audience during the evening, and the dense and overflowing crowd dispersed with the utmost order.

The Hall was opened for meetings every night during the week, and was filled with a numerous audience each evening. Among the many speakers who favoured the Chelsea friends with a visit, not the least effective, were twenty working men, whose useful testimonies have produced a marked impression on the minds of many who clung to the prejudice that strong drink was necessary for the working man. One hundred and thirty-nine signatures were obtained in the course of the week, and the cause is making a most triumphant progress.

As a caution to thoughtless or malicious disturbers of temperance meetings, it is necessary to state, the Chelsea friends were reluctantly compelled, in order to protect themselves from future aggression, to appear against two young men who broke some windows and otherwise disturbed the meeting on Wednesday the 4th ultimo. The magistrate at Queen-square afforded the tee-totalers every protection, and fined the young men, one 10s. 6d. for damages, and the other 10s. for creating a riot.

CHATHAM AND ROCHESTER ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL.

THE Anniversary Meeting of the Chatham and Rochester Temperance Society was held (by permission of the Mayor) in the Guildhall Rochester, on Thursday the 12th instant. R. Drake, of Melville Hospital, in the chair. F. Wheeler read the report.

Animated addresses were delivered by Messrs. Martin, Balfour, Wheeler, Scott, Sheen, and Tilly to a crowded and attentive audience; the whole of the proceedings passed off to the great satisfaction of all present, with the exception of some interruption occasioned by the objections of a gentleman who gave his name as J. Crook, and occupied fifteen or twenty minutes of the meeting, and who was ably replied to by Mr. Scott. The meeting separated at ten o'clock. The hall was densely crowded in every part.

It is hoped this spirited demonstration will be serviceable to the great cause in this neighbourhood. The following report being both interesting and concise, we present it to our readers.

REPORT:
To the General Meeting of the Chatham and Rochester Temperance Society.

We your committee, appointed at the last general meeting of the society, in now resigning into your hands the stewardship that has been entrusted to us, feel ourselves called upon to make a few remarks on the progress of the society, during the period that has

since elapsed, and on the present interesting and encouraging aspect of the cause.

Agreeably to the resolution of a meeting of members, held at the close of the year 1838, the society has since employed no other declaration than that of entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors.

Eighteen public meetings have been held, being an average of one in twenty-four days. In these meetings the principle of entire abstinence has been urged on large and attentive audiences, as the simplest, the readiest, and the most efficient means, under the Divine blessing, of reclaiming the victims of intemperance, and of arresting the progress of such as are already on the road to that appalling vice.

During this period the society has had an accession of two hundred and eighty adults, and of fifty-five juvenile members, making the present number about four-hundred adults, and eighty juveniles, agreeing to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, except when required for medicinal purposes; about fourteen of this number may be said to have been rescued from habits of excessive drinking, and in several of these instances it is believed to have led, not merely to a reformation of the outward conduct, but, through divine grace, to a real change of heart.

The Temperance coffee-houses of Chatham and Strood, continue to be frequented by labouring men, particularly at the breakfast hour, and on the occasion of the weekly meetings held for conversation on subjects connected with the Temperance reform.

The society continues to hold some of its meetings in the Chatham High-street, Sabbath School-room, free of any charge; a privilege for which its thanks are justly due to the benevolent proprietor.

The Treasurer's account is as follows:—

RECEIPTS. £. s. d.	PAYMENTS. £. s. d.
Subscriptions and	Paid for Publications, &c. 21 9 8
Donations, 21 9 3	Expenses of public meetings, 7 15 8
Sale of Publications and Medals, 10 9 6	Printing, distributing Bills, &c. 3 6 6
	Carriage, Postage, & incidental expenses, 1 0 8
£31 18 9	£33 12 6

Leaving a balance due to Treasurer . . 113 9 4
Add the remainder of the old debt . . 4 3 0 1/2

Total owing to Treasurer . £6 2 10

Examined by the Auditors, and signed

R. DRAKE.

S. COLE.

W. C. HORNSNAILL.

We have received very interesting communications from some of our members. The substance of some of the more recent may be stated as follows, being for the most part the testimony of labourers and mechanics, some of them following laborious occupations, such as shipwrights, sawyers, blacksmiths, cutlers, carpenters, &c.

Twenty-four of these persons state that they are as well or better able to perform their labour than before.

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Fourteen state that their homes have been made more happy in consequence of their having joined the society, and that they have been enabled to purchase better furniture and clothing than they had before.

Twenty-five persons state that they have found a marked improvement in their general health.

Four state that they have found their business improved, and that they have met with more regular employment, and eight say that their employers have expressed satisfaction at the change.

Fourteen persons state that their connexion with the Temperance Society has been the means of rescuing them from habits of intemperance, and eight of them say that it has enabled them to pay off some arrears of old debts, and five of them to send their children to school.

Eleven individuals state that they have found more instruction and comfort in the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and that most of these have been enabled to attend more regularly a place of public worship.

Fourteen state that they have found more opportunity and disposition to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of their families and new connexions.

A few short extracts from the communications referred to are subjoined:—

A shipwright says: "Teetotalism has been a benefit to my health, I have lost a cough of long standing in consequence, and am better able to perform my duty than before."

Another member states:—"I had been for several years subject to attacks of rheumatism, and on one occasion the attack was of so serious a nature as to confine me to my bed for nearly three months, but since I have entirely abstained from all intoxicating drinks, I have not had a recurrence of the disease."

Another, a blacksmith, says:—"I do not feel giddy-headed as I used to do. I have purchased better clothing than I could when I was in the habit of gambling my money away and when I used to drink occasionally to excess. I am as well able to do my work as before, and I think I do my employer more justice. I do not suffer so much from thirst as those who work in the forge with me and drink beer."

Another, a coachman, writes that his connection with the society has been the means of rescuing him from habits of intemperance, feels the greatest satisfaction, and hopes that God in his mercy may grant his blessing to the cause.

Another says: "She has been always delicate and used to suffer much from violent head aches, sometimes for a fortnight together, but, that having joined the Tee-total society about three years ago, she has since had better health, is much stronger, her memory is better, and she scarce knows what the headache is."

Another states: "I feel more comfort and satisfaction since my becoming a member of this society than I ever before experienced; I do not mean that it was merely joining the Temperance Society that made me more happy and comfortable, but that it was the means of

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bringing me to that power which alone could have effected the great change that I have experienced both in temporal and spiritual things. It has been the means of bringing me from habits of intemperance, has enabled me to pay off old debts, and has put shoes to my feet, and clothes to my back. I have felt more inclined to reading, and especially the Holy Scriptures; but before I joined this society I scarce was ever seen to read them. It has also been the means of my regularly attending a place of worship, which I never did before if I could avoid it."

Another states "I was frequently unable to do my work on account of asthma and obliged to lay by, but I have not had occasion to do so at all on that account since I have abstained. I used to take medicine to relieve it every week. Since I have been a Tee-totaler I have felt much less of it, and have not taken any medicine for the last six months or longer."

Another states: "My business as a working cutler is sometimes laborious, and I find myself as well able as ever to perform that labour. I used to have a fit of the gout every spring for twenty years, and even after I had signed the moderation pledge, and took a very small quantity of beer; from my ceasing to take this (a period of four years), I have had no return of the gout."

Another states: "I can do my work much better than before, not having fault found with me as formerly. I can endure the frost of winter, and the summer sun with much more ease than before. I have given great satisfaction to my employers, inasmuch as they have signified it by a reward of no small value. As to my health the change is wonderful; when I left off drinking strong drink, I left my complaints also, viz.: dimness of sight, a constant pain in the side, shortness of breath, and lumbago. My flesh was loose and soft, but is now become firm and healthy even to my own astonishment. My mind was tormented; I could not speak to any one but with scorn and ill-will. My mind has become serene and happy, my digestion is much improved, my sleep unbroken. I thank God for the change that has taken place. Before I joined the Temperance Society I was a poor and helpless drunkard; I knew not what a home was, I had scarcely a shoe to my feet, or a shirt to my back. I had no furniture, but now I have an apartment neatly furnished with the Temperance savings of near twenty-pounds, and wearing apparel in proportion. Tee-totalism has been a great blessing to me. I was once one of the greatest blasphemers in the land, and have tried to believe there was no God. Drink was the cause that kept me at an awful distance from God and his people, whom I have now joined to my satisfaction and happiness. I feel that I shall never be able to return but feeble and inadequate thanks to the Lord, for all his watchful care over me, a poor and helpless drunkard, but I trust the remainder of my life will be devoted to the cause of religion and Temperance."

It has been particularly encouraging to find several ministers of the Gospel in the neighbourhood giving to this institution the full benefit of their name and influence, and we

know not that we can more suitably conclude our report than in the language employed by one of these gentlemen when he joined the society in the autumn of last year:—

"Things *lawful* in themselves (he writes) may not be always expedient. In certain cases, and under peculiar circumstances, the great principles of Christian benevolence may require the voluntary and cheerful exercise of self-denial for the benefit of others; this I regard as the strong foundation of the Temperance Society."

"It is an awful fact that drunkenness is one of the most crying sins of our nation; that it is the prolific source of almost every other vice which debases human nature; that it is annually sending thousands and tens of thousands of its wretched victims to an untimely grave, and plunging them in the woes of endless perdition. It is likewise a fact, as delightful as the other is appalling, that your society has, under the blessing of God to a most cheering and encouraging extent, been instrumental in checking the progress of the mighty evil: that it can point to hundreds and thousands who have not only been reclaimed from that destructive vice, but many of whom have subsequently attended the means of grace and been truly converted to God; so that from having been the ruin of their families and the pests of society, they have become the comfort of the one and the ornament of the other; fulfilling the beautiful imagery of the prophet: "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." If these be the fruits of the Temperance society, (and they unquestionably are so), then does it merit the countenance and support of every Christian, and every Christian minister."

NORTH LONDON AUXILIARY AND THE OPIUM TRADE.

WE are glad that the North London tee-totalers have set the example of petitioning the legislature on the iniquitous opium trade; we trust that temperance societies throughout the kingdom will take up the matter in a similar spirit.

At a crowded Meeting of the United Temperance Association, convened for the purpose, in their chapel, Aldersgate-street, on Wednesday, Feb. 26, Julius Jeffreys, Esq., of Bath, in the chair, it was carried unanimously that the following petition against the opium trade with China, should be presented to both houses of parliament. Although the United Temperance Association are the first in this movement, it is earnestly and confidently hoped that the tee-total society of every town and city in the kingdom will join in this important moral work. It will be observed that this is no infringement of the excellent temperance rule of avoiding politics, but a movement upon a question of Christian morality of deep importance; and, it is trusted, the example will be followed by other moral and religious societies throughout the kingdom. When the opium traffic of these days shall darken the pages of the nation's history, should posterity have to marvel at the supineness of their ancestors, let them not have to add—

"Most strange of all! Where were the moral feelings of the tee-totalers of the kingdom that they could remain so senseless of their nation's sin and shame!"

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled.

The Petition of Tee-totalers of the North of London.

Humbly sheweth,—That your petitioners represent a section of an extensive association for the advancement and practice of a moral principle they deem of great importance to their country, in her present state; which association comprises upwards of a million of Her Majesty's subjects in the United Kingdom. That your petitioners do very unwillingly appear before your Honourable House, upon any question bearing a political aspect. It is, therefore, the deep moral importance alone of the subject of their petition which urges them to come forward, and, so far as in them lies, to save their country from meeting with the retributive vengeance of an offended God.

That this subject is the opium trade with China, and the war about to result from it; the former utterly indefensible upon any moral grounds, and the latter especially so, while the Government of China has received no honest assurance that British dealings in the opium trade are for ever suppressed. Until China shall cease to hear of opium sales, and shipments, at Calcutta and Bombay, your petitioners are compelled to consider any war with that country most unrighteous.

That your petitioners, upon a survey of the many specious arguments by which the opium traffic is defended, are scarcely less astonished that such un-Christian arguments should have weight, for a day, amongst their countrymen, than at the fact, that our nation has long pandered to the worst vices of a heathen people; sending them, for lucre's sake, vast quantities of a deadly poison, the smallest portion of which any of them would dread to partake of daily, and would shudder to give to any relatives.

While protesting against the opium trade with China, your petitioners cannot omit to refer to the apparent fact that the improper use of the drug is on the increase in England, as shown by the quantity now retained for home consumption, bearing too large a proportion to the growth of the population, a subject well worthy of inquiry on the part of your Honourable House. They think it not improbable that an increased adulteration of beer and other intoxicating liquors with opium may be discovered; and here they cannot refrain from giving their indignant repudiation of the charge, raised by interested persons, that the tee-totalers of the kingdom are the consumers of this opium. They cannot but express their disgust at the sordid motives from whence the report originated, and at the sensuality of those whose appetites have made them the ready agents in spreading, without the least inquiry, a malicious and absurd report against the renouncers of intoxicating liquors.

Your petitioners, in conclusion, do humbly,

but earnestly entreat your Honourable House to effect the suppression of the opium trade without delay, that the war may cease, before our sword shall have shed, throughout China, as much blood as we have dried up, in their shrivelled veins, by opium.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

We call attention to an advertisement which appeared in the *Morning Herald* relative to the suppression of the opium trade, originating with the North London Branch of the society termed tee-totalers. "As temperance is the basis of this society, and as the principles embodied in the petition, which forms the substance of the advertisement, are founded on just views, we have no hesitation in recommending it to public attention. The society has entertained this question on no political ground, but is solely influenced by its moral effect, an argument additionally conducive to its favourable reception."

The following circular and petition on the same subject as the above, has also been placed in our hands. We are glad that the iniquity of poisoning the Chinese is so energetically remonstrated against; we hope the iniquity of poisoning Englishmen by licensing and eulogising deleterious drinks, quite as baneful as, and, indeed, identified with opium, will excite an equally philanthropic emotion in the breasts of Christians generally:—

"OPIUM TRADE WITH CHINA.—Several gentlemen having directed their attention to the contraband trade in opium carried on between British India and China, an association has been formed for the purpose of endeavouring to suppress this traffic, under the conviction that it is discreditable to our country, prejudicial to its commercial interests, and injurious to the cause of Christianity, as well as productive of an enormous amount of vice and misery among the inhabitants of China.

A momentary check had been given to this demoralizing traffic by the energetic measures of the Chinese; but, when the last advices left China, the trade was proceeding with renewed vigour, and under circumstances of aggravated evil. The opium clipper had assumed a piratical character, armed to the teeth and 'fully manned by a set of desperate fellows,' prepared for deeds of violence. Though the sincerity of the Chinese in their lawful endeavour to put a stop to the trade is placed beyond doubt by their late acts, and though an important branch of legitimate commerce is in imminent danger of being lost to the country, the British India Government is continuing the growth and sale of the drug. Eighteen thousand nine hundred chests are advertised, by the East India Company, for sale during the first six months of this year at Calcutta; and the cultivation is proceeding for 1841, equal to a production of twenty thousand chests.

At a preliminary meeting held for the purpose referred to, Feb. 13, 1840, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:—

1. That the introduction of opium into China by British merchants, in violation of the laws of that empire, and its growth in British India for this avowed and express purpose, are discreditable to this country,

and injurious to the character of Christianity, presenting one of the greatest barriers to its progress among a large proportion of the heathen nations of the East.

2. That, whilst on these grounds chiefly, the opium traffic is to be deprecated, it is at the same time highly prejudicial in a commercial point of view; not only interfering with the legitimate trade between this country and China, but endangering its very existence,—a trade producing a large revenue to Great Britain, and furnishing a most important outlet for its manufactures.

3. That a society be now formed, for the discouragement of the growth of opium within the British dominions for this objectionable purpose, and to prevent its illegal introduction into China.

4. That the following gentlemen do compose a committee for carrying into effect the foregoing resolutions, with power to add to their number:—W. Allen, Esq.; W. Ball, Esq.; T. Barker, Esq.; A. Beaumont, Esq.; F. C. Brown, Esq.; E. C. Buxton, Esq.; E. N. Buxton, Esq.; Captain A. Chapman; D. B. Chapman, Esq.; Rev. O. Clarke; W. E. Forster, Esq.; F. Fox, Esq.; S. Fox, Esq.; J. G. Fry, Esq.; W. S. Fry, Esq.; S. Gurney, Esq.; S. Gurney, Jun., Esq.; S. Harford, Esq.; G. H. Head, Esq.; S. Hoare, Esq.; J. Hoare, Esq.; Rev. T. Jackson, M.A.; J. Jeffreys, Esq.; J. H. Pelly, Jun., Esq.; Alderman Pirie; F. Reynolds, Esq.; R. F. Reynolds, Esq.; J. S. Rigge, Esq.; J. Sanderson, Esq.; G. Stacey, Esq.

A motion, in conformity with the principles and object of these resolutions, will shortly be made in the House of Commons by an influential member. Great importance is attached to a prompt and general movement in the country, in convening public meetings, in petitioning the Houses of Lords and Commons, and in urging upon Members of Parliament, by correspondence and personal communication, the duty of supporting the motion, and giving their influence generally in behalf of this cause. You are, respectfully, but earnestly, solicited to use your immediate exertions in your neighbourhood for the promotion of these specific objects, and to communicate what has been done in pursuance of this request to the secretary, the Rev. W. GROSER, at No. 10, OLD JEWRY, LONDON.

As it may be convenient, in some cases, to have a form of petition at hand, the following is suggested:—

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled, the humble petition of

Sheweth,—That your petitioners have learned, with deep regret, that, with the sanction and under the auspices of the Honourable East India Company, large quantities of opium are annually produced in British India for the avowed and specific purpose of transmission to China, in violation of the laws of that empire.

That your petitioners have also heard, with sorrow, that the merchants of Great Britain are the principal agents in this traffic; and that it is still persisted in, notwithstanding

the wise prohibition by the Chinese government of the introduction of opium.

That your petitioners view the circumstances which attend the growth of opium in British India for this trade, and its subsequent transmission to China, as discreditable to this country and injurious to the character of Christianity, presenting an almost insuperable barrier to its progress among a large proportion of the heathen nations of the East.

That the contraband trade in opium is also highly prejudicial to our commercial interests; not only interfering with the legitimate commerce between Great Britain and China, but endangering its very existence;—a commerce producing a large revenue to this country, and furnishing a most important outlet for its manufactures.

That, deeply impressed with the importance and urgency of the subject, your petitioners earnestly entreat your Honourable House to adopt measures for the suppression of the growth and preparation of opium in British India for transmission to China, and the traffic in the same by British subjects.

And your petitioners will ever pray, &c."

Gentlemen requiring information on the subject, are respectfully directed to a work entitled, "The Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China," by the Rev. A. S. Thelwall, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Published by Allen and Co., Leadenhall Street, and sold by all Booksellers.

JOURNAL OF A METROPOLITAN TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

To the Editor of the Temperance Magazine.

SIR,—Having for a considerable time devoted my leisure hours, after the business of the day, to the advocacy of the great cause of total abstinence, conceiving it my duty at all times, and in all places, to endeavour to promote the spread of a principle to which I am, personally, deeply indebted, I am induced to send you the brief outline of a journal containing short notices of the temperance meetings and movements I have been engaged in for the past month, if you think it worthy of insertion in your Magazine.

Monday, March 2, attended the opening of the Chelsea Temperance Hall, and was truly gratified at seeing so many "old familiar faces" assembled. I trust that every district will endeavour speedily to obtain independent places of *their own* in which to advocate a cause identified with the best interests of the people. During the week, most impressive addresses were delivered by working men chiefly: our valued friends, Corrie, Johnstone, Phillips, and Russell, among a host of others. In consequence of a report that had been very industriously circulated that the Chelsea friends were connected with the Socialists, it was considered necessary to disclaim all connection, both by bills and at the friendly meeting on Saturday night. During this week a great number of persons, known in the neighbourhood as intemperate, signed, which is a most encouraging fact.

On Monday, 9th, I spoke at Orange-street meeting to a good and attentive audience.

On Tuesday, 10th, attended at Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square—Mr. Wild in the chair. Mr. Atkins and self spoke. Several signatures obtained.

On Thursday, 12th, went to Rochester with Messrs. Scott (agent of the society) and Tilly, of Chelsea. Observing, during our journey, the drinking customs practised on board the steam-boat, we thought it proper and advisable to call attention to our principles; and therefore we held a meeting on board the steam-boat, conceiving we had as perfect a right to express our opinions in a public conveyance by our *lips*, as others had to express theirs by their *actions*. Of course we had opposition from the captain, who said we were "*injuring his trade*"—an admission equivalent to confessing that steam-boats are mere floating taverns. A highly respectable passenger assured us we had prevented a great deal of drinking by our observations. It is worthy of remark that no *disinterested* person opposed us; but, with few exceptions, heard our testimony with courtesy and attention. It is not necessary that I should state particulars of the Anniversary of the Chatham and Rochester Temperance Society, as the report has, no doubt, been forwarded.

On Friday, 13th, went to Pinner, accompanied by Mr. Currie, of Chelsea. At this meeting a reclaimed man gave a very forcible testimony. Mr. Hicks, surgeon, spoke with great ability and effect. Currie, in his usual energetic manner, and self also addressed the audience. We returned to town after the meeting.

Monday, 16th, an overflowing meeting at Chelsea Temperance Hall—Mr. Herbert in the chair. Messrs. Wild and Johnston (life guards, blue), two reformed men, and self, addressed the meeting: 22 signatures were obtained. Returning home accompanied by friends, we picked up a poor woman in a state of intemperance and conveyed her home. We there found her son drinking, and exposed with him—he signed the pledge.

Tuesday, 17th, (St. Patrick's Day), had occasion, in my business, to walk a great distance in various parts of London, and experienced great satisfaction in observing the unusual sobriety of the day. The *Times* of this day has a curious remark on the condition of the working classes in Birmingham. This authority states that they have *degenerated*! and that this assertion is confirmed by the great decrease in the consumption of malt liquor since December last. Tee-totallers could give another version of that story. The newspapers candidly confess themselves at a loss to account for the decrease in the consumption of *wines*, but that of *beer* they attribute to the distress of the working classes. It is singular that in other periods of general distress no such falling off was apparent. No! the decrease proceeds from a joyful, not a melancholy, cause. Spoke in the evening at a coffee-house at Westminster to a crowded room. After which, I attended and spoke at an overflowing meeting in the Temperance Chapel, Broadway.

Wednesday, 18th, attended a most important opening meeting at Hornton-street school

room, Kensington—Professor Vaughan in the chair. The speakers were, Messrs. Jackson, Johnstone (horse guards, blue), — Weston, Esq., Betts, Mee, and self. The rev. chairman was most impartial; and though not at present seeing exactly as we see, it is evident his mind is open to conviction. In commenting on some remarks I had made, the rev. gentleman observed, "that he was not one of those who thought it was any disparagement to the cause advocated by the persons who had spoken that night—that they had few university men, or people of distinction, in a worldly sense, with them. We go to the top of the tree for our fashions, our manners, and other extrinsic matters; but for morals we must go deeper, we must go into the very core of society. And he felt convinced if the nobility meant to keep pace with public opinion, they *must* follow in the wake of such men as he had heard that night."

Thursday, 19th, attended at Ship-yard, Wardour-street; the meeting was, as usual, crowded to excess—the chair was ably filled by a working man. The speakers were, Messrs. Williams, jun., two gas men, both reclaimed, Wild (horse guards, blue), and self. Reached Chelsea Temperance Hall in time to say a few words after the excellent addresses of Currie, Read, and others.

Saturday, 21st.—At the friendly meeting £3. was collected towards a new banner for the procession on Whit Monday.

Sunday, 22d, spoke at the open air meeting with Currie, Blackhall, two carpenters, and a coachsmith.

Tuesday, 24th, attended a very good meeting at West Drayton. Four working men delivered impressive testimonies—spoke for about an hour. Fifteen signed the pledge, one of whom was induced by a fellow-workman having, while in a state of intoxication, lost his life by walking into the Great Western Canal. The cause prospers here greatly under the auspices of our valued patrons—J. Hull, R. Walkden, Esq., J. Smith, and an efficient committee.

Wednesday, 25th, attended Fisher-street school-room—a working man ably filled the chair. A wheelwright, and a friend from Cornwall, spoke in a most effective manner. Some opposition took place, to which I was requested to reply. If my opponent was not convinced by my remarks, he was at all events silenced.

Having already exceeded the time which you state as the latest that communications can be received, I send this off, only pausing to state that, up to last Monday night, the signatures obtained at the Chelsea Hall have been two hundred in one fortnight. A good coffee-house, lending library, and scientific lectures, are in contemplation in this district.

I am, your's truly,

J. B.*

* We trust that our advocates will favour us with similar accounts of their labours.—Ed.

WESTMINSTER.

Wz deeply regret that our Westminster brethren should still continue disunited and at war among themselves. We should not have adverted to their differences, but our impartiality has been appealed to, relative to the communication we inserted last month from the committee of the Westminster Branch. In our public capacity we endeavour to act on the principle of being "open to all parties, influenced by none," at the same time we feel ourselves very awkwardly placed; and permitting the right of reply to persons who feel themselves aggrieved by the matter our previous pages contained, we shall, as a duty we owe the public, from this time, prevent our Magazine from being made the vehicle of party spirit. Our object being to instruct, to inform, and to amuse our readers. The object of our Westminster friends is, to promote the cause of temperance, and, consequently, the cause of morals and virtue. We are grieved that any difference of opinion, as to the means of attaining this great end, should exist among them. But it is the duty of this Magazine, and of their society, to cultivate a spirit of peace and good will. We have used the privilege, which we exercised on the previous occasion, of omitting such portions of the communication of our Westminster friends as appeared to us to be of a personal nature.

To the Editor of the Temperance Magazine.

SIR,—I shall not flatter you respecting your Magazine, and will you pardon me if I call it *ours*—for it is yours as a property, ours as a source of intellectual enjoyment. The value thereof, the boasted judgment of a committee will not alter much, its intrinsic worth is known, and its utility will be duly appreciated to your gratification. But I much regret that your last number (for March) contains a pitiful attack upon a society designated the "Westminster Friendly Temperance Society," by the secretary of the so-called Westminster Branch, at the "Temperance Chapel, Broadway."

The sterling principle of integrity, I ascribe to you as a public editor, will not leave me to seek, as a favour, the insertion of the inclosed reply to a calumnious falsehood. Tempered, however, by sensible and friendly remarks of your own, and as others may believe the charge as well as yourself, I trust you will not hesitate to insert the following as my reply thereto—for who would suppose it to be what it really is, coming not headed by the words "Temperance Chapel." Instead of the cause of the calumniators seceding from us, you, Sir, will see the necessity of our repelling the falsehood and stating the facts.

It is not because we allow the juniors or others to amuse themselves in an innocent way that the committee left us, but because we will not submit to the converting a temperance coffee-room into a religious convective, or apply the proceeds of the society to their chapel. Standing to our text, we continue to be a temperance society only, on whose behalf, I have the honour to subscribe myself, Sir, your humble servant and fellow-labourer,

J. P. O'CONNOR,
Secretary.

"Gentlemen of the Committee.—We, of Westminster chapel, as well as many of you, have been inveterate drunkards; and, as well as you, have fallen into all sorts of company and vices; and have found among all sorts of people, of all religions, sects, and doctrines—drunkards. To reform these, one and all, as well as ourselves, with patience and perseverance, is our grand object. Our other objects are simply these: to make no distinction of persons or creeds, to do away with factious discontent, to shame the violent into peace, to study the general good, to put off false colouring by practising principles of Christianity, to improve the moral condition of the people, and render their strength national and irresistible. Union is strength. Friendly, useful, and social intercourse, harmonises the mind, and eradicates erroneous and prejudicial opinions.

That religion is a matter between man and his maker is my opinion, you have a right to think otherwise—enjoy it. We would be content to see all men adopt moral and liberal principles, and leave them to the selection of their own creeds; in a word, we adopt in common with the rest, the seventeenth regulation of the Parent Society, viz.: "that no party politics, or sectarian peculiarities should be introduced at our meetings;" this brings me to the charge of adopting your rules, are not some of us older members of this teetotal society than you, or have you a right to deny us that discretion you assume to yourselves; it may be too, that we "will not succumb to any individual, or individuals, their caprices or sinister views;" but will, with all charity, overlook bagatelle of any trifling sort, until we are possessed of the majority of the people, and zealously endeavour not to be outdone by any. Look at the Irish, have they not immortalised themselves; join us in universal charity and we will forget the insult you have put on the cause and us. We hope that Christian principles will supplant party spirit or interests; or if you will complain of us, speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; remember the proverb: "the worst spoke in the wheel cracks first." Take the beam of avarice out of your own eye, and then pull the mote of bagatelle out of a public coffee-room, which is always out in a crack when we have business to attend to. We do not join the society to save the righteous, or alter its principles, but to call drunkards to temperance, as the first step to moral reform. I am yours, &c.

J. P. O'CONNOR.

Secretary to the Westminster Friendly Temperance Society.

WALWORTH SOCIETY.

THIS energetic body of staunch teetotallers still continue to "go on their way rejoicing." The meetings, usually animated and spirit-stirring, increasing both in numbers and usefulness. We understand the Walworth friends have a very efficient female committee, which cannot fail to be a great assistance in carrying out the "total abstinence principle." Women, when once convinced, being invariably energetic and zealous in every good work.

ALDRSGATE STREET CHAPEL.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the meetings in this established and favourite place continue to be crowded on every meeting night, and to excite great interest; the signatures are very numerous, frequently fifty a night. Our energetic friend and able advocate, Mr. Hart, of the temperance hotel, continues to devote himself, with untiring ardour, to the promotion of the temperance reformation in this place. The dense population in this, the heart of the city, requires unceasing effort and unwearied zeal. Great good has been effected—greater yet remains.

EAON CHAPEL, PADDINGTON.

A GREAT demonstration took place at this rallying post of temperance, on Monday the 23rd ult. The Rev. Jabez Burns presided with his usual animation and ability. The meeting was addressed by eight working men and several talented and popular advocates. The meeting was so densely crowded that they were compelled to hold a meeting in the school-room as well as in the chapel. Forty signatures were obtained. The great cause continues to progress wonderfully in this neighbourhood.

**SOUTH LONDON AUXILIARY,
ROCKINGHAM HOUSE.**

THE meetings at this place continue to be very well attended and productive of a large amount of good in the neighbourhood, under the auspices of those valued and energetic friends of true temperance, J. Meredith, Esq., and Mr. James Ellis. The testimonies of working men in this, as in other places, continues to produce a marked effect on the minds of the audience which crowd the rooms, proving to demonstration, the value of simple unvarnished facts, in carrying conviction to the hearts of the hearers. A great number of signatures continue to be obtained. The South London Catholic Association is daily gaining strength; it already numbers about three hundred, and is rapidly increasing. May the example be speedily followed by the formation of other Catholic associations in different districts.

**SOUTH LONDON
TEMPERANCE HALL,
BOROUGH.**

OUR friends are carrying forward the great work with spirit in this district; it is unnecessary to say how much their labours are required in so populous, and, alas! so intemperate a neighbourhood. Their numbers are steadily increasing; and the energy, ability, and order with which their meetings are conducted, affords the best assurance of permanent usefulness and ultimate success of the great national cause.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

PERSECUTION.—We regret to state that information has reached us of a most cowardly and brutal assault committed on the temperance friends at HIGH WYCOMBE. The society in question held their Annual Festival, and commenced with an orderly and respectable procession through the town, preceded

by some of the London banners. Unprincipled persons gave away beer to the infuriated populace, who commenced a most wanton and unprovoked attack, tearing the clothes of the persons joining in the procession and beating them with quart pots. The doors of the Town Hall (the place of meeting) were barricaded by the mob. Mr. Jameson, of London, and Jabez Inwards were there. Means are in progress to discover and bring these cowardly violators of English liberty to justice. And as persecution always in the end does the persecuted good, it is believed this tumult will give an added impetus to the great temperance reformation in this place.

PINNER.

A MEETING was held at this place, under the auspices of that valued patron, R. Walkden, Esq.—Hicks, Esq., surgeon, delivered a long and instructive address, illustrative of the physiological effects of alcohol on the human frame. His lucid and forcible remarks were listened to with great attention and made a marked impression. Messrs. Balfour, and Currie, of Chelsea, also addressed the meeting. The interest was well sustained, and the great cause appears to have taken deep root in this neighbourhood.

WEST DRAYTON.

A HIGHLY interesting meeting, the last for the season, was held on Tuesday, the 24th ult., the chair taken by Bercell, Esq., of Iver Lodge.

The following original song, composed by a female member, was sung at the opening of the meeting:—

Tee-totalers come and sing
The triumphs of your cause,
Touch ev'ry tuneful string,
And send your fame abroad
Pour ye the joyful note along.
And swell the gay tee-total song.
Ye drunkards late reclaim'd,
Ye sure have cause to sing,
Aloud your joy proclaim,
Make earth and heaven ring.
Now let your joyful song arise
In grateful incense to the skies.
Ye wives and children come
And mingle in the song,
Young men and fathers too
The joyful note prolong.
Let every hill and every dale
Resound with the tee-total tale.
And others too will join,
If we but steadfast prove,
Our cause shall brightly shine
In harmony and love.
Then Briton's happy Isle shall prove
One scene of universal love. B. S. M.

There was a good attendance; and very effective addresses were delivered by H. Davis and H. Miller, brickmakers; J. Carter, gardener; and — Goodfellow, blacksmith. Mr. J. Balfour, of Chelsea, addressed the meeting at considerable length; he was very well received, and his statements appeared to produce a good impression. Fifteen signatures were obtained at the close of the meeting.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

WE are delighted to hear that a temperance society has been established in this beautiful island, and is now in active operation. The inhabitants have ever possessed a higher character for sobriety than other portions of Britain. In adopting total abstinence principles in this place, they have proved that they are fully aware of the dangers of moderation.

We have no doubt the flourishing society at Southampton first introduced the subject to the notice of the islanders.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—We have made very diligent inquiry, both in and out of the society, and in various quarters, and the testimony of all persons warrants the assertion that this year's St. Patrick's Day was decidedly the most sober one ever witnessed in the metropolis. The Rev. Dr. Butler, of St. Patrick's Chapel, Soho, preached a most impressive temperance sermon to a crowded audience, during which he remarked on the wonderful moral reformation going on in Ireland. The rev. gentleman stated that up to Thursday, March 12, the number of signatures obtained to the temperance pledge by the Rev. Father Mathew, was ONE MILLION, EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIFTY!

A public temperance meeting, principally for Irishmen, was held in the evening at the Chelsea Hall: Mr. John O'Leary in the chair. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. O'Leary, Allen, Nettleton, Kelly, Reid, Reddy, and Currie. Nine signatures were obtained. When we remember the scenes of strife and iniquity which used to characterize and follow the established intemperance of St. Patrick's Day, we cannot but feel most grateful for the sobriety of the last, and receive encouragement to proceed, with redoubled ardour, in the great cause.

REV. FATHER MATHEW.—We have heard, from private sources, that this zealous and successful advocate of tee-totalism is expected to arrive in London on the 15th inst.

IRISH RECRUITS.—Eighteen young men, recruits for the East India Company's Service, arrived at Chatham a short time past. They had joined the temperance society in Ireland, and it will be readily conceded that the youth of these persons, the temptations of military life, the unsettling excitement attendant on change of scene, and, more, than all, the ridicule of comrades, must have been severe tests of stability. To the honour however, of themselves and their country, they continued true to their principles, giving a practical illustration of the truth of Mr. O'Connell's remarks on the stability of the Irish character.

LEEDS.—The secretary to the exhibition of works of Art at Leeds, makes this important statement:—"The exhibition was highly beneficial to the large masses of mechanics and operatives in our town and neighbourhood, in drawing them from low habits to enjoyments rational and elevating. It was indeed a general complaint amongst the publicans during the time it was open, that their customers, instead of spending their money in drink, as they

were wont to do, spent their time in the society's rooms, and kept their money in their pockets." This is a valuable testimony, and should rouse attention as one means of assisting in the great work of promoting national and rational sobriety.

PROCESSION.

At a meeting of the Procession Committee, to consider the propriety of having a united general Metropolitan procession.

It was agreed,—That a general united procession of the societies in the metropolis and its vicinity, be held on Whit Monday next.

It is hoped that our friends in various districts, in and near the metropolis, will use their utmost endeavours to give all possible assistance in furtherance of the great demonstration on Whit Monday. We understand a variety of new and splendid banners are in progress. And we fervently hope united and effective arrangements will be made to carry out the great work with spirit.

APPROACHING TEMPERANCE FESTIVALS.

A Public Breakfast will be held on Good Friday at the Chelsea Temperance Hall. Breakfast on the table at half-past eight. Further particulars will be duly announced.

A Festival and Public Meeting will be held on Good Friday, at the Assembly Rooms, Theobald's Road, John Hull, Esq., in the Chair.

The Walworth and Camberwell Total Abstinence Society intend holding a Festival and Meeting at the Society's Room, Nelson Street, Windmill Lane, Camberwell, on Good Friday.

The South London Auxiliary will hold a Festival on Good Friday. Tea at half-past four, meeting at Six. Cards of admission to be had every night at the Rockingham House.

The North London Auxiliary to the Society for the Suppression of Intemperance will hold a Festival on Good Friday, at White Conduit House, Pentonville, open at four o'clock, Tea at five.

The East London Auxiliary to the New British and Foreign Temperance Society will hold their first Festival and public Meeting, in Ebenezer Chapel, Church Lane Whitechapel, on Tuesday, April 7th, 1840.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

The New British and Foreign Temperance Society have made the following arrangements for meetings on behalf of the Society, in May:—

The Delegates' Meeting, to commence at 9 o'clock in the morning, on Friday, the 15th.

The Great Annual Meeting, in Exeter Hall, on the same day, at 6 o'clock in the evening.

The Bazaar, in the large and splendid room of the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, on Monday and Tuesday, the 18th, and 19th.

A Grand Soirée at the London Tavern, in the evening of Tuesday, the 19th.

The Rev. T. Spencer, of Hinton, near Bath, and the Rev. — Matthews, of Boston, are engaged to preach for the Society.



THE
LONDON
TEE-TOTAL MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

No. 3.]

MAY.

[Vol. I.

TEE-TOTALISM,
THE GUARDIAN OF THE RIGHTS OF INDUSTRY.

AMONG the various objections which the tee-total principle is assailed by, there is none urged with more anxiety by earnest enquirers, and more frequency by our opponents than this:—*"If TEE-TOTALISM were triumphant, it would have a tendency to reduce wages."* It is difficult to imagine by what possible sophistry of argument—by what trick of mental jugglery, such a shallow and false objection was fostered; it is enough for us to know, that such an unfounded prejudice certainly exists; and that those who are willing to allow that health, moral character, and mental faculties may be benefited by pure and consistent temperance, still contend that the producing classes would be ultimately injured by a decrease in the price of labour, commensurate with the decrease in their artificial wants effected by the giving up of strong drink.

VOL. I.]

It will be readily conceded that in a country like England, where trade has set up its stronghold, and labour is the only property of millions, a prejudiced opinion, like the foregoing, is likely to be a stumbling block of no ordinary magnitude in the triumphant path of tee-totalism. Fortunately, the lever of TRUTH can overturn weightier objections than that now referred to: and we hesitate not to say, that of all the fallacies which *interested* falsehood has trumpeted forth, and inconsiderate folly has echoed from time to time, none can be more false and foolish than the objection quoted.

Whatever may be the uses and abuses of *money* in the present day, one thing is certain, that the "circulating medium" is not only the "sinews of war," but the vital essence of our civil prosperity. No one can deny that he

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who has a portion of this potent material—this essential element of trade and commerce, must stand a fairer chance of success in our present age of competition, than the individual who is without it, or whose habits present an insuperable bar to his ever acquiring it. That independence which is so dear to every honourable mind, so indigenous to the soil of every noble heart, is chiefly to be secured by **PERSONAL HABITS**! great talents, great intelligence, nay, even great industry, have not always secured to their possessor the blessings of independence. Personal habits, a variety of expensive artificial wants, have hampered and hindered the onward progress of many a gifted mind. Many a man who might have carved for himself an honourable niche in the temple of fame, or left behind him a name synonymous with every virtue, has prostituted the talents entrusted to him—become the truckling lackey of individuals every way his natural inferiors—the tame endurer of abuses which his soul revolted against, merely because his unnatural and vitiated tastes *must* be ministered to; his self-pampered wants *must* be supplied, at the sacrifice of his talents, his principles, his industry, in a word, his most sacred rights as a man and a citizen.

So far from tee-totalism having the most remote tendency to depreciate the remuneration of labour, every one who takes the trouble to investigate the great tee-total question in its humblest sense, that is, in its economical bearings, will find, that a positive pecuniary good must necessarily result from its practice, and the question to be determined is, in the event of any tyrannic infringement of the rights of industry, who are the best prepared with the means of resisting the insolence of power, or the encroachments of monopoly? those whose skill, however great, has only produced sufficient, and barely sufficient, for the wants of the day? or those who, by wisely curtailing all *unnecessary* and *injurious* wants, are in a condition, from pecuniary circumstances, to preserve their just rights inviolate? No sane person can deny the superior advantages of the latter class. Who are the men that in every trade, art, or profession, are compelled to submit to encroachments? The lovers

of strong drink—we will not say the drunkard, for the injustice and insolence to which *they* expose themselves, could not be endured by them for a moment, if they had not stultified every sense over the inebriating cup; *their* degradation is too apparent to need comment—the lovers of strong drink, those who class intoxicating stimulants among their dearest comforts; those who toil, and slave, and submit, and suffer, not to ensure their independence, not to elevate themselves as men, not to raise the valuable class to which they belong, in the scale of moral greatness; but merely to supply expensive wants, to minister to depraved appetites, to swell the already enormous fortunes of that class who, as Dr. Johnson wisely remarked, “possess the potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice;”^{*} this is the “lame and impotent conclusion” to which an enormous portion of the industry, the talents, and the skill of the producing classes tends. Consequently, these are the men who depreciate the value of labour, by displaying their manifest incompetency to contend against unjust encroachments, and the paramount urgency of their acquired habits. They *must* submit to the grasping tyranny of avarice, their morbid tastes link them to the chariot wheels of custom, and on they *must* go though bruised and bespattered at every turn.

It is idle for such persons to pretend to the smallest share of independence. They may not have the brass collar round their neck, which *Serfs*, in ancient times, wore, and that proclaimed them the “*Thrall*” of their employer: but they have themselves stamped the brand of slavery on their brow; the “liquor that they love” has polluted the freedom of soul, and bowed to abject tameness the independent dictates of the mind. The drinking customs of society and the votaries of drinking, have been the deadliest enemies against which labour and skill have had to contend: they have made the working classes

^{*} Dr. Johnson was one of the executors of Thrall, the brewer's will. (Thrall the first husband of the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi), and predecessor of Barclay and Perkins). When the worthy doctor was busying himself making inventories, and looking over the vast stock, observed: “We are not here to sell a parcel of butts and barrels, but the potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice.”

poor, and kept them poor, and no matter how unjust the aggression which they complain of, the pressure of their wants from within themselves, aids the pressure from without, and their submission is *compelled*.

How many an inventive genius has languished in self-inflicted poverty, submitted to the inflictions of unprincipled caprice, "and all the whips and stings" of the selfish and unworthy, merely from want of resolution to control his wants, to contract his expenditure, to curtail his follies, to be a man! worthy of the name, exercising the reason, the freedom of will, and the energy of purpose, which are his lofty and distinctive attributes.

We venture to assert that not half the mechanical inventions which have from time to time benefited mankind, are the actual products of the thought and skill of the persons who reap the praise and the reward. Some toiling and ingenious being, whose intemperate or self-indulgent habits have marred the intentions of bounteous nature, has often struck out the idea of great improvements, and useful inventions; his wants have compelled him to sell the thought, which, like a grain of seed, was destined to produce a golden harvest to the rich or the prudent; while the original projector, unknown to fortune or to fame, languishes in the poverty and obscurity which, but for his unfortunate propensities, he might have surely, if slowly, emerged from.

How many a tradesman is compelled to sacrifice his goods for less than he can afford, because his artificial wants absorb his means, and lead him to cer-

tain poverty. Fraudulent dealings, fictitious displays of capital, incessant demands from creditors, cares, sufferings, and anxieties, that no pen can adequately describe, are the prolific and dreadful offspring of the unnecessary, injurious, and expensive drinking customs of society.

The perfectly sober man is likely to meet with justice and respect, his value is generally acknowledged, he can be depended upon; this generates confidence in the employer, and self respect in the employed. Such a man is careful to do justice to others, and to require justice himself; he will neither wilfully do, or suffer wrong; his mind is clear, his wants few; he is unshackled by custom, and consequently his means imperceptibly increase; and with a fund to fly to in the hour of need, he is safe from aggression; he is not goaded by poverty into the sacrifice of his rights or his principles; in the truest sense of the word, whatever his condition in life may be, he is a FREEMAN! with all the enviable immunities of that glorious character—our national boast—(alas! that it should be so often merely a boast).

The consistent disciple of genuine temperance applies the remark of our national bard—

"To thine own self be true;

*And it hence must follow, as light follows day,
'Thou canst not be unjust to any man."*

He is the moral reformer of himself and his class, and the first truth which his experience as a total abstainer has taught him, is, that TEE-TOTALISM IS THE SURE AND UNFAILING GUARDIAN OF THE RIGHTS OF LABOUR!

THE RECLAIMED.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE shrieks of the poor child struggling in the tenacious grasp of the senseless mother alarmed the house, and, assistance being procured, it was found the sufferer had sustained severe injury. The state in which she was found, was perfectly inexplicable, for no one had heard the husband leave the house, and the conversation we have recorded, though so fraught with emotion, was still carried on in Kate's

soft low-toned voice, that "excellent thing in woman." A fit was supposed to have caused the fall, and the head of the sufferer having come in contact with the fender accounted for the fearful nature of the accident. Many days of severe and dangerous suffering elapsed before the young mother was restored to a consciousness of her situation, during which, to the astonishment of every one, her husband had never come

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home. It was thus the fate of poor Kate to be thrown on the sympathies and care of strangers in humble circumstances; but, to the honour of human nature, this was not an irredeemable misfortune in the present instance. All hail to the charities of the poor! kinder, and tenderer, and more delicate are they, than the ostentatious almsgiving of the rich. The moral beauty of "the widow's mite," which the Redeemer blessed, is apparent in the gentle offices, and kindly sympathies of the poor to the poor. Not all the refinements of education, or the tenderness of gentle nurturing, could have taught the coarse looking woman, who ministered with a mother's care to the invalid, a nicer *tact* than she, all unskilled, in what are called the graces of civilization, displayed, when the feeble voice of Kate, for the first time, enquired "Where is William?" Skilfully parrying the question, she concealed the mysterious absence, which, if communicated suddenly, might be fatal, and by a few well directed enquiries learned the address of Kate's only near relative—her maiden aunt. It was a most difficult task to tell the sufferer that her husband, for whom she was constantly enquiring, would not be home for some little time, and it was fortunate that Kate herself suggested the idea by her enquiries of his having gone to fetch her aunt; a thought in which from humanity the kind nurse concurred, though in truth she believed he was ignorant of his wife's illness. As perfect recollection slowly returned, all the circumstances of the past rushed upon Kate's mind; and the memory of the savage blow fell upon her heart with still more torturing violence than it had on her frail and suffering form. She was hovering on the very verge of the grave, when Miss Morley, summoned by the people of the house, and told as far as they knew them, of all the circumstances of her niece's illness, arrived to witness the change which three short years had effected in her young relative's health, happiness, and prospects. Sick seemingly unto death, and deserted by him in whom she had garnered up her hopes, sympathy was the only consolation affection could attempt. It became imperative to quiet the anxieties of the sufferer, by telling her the truth

of her husband's unaccountable absence. She heard it more patiently than Miss Morley dared hope. "You do not mean to tell me that he has left me alone to die," was her only remark, not even to the friend and protectress of her childhood could she bring herself to breathe one word of reproach or complaint of him. The subject was from that time cautiously avoided, and Miss Morley, by leading her niece to think of her child, touched, perhaps, the only pulse in the invalid's heart that vibrated with earthly hope. Religion, too, lent its all-powerful, all-consoling aid; and in a few weeks after the birth of a sickly infant, which soon passed into eternity, Kate Horton recovered sufficiently to bear the removal from the scene of so much suffering and sorrow. In indulgent compliance with her niece's wish, Miss Morley consented to let her cottage in the country and fix her abode in the neighbourhood of London. Kate did not explain her motive for this wish, but it was mutually understood; and, though events had more than justified Miss Morley's sternest opinion of William Horton, yet, with the genuine sympathy of a true woman's heart, she pitied more than blamed the untiring affection which she knew "believeth all things, and endureth all things," and which, in her niece's case, she perceived clung to the opinion that William was still in the mighty labyrinth of London, and therefore the deserted one could not bear to quit its precincts. The income that maintained Miss Morley in frugal competency in the country, was, however, very inadequate in the vicinity of London. Kate was not slow to perceive this, and shaking off with a strong effort the melancholy that was fast settling on her, she exerted her talents to prevent the declining years of her kinswoman from being marked with any privations on her account that she could prevent. Blessed is every effort that we make in the path of virtue! employment brought its reward in the calm resignation it engendered, and temperance—true temperance, *as the term is now understood*, was the efficient guardian of health; while duty to the child that depended on her, and the aunt who had made so many sacrifices for her, determined the grateful Kate to lock up her sorrows in the deep

recesses of her faithful heart, and dress her brow in a serenity, which had, in truth, as much sadness as sweetness in it.

And what had become of William? Maddened with mingled feelings of remorse and shame after quitting the scene of his brutality, he wandered, scarcely conscious of his movements, through the crowded streets of the metropolis; the night air cooled the fervour of his heated brain, but in proportion to the subsiding of the tumult of his thoughts, did the horrible picture of his senseless wife, felled to the earth by his own felon rage, rise on his mind. Strange, and almost incredible as it may appear, the deluded victim of intemperance loved the gentle partner of his life and his self-inflicted sorrows, with passionate intensity; his sullenness, his anger, his want of confidence, were but outward signs of his own inward misery. He was in the service of a tyrant who claims from his victims every manly virtue, every human impulse, every Christian hope, every moral endeavour. A tyrant, whose slaves have but one voluntary act permitted them, the act that in the first instance binds them. After that the monster's will is potent; memory is indeed permitted to aggravate the tortures of self accusation. Wherever the ill-fated husband went, the soft eyes of his wife, full of trembling tears, seemed to swim before him; his tortures were more than he could endure; and feeling in his pocket for the last coin that lingered there, he entered one of the fatal houses that so thickly stud the metropolis, and in repeated draughts of exciting fluid, strove to banish his tormentor—memory. The money he possessed, however, was wholly inadequate to effect his purpose to its full extent; and reflecting how to procure more, he thought of his watch, his pencil-case, his handkerchief, they had long since departed. A little locket, the once prized gift of Kate, containing her hair, and that of his child, was all in the way of superfluous ornament that remained to him. He looked at the small memorial of affection but an instant; he dared not trust himself to think, for the memory of the happy time when it was given flashed across his tortured mind. He threw it towards the boy that waited,

bidding him sell it, or raise money on it, whichever he chose; and as the drunkard's *banker* (or, as he is usually called, pawnbroker) lived in the very appropriate position of next door neighbour to the publican—poor Kate's locket was speedily converted into the means of increased iniquity. Deeply and madly did the miserable man carouse, and even his hat and shoes, in the delirium of intemperance, had been sent as companions to the locket. When the proceeds of these necessary articles had been expended, and not till then, the publican, no doubt an honourable man, "as they are all—all honourable men," found himself under the necessity of expelling the shoeless wretch from his house, which he did with little ceremony, and less gentleness. Mad and miserable, the intemperate reeled along, until he found himself on one of the bridges. There was a tempting serenity in the look of the broad river, as it reflected the lights that flashed on its brink, and seemed to cradle the glittering moonbeams, whose cold pure flood of silver light appeared a complete emblem of repose. There was no sound—the noisy city, like a fractious child, had raved itself to sleep: every thing outwardly breathed of peace and calm. But the drunkard's brain! Oh, the fearful noises, the intense heat, the insufferable giddiness which mingled earth and skies in one unsteady glance, until the whole "spun like a mighty wheel!" Is it wonderful that, urged and goaded as by a whip of scorpions, the wretched sufferer should have thought, as thousands had done before him, that death itself was far preferable to such excruciating torments? He laid his burning brow for a moment on the stone, refreshing from its coldness, and then, leering round with the cunning of insanity, he prepared to mount the broad stone coping from which he purposed to leap. The deep shadow in which many of the niches of the bridge were thrown by the slanting moonbeams, obscured from Horton's sight the form of a man who had witnessed the expulsion of the drunkard, and impelled by motives of compassion, had watched his devious course, and now fully divined his fearful purpose. The good Samaritan in question, was an aged man, and it cost him a severe ef-

fort to reach the infatuated wretch and check his suicidal leap. Seizing him with a grasp, to which benevolence lent a strength beyond his years, the old man dragged William from his perilous position, and, exhausted with the effort, fell with him to the ground. There was a momentary pause, in which both the preserver and the preserved glared wildly at each other. "Lord save him," ejaculated the old man in a tone of compassion, "what a mere youth it is." The shock of his various conflicting emotions, combined with his actual sufferings, all tended to produce the sort of imbecile and idiotic insensibility which apparently paralyzed William's mental powers; he rose, in obedience to the request of his unknown friend, and tottered, rather than walked, by his side. The old man considered it unfortunate that he could see no policeman to take charge of the youth he had rescued from an untimely grave. Being, however, in the immediate neighbourhood of his residence, the good stranger determined to convey his unfortunate companion to his humble home; hoping, that when the morning arrived, he might be able to convince the young man, by his admonitions, of the sin of which he had been guilty. The *primary sin—drunkenness!* for the humane deliverer perceived that the sufferer's impious attempt on his own life was merely the *effect* of a mighty predisposing cause.

It took some time to reach the hospitable roof to which William was with difficulty conveyed. And when the morning arrived the old man and his equally benevolent wife, found that their inmate was in the delirium of a violent fever, and wholly unable to leave their house or listen to their expostulations; not a letter or card was to be found that could inform them of his residence, and in his ravings the good old pair were shocked to hear him continually accusing himself of murder! The humility of their circumstances cramped the benevolence of their hearts, and all they could do was to procure their suffering inmate's removal to an hospital, where, however, they did not desert him, but cheerfully performed those many offices of kindness which are so much needed by the destitute sick, even when they are provided for in the noble institutions of

our land. Many long weeks passed away before consciousness returned to the sufferer, and the first effort of his reason was an enquiry about his wife. His kind preserver volunteered to acquaint her with her husband's perilous situation. When he reached the abode of Kate, the landlady of the house had gone on business to the country, and the only answer that was elicited by enquiry, was the account of Mrs. Horton's illness, the death of her new born infant, and her departure, with her remaining child, to her aunt, a short time previously. This was quite clear to William, who never doubted she had gone into the country, and whose shame at his conduct, and horror at her sufferings, were so great, he felt he dared not write to her, still less insult her with his presence. As he slowly approached convalescence, old Mr. Andrews, (his deliverer) increased the vast debt of gratitude which William already owed, by seriously calling his attention to the nature of the vice by which he had so miserably fallen. The old man was of a now numerous and much ridiculed class who strove to apply a *practical remedy to a practical evil*. Probably, had the remedy been visionary and insufficient, it would not have aroused either wit, sarcasm, or malignity. Truth being a sort of honey, the test of whose excellence is supplied by the many flies that invariably buzz around it.

The severe discipline William had passed through opened his mind to conviction, "consideration, like an angel, came and whipt the offending Adam out of him." Humiliated into the very dust for his transgressions, he joyfully subscribed the declaration that has proved a wall of adamant against the invasion of the destroyer; and when he left the asylum that had sheltered his sickness he was a sadder, certainly, but nevertheless, a wiser, and a better man.

The first effort he made, and it was a painful and necessary attempt, was to call on his late employer and relation, and endeavour to conciliate him; in this he so far succeeded that he obtained a promise of a recommendation to any situation that might offer, for which his talents qualified him. His kinsman being a person of some influence, it was not long before William found himself once more restored to a prospect of

comfort. The healthful and moral principle to which he had subscribed, exerted its sanative influence in restoring his mind to its tone of pristine vigour; with a determination to endeavour to redeem his faults and provide a comfortable home for Kate, if she would but look over the past. He toiled early and late, setting apart with rigid justice the proceeds of his industry, (after his few personal wants were satisfied,) to the payment of his debts. A short time brought these down to a very small amount, and a weeks vacation from his office being given at Christmas; he could no longer resist the desire he felt to behold Kate, and his little one. Taking a kind leave of Andrews and his wife with whom he lodged, and who were as kind as parents to him, he set off for Miss Morley's residence in the country, not intending to face the injured group abruptly, but trusting some way might be opened for beholding Kate and receiving her forgiveness. His cheerless journey, performed in a bleak December day, was fated to produce nothing but disappointment and chagrin. The cottage where so many cheerful hours had passed, was tenanted by strangers: and when he visited the dwelling of a humble neighbour to whom he was once known, he was told with many exaggerations such a frightful tale of Kate's sufferings, and Miss Morley's anger, that the third day from his departure, he again entered the hospitable dwelling of the Andrews's wearied and heart broken.

The kindness and sympathy of the old couple soothed, though it could not remove his dejection. The ruin he had wrought came in fuller force than ever upon him. He had, however, not neglected to obtain Miss Morley's present address, and inwardly determining to watch over Kate's welfare, and endeavour by attention, so to raise his character, and improve his circumstances, as to redeem in a measure, his past errors, he returned with sad, but increased diligence to his labours.

It was not merely in the strength of feeble human nature that the great change we have been describing was effected. No! as the fumes of maddening notions had evaporated from his brain, the mists of specious sophistry

and mis-called philosophy vanished with them; and the sacred influence of religion added firmness to the resolutions of temperance and stability to the waverings of human infirmity. Nothing, however, "could raze out the written sorrows of the brain" but Kate's forgiving smile—and that he scarcely dared hope for. Many a night, after a day of sedentary employment, it was a sort of solace for William to wander in the direction of his wife's dwelling, and hover round about it like a condemned spirit obtaining some glimpse of Paradise. Twice he had indulged himself in the luxury of sending sums of money, as large as he could spare, anonymously, to their residence. Spring had leapt from the cold arms of winter, and summer had followed its frolicsome tread with jocund footsteps, and still the self condemned William Horton wanted courage to appear before the gentle creature whose soul was ever yearning towards him. A circumstance, however, roused him from his indecision. Visiting the house in the soft twilight of a summer's evening, he perceived the knocker tied up, and though the windows were open, the blinds had been carefully drawn down. A little boy was seated on a stool just before the half closed door, alone. William's heart told him the child was his; and, yielding to an irresistible impulse, he entered the little scrap of garden that separated the house from the pavement, and took the child in his arms. The little one looked up boldly in his face, and raising his hand in an attitude of silence said: "Don't make a noise, for Willy's aunt is very ill." If William had had time to analyze his feelings, he would not, as a Christian, have approved of the sensation of relief which the child's words afforded him. But thoughts of Kate had banished all other considerations. Caressing the child, and then reluctantly putting him down that he might not be frightened, the little one said he was "Waiting for Martha;" supposing this to be a servant, William, with trembling steps, and scarcely knowing what he was doing, entered the house. There was such a perfect stillness within the dwelling that the deep and laboured breathing of a sufferer was plainly to be heard. With noiseless tread William

stept up the stairs, hoping, yet fearing to meet his long estranged wife. He gained the landing, and through the doorway, thrown open to admit all the air the warmth of the night permitted, he dimly saw a form kneeling, and weeping, he thought, at the bed side of the sick—and as his fears prophesied—the dying. After a short interval of silence a faltering voice, which William instantly recognised as Miss Morley's, said: "Kate, are you there?" "Cease weeping for me, and pray dear girl with me." After a few moments waiting, the low soft tones of his wife's voice vibrated to the depths of his heart, as in broken accents, but with tender solemnity, she prayed for strength in the dread hour of death—strength for the suffering—patience for the bereaved. It is no disparagement to William Horton to say that tears, in copious floods, relieved the workings of his wounded heart. At length his name was mentioned in the simple prayer, but Kate's tears filled up the sentence; and then Miss Morley, whom he had always thought so harsh to him, took up the solemn supplication, exclaiming: "Oh, bless the poor wanderer wherever he may be, restore him to peace, and lead him in the way everlasting!" William grasped his hands tightly over his heart, as if to hold in his "souls great agony." A kind of presentiment seemed to fill the mind of Kate, for when his convulsive breathing became audible from the landing, she startled and listened for an instant, then rose quietly from her knees, and summoning that ready presence of mind which so often admirably triumphs over her sex's weakness, she darted from the chamber of death, taking the precaution of closing the door, before falling on the neck of her prostrate husband, and mingling her tears with his. An age of joy was concentrated in that moment of blissful reconciliation! It was perhaps the perilous circumstances of her beloved aunt, that by affording a great counterpoise to the exceeding joy of Kate's affectionate heart, nerved her to bear with placidity this unhopd for dispensation of Providence. Leading her repentant husband into the little parlour, and placing his child in his arms, she hastened back to her post, by the sick bed of her relative, whose sand

of life was ebbing fast. The imperishable mind, however, was triumphing over the body's decay, and shining brighter as it obtained, by faith, glimpses of eternity. In answer to Kate's affectionate enquiries (for she feared to disturb the tranquillity of the dying, by telling the event that had occurred) Miss Morley replied: "I have but one earthly wish, Kate, need I say *that* relates to you; I would fain see you happy with the husband of your choice—fain see him restored 'in his right mind.' But God's will be done."

"Oh, my dear aunt, I have much to tell you, if you could bear it."

"Speak child!" exclaimed the aunt, turning with dying energy on her pillow, "speak! Has my prayer been answered?"

"William is in this house!" faltered Kate. "He is here, dear aunt! weeping the blessed tears of a broken and contrite spirit."

"Let me see him," was the reply.

"It will be too much for you."

"Nothing, my dear, in this world is now too much; I thank God the time of my dismissal is near at hand, and my strength is proportioned to my day."

Without further remark Kate obeyed, and led William to the bed of death. A smile lighted up the eyes on which the film was slowly gathering. William felt his hand, along with Kate's, grasped between those of the dying Christian, and the appropriate words, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," uttered in a solemn, though failing voice, were the last sounds they could distinguish. In uninterrupted, yet "eloquent silence," the re-united pair watched the changes in their relative's countenance: hour after hour wore away, and when the faint sickly light of morning dawned in the room, William and Kate waited in the awful presence of the dead!

"It was good for us to be afflicted," is a truth to which all the *thoughtful* children of adversity can subscribe, and the re-union of the wedded pair, commenced, after their mutual sorrows, in the chamber of death, proved far happier than that begun in their youthful thoughtlessness, while strangers to the salutary changes of adversity, and the wholesome teachings of fortitude. William never, for a moment, forgot to be

grateful to the great CAUSE which had found him in his degradation and led him back to that good path from which he had so wildly wandered.

TEMPERANCE and diligence deserved and obtained success: and the improving circumstances of William Horton were hailed by him with delight, as affording an opportunity of showing his gratitude to the benevolent Andrews who had been both his preserver and

his moral teacher, and to the kind landlady who nursed his Kate when the intemperate and brutal husband had deserted her.

Every moment of William Horton's leisure was employed in spreading the principles to which he was so deeply indebted, "*for,*" as he frequently remarked, "*if I was saved, let no one DARE DESPAIR!*"

THE PRESS, OR BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

PERSONS who watch the progress of new opinions, are often more startled at the opposition and the prejudice of the well informed, than the obstinacy of the ignorant. There is no comparison between the difficulty of making the former acknowledge themselves in error, and convincing the judgment of the latter. It is not painful to an honourable mind, to retract hastily, or ignorantly expressed opinions; but, unfortunately, candid and honourable feelings are not invariably united with high mental excellence; and there is a pride in human nature which too often prompts persons of distinguished intelligence to defend opinions less because they believe them to be true, than because they have inconsiderately adopted them, and do not like to retract. It is highly probable that a great number of those opponents, who two years back scarcely thought the principles of teetotalism worth notice; and if they did express an opinion, it was contemptuous and unfavourable, now begin to see and feel their error. They are convinced the despised and contemned teetotalers are, after all, in the right; but false shame or pride keeps them from uttering their convictions. With the press the case is similar. A large portion of what is termed the liberal and popular periodical press, exercised their wit in deriding total abstinence, and their ingenuity in endeavouring to discover errors or fallacies in the system. Newspapers and magazines that advocated the rights of the people, very consistently in other matters, were clearly wrong in including the right of getting tipsy among their privileges. However, time and experience have worn through

the roughest day, and now, tee-totalers having afforded considerable amusement to literary persons, are, in their turn, highly amused at the gentle and genteel turning round of their "public instructors," who, in this case, certainly *follow* in the wake of that enlightened spirit of reform, which, if unprejudiced and faithful, they might have had the honor and the happiness of *leading*.

We all remember the anecdote of Doctor Johnson and the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, relative to the Doctor's great work—his dictionary: and few persons can forget the noble letter of the learned lexicographer to his courtly correspondent, who offered him assistance when the merit of the work was acknowledged, which he had neglected to afford the Doctor during the great struggles he had to encounter in the commencement of his stupendous labour. In the memorable words of the learned writer, Lord Chesterfield had waited until he saw the ship had escaped rocks and dangers, and was riding safely into port, when he sent out a little cock-boat to pilot her in. "My Lord," he continued, "you have delayed your assistance until I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; solitary, and cannot impart it; * independent, and do not want it."

The conduct of a large portion of the press is very like that of Lord Chesterfield, and might be replied to in a similar strain: but "better late than never" is our motto. Still as matter-of-fact, and in justice to the gallant British hearts, "firm though few," who

* His wife had died in the interval.

first nobly reared the standard of temperance truth in "proud Preston," in defiance of all opposition, thoughtless, interested, or malignant; it is right that the numbers who now flock to similar standards throughout England, should have an opportunity of observing and contrasting the conduct of some part of the press in past and present times, and the great change which even a few months have wrought in public literary opinions.

In charging the press very generally, and justly, with obstinate prejudice in the first case; and with reluctant admissions when the great question at issue could no longer be blinked or passed by; we do not for a moment pause to notice those productions famous, or infamous, as the reader pleases, for their inconsistency, and notorious for their want of principle. The good or ill report of these literary weather-cocks, "varying with the varying hour," is a matter of no importance. But when respectability, combined with talent, has obtained a high character for a periodical, and established it a favoured inmate with thousands of families, who look to it for instruction as well as amusement, inconsistency such as we have described deserves comment.

Among the various monthly periodicals that are candidates for public favour, there is, perhaps, none more deservedly valued by a numerous and important class of readers than "Tait's Edinburgh Magazine." This production is in the most pure and emphatic sense—popular. We do not allude to its politics; in our pages we shall neither praise or blame these. It is its strong sympathy with and for the people; its sterling independence; its honest appreciation of genius and talent, no matter how humble the rank in life of the individual possessing it; and, above all, the union of literary excellence found in its pages, which renders it pre-eminently the people's magazine. It may be want of taste; but we honestly confess, that we look in vain in other and more expensive periodicals for the varied information and amusement afforded us in "Tait." Here William Howitt's sound and vigorous thoughts, clothed in the graceful attire of eloquence, instruct and elevate the rea-

der. Ebenezer Elliott embodies solemn truths in glowing verse. The English opium eater* indulges the reader with all the familiarity and frequent delightful digression of colloquial intercourse, taking us to the homes—the hearths of Wordsworth and his exquisite sister, Southey, Coleridge, and each "bright particular star" that clustered in the vicinity of "the lakes," and whose radiance has illuminated and delighted the world. Here too, Mrs. Gore, and others of equal mark, weave fictions true to nature and to virtue; and, what is best of all, here the poets of the poor annually assemble and mingle their natural, and therefore beautiful, strains with the poets by profession, the latter not always being benefited by the inevitable comparisons which readers make. We say nothing of the admirable reviews—the copious extracts from the works of celebrated writers which are such a boon to poor lovers of literature—such is Tait's Magazine. Now from the character of this work, it was certainly to be expected that the great moral reformation of tee-totalism, fostered by, and springing up spontaneously among the people, should have been properly appreciated by it, and granting, which is scarcely possible, that it did not appear *expedient* to assist, with the stroke of a pen, the disinterested and real patriots who conferred on their countrymen the blessing of practical, perfect, and entire, sobriety. Still it was not to be expected that a word would sully "Tait's" pages *against* a system which obviously had *truth* for its basis; which accumulated *facts* at every turn; which aroused both reason and benevolence in its favour; and progressed with all the rapidity which conviction, aided by zeal, is known to produce. No! it was not to be expected that in *the people's magazine* a word would be said calculated to throw derision on *the people's holy effort* to free themselves from the dominion of strong drink, and the long established tyranny of drinking customs, and thus morally to elevate themselves above, and set a wise example to "the magnates of the land," and yet many sly rubs and "back handed hits" have been dealt by this very periodical against tee-totalism.

* An unfortunate name in the present day.

To particularize ;—a sort of burlesque poem, which we trust no countryman of "Burns" wrote, a clever parody on Byron's "Isles of Greece," appeared in June last. It was called, "The Ale-house Tap." We extract a few stanzas to show our readers what very flattering terms were used in speaking of tee-totalers :—

The mutchkin-stoup looks o'er the gill,
The gill looks o'er the glasses wee;
And, musing o'er the one I fill,
I dream not of—a cup of tea;
For, while my cronies round me rave,
Could I be a *tee-total* slave?
A lecturer stood on the slope
That rises to our village wall;
He hector'd fierce the brandy shop—
His audience gaped—he trapp'd them all.
He counted them at *six* that day,
And, when *ten* struck, ah! where were they?
You have Scotch whisky, potent yet;
But where has fled Jamaica rum?
Of two such *spirits* why forget
That which could almost move the dumb!
The *lush* which Brewer Noah gave
Is not for the *tee-total* slave.
Fill yet the bowl with "gude Scotch drink,"
(We will not think of rum and wine!)
To Burns' thoughts it formed the link*
That bound them in a chain divine:
Burns, our pride—tho' gifted—lost,
Cramp'd, crush'd, 'neath *gauger's* paltry post.
Fill high the bowl with "gude Scotch drink!"
Our lasses dance beneath yon tree;
I see their figures rise and sink,
But, gazing on the *sign-ery*,
I weep to think they should be *tools*
For suckling of *tee-total* fools.

This needs no comment, finding it in such good company alone renders it worthy of notice.

The review of Mr. Dunlop's valuable work,—*"The Philosophy of Artificial and Compulsory Drinking Usages,"* is a curious specimen of an evident struggle between truth and prejudice; *truth* prompting the writer to applaud; *prejudice* preventing the praise. Mr. Dunlop is asked, "whether his *credulity* has not been imposed on in some cases?" And the old objection, now worn threadbare, was reiterated about "*compulsory abstinence*," when "I do *voluntarily* promise" formed the commencing words of every *total abstinence pledge*, what then became of this alleged "*compulsory abstinence*?" Such a thing exists nowhere in England or the world, in

connection with Temperance Societies; *conviction*, not *compulsion*, has been the system of moral training resorted to by temperance reformers.

Well; such was Tait's reception of tee-totalism! But now the editor may exclaim :—

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,"

For, lo! in the last number, an admirable article on tee-totalism in Ireland. They admit it is an excellent thing for the Irish; and seeing that we English are human beings, and the Irish no more, why it is reasonable to suppose it is equally as good a thing for us also. This, however, is not yet quite plainly admitted, at least, on referring to the latter part of the last number we find some remarks which, taken in connection with the first article, present a very whimsical and amusing contradiction, occurring in one and the same number of the magazine.

The article, "*Tee-total Societies in Ireland, the Miracles of Father Mathew*," gives a very comprehensive sketch of the origin and progress of this great voluntary reformation in the habits of the people. Some stress is laid on the circumstance that "there have been no eloquent itinerants holding meetings to *agitate* in the cause of temperance." The persons wishing to take the pledge were required to travel to Father Mathew, however long and wearisome the journey: that great apostle of temperance rightly judging that "the fatigue and privations incident to a long journey, especially if made on foot, would be likely to impress the occasion of it deeply on their minds;" and of course it was an unequivocal test of their sincerity. As to there being no meetings "to *agitate* in the cause of temperance," nothing could possibly "*agitate*" more, or advocate more powerfully for the cause, than the multitudes who journeyed from all parts, defying fatigue, privation, and no doubt in many cases, absolute suffering; through every village and town in their course; if they never opened their lips, they nevertheless powerfully advocated the cause of temperance. The following are valuable remarks :—

"We are aware that the great diminution in crime observable in the south of Ireland, for the last twelvemonth, is by many attributed to the absence of

* It is well known Burns' most celebrated poems were composed in the fields, and most of them written before he plunged into intemperance. [Ed.]

all political excitement; and we therefore prefer to confine ourselves to those facts which cannot possibly be attributed to any other cause than tee-totalism. Of this kind are the following details, communicated to us by Dr. Bullen, surgeon to the North Infirmary, in Cork, one of the largest hospitals in Ireland; an hospital which, during the last eleven months, has received 1258 in-door, and 14,500 out-door patients. Dr. Bullen states, that cases of casualties, consisting of personal assaults consequent upon drinking, after payment of wages on Saturday night have, within the last nine months, been reduced to one-third of their former average amount. That the cases of wives brought to the hospitals in consequence of brutal beating, or kicking by their husbands, which formerly averaged two a week, have within the same period nearly ceased. That the casualties arising from falls from scaffolding, injuries by machinery, &c., have been reduced fifty per cent. He also states that in the course of his extensive practice, though frequently meeting with *delirium tremens*, and other dreadful complaints brought on by excessive drinking, *he has not met with one case of disease referable to the sudden and total disuse of spirits.* At the last renewal of licences in the city of Limerick, eighty publicans and venders of spirits abstained from applying for a renewal. In the small town of Kilkenny, fourteen have given up dealing in spirits; and we are happy to find that in most cases they have established soup and coffee shops, bake-houses, and other similar accommodations for the poorer classes, which will materially assist in diminishing the temptation to a relapse. At Cork, in addition to a great diminution in the application for spirit licenses, sixteen publicans have been declared insolvent, all of whom attributed their failure to Mr. Mathew's success.

"Among the objections urged against tee-totalism, *we have met with none which are not answered by the foregoing brief account of its principles and effects.*"

Then follow some sound remarks on "the national advantages likely to result from the spread of temperance." We say nothing of the fifteen testi-

monies selected from thousands, and presented to the contemplation of the readers of "Tait's Magazine, we are delighted to see them there, though they are exactly similar to those which every temperance society in the united kingdom could produce. Temperance has one universal language; in all countries it is the same; it speaks of health, domestic comfort, worldly prosperity, mental and spiritual elevation; it speaks of national advantages resulting from the improvement in the people's morals; diminution of crime; sickness, and their consequent expences; improvement in agriculture, trade, and manufactures. The tee-totalers throughout Britain should be grateful to their Irish brethren, in making this matter so apparent by their zeal and firmness. We confidently anticipate joyful days for Ireland.

But the most curious circumstance connected with the advocacy of temperance in *Tait's Magazine* is, that in an article, entitled "TEE-TOTALISM, OR TEMPERANCE," at the conclusion of the same number — in their *Political Register*, they completely contradict their first article. It is their opinion, it seems, that the introduction of cheap French wines would diminish intemperance. This opinion is absurd in theory, and wholly impracticable. In the first place, intemperance arises from the indulgence of a vitiated taste; to keep alive this taste would not, in any way, prevent intemperance; and fond as many of our deluded countrymen are, of artificial and unnecessary stimulants, the sour wines of France, more like diluted vinegar than any thing else, would never be preferred by them to their accustomed compound. Oh, no! it is not only wiser and better, but we are persuaded it is easier, to teach man to be content with the fluid prepared by "the Great Artificer," than to give up one absurdity and adopt another. Besotted as the drunkard's intellects may be, he is too wise to fall into any such scheme. If he changes his miserable habits, it is quite as well to make a radical change at once; not a paltry miserable halting, from the brutal and stupefying intoxication of English beer, to the spasms, flatulency, and acidity of French wines. No! our merciful Creator has given us sure means of

curing the national disease within our reach, and independent of foreign aid. We like our gay and graceful neighbours exceedingly, but we shrewdly suspect the rivers and springs of Britain are a better cure than the vintage of France for the intemperance of Britain. And when we remember **LOUIS PHILLIPPE's** remark to Mr. Delevan—"the intemperance of France is on wine," we are surprised at the ignorance that could give such shallow council, both in a moral and political sense, as *Tait* has given. That there may be no misunderstanding, the following is the unsound opinion, coupled with actual falsehood:—

"The foundation of our opinion is this, that people must drink something, and few drink water when they can get any thing better.* The weaker the liquid the less chance there is of intoxication. Men do not sit down to get drunk. They sit down to commence to drink a liquid which is agreeable to their palate; and if they sit so long, intoxication comes on imperceptibly, and without the will being at all consulted in the matter. Even the tee-totalers must drug themselves with tea or coffee, which are as highly stimulant in some constitutions as French wines are to others."

"None of the French wines are mixed

* We contend there is nothing better.

with brandy, and the strength of the lower priced French wines need not alarm any one. We doubt, indeed, if they are such stimulants as strong tea and coffee, which the tee-totalers consider they may drink of any strength and quantity."

We did not expect to find a popular and enlightened periodical so far behind the age in knowledge of the temperance question. It is unnecessary to repeat the reiterated disclaimer as to our drinking more coffee and tea than other of Her Majesty's lieges—let those who believe we do, come among us and see; and then they will not fail to discover that having less *thirst*, than more artificial drinkers, we are as *moderate* in the use of harmless and refreshing drinks, as abstinent from the use of expensive, injurious, unnecessary, and debasing stimulants.

Contradictory, prejudiced, and tardy, as "The Press" has certainly been, we have reason to rejoice that the onward progress of our principles compels notice, and demands respect. And though considerable reluctance is still evinced in retracting old opinions, yet opponents are slowly coming in; and, with the sterling good nature of staunch tee-totalers, we are willing to shake hands, and exclaim, in the words of the Scottish proverb, "let bygones be bygones."

WASTE.

MUCH has been said of waste and extravagance, but we know of no instance or example that will bear any parallel with the prodigality that is practised in converting barley into malt, and malt into beer. Cleopatra is said to have dissolved a precious gem in her glass, and to have drunk it at a banquet, as a proof of the little value she could afford to set upon what was costly; but gems are less valuable than the food which God has created for the sustenance of life, and therefore he who destroys the precious grain of the earth, destroys what is more valuable than pearls, and his criminality is not a little enhanced, that he does this for the purpose of producing a poison. Should any one doubt what has just been stated,

let him weigh a pint of beer and a pint of water, and he will then find that a pint of beer weighs lighter than a pint of water, showing that it is not a very substantial beverage, although so much grain has been squandered and spoiled to produce it. Let him apply a heat to his pint of beer, and at 170 degrees the spirit will begin to go off in the form of a fiery vapour. At 212 degrees his beer will boil, and then steam will begin to depart; if he will continue the boiling long enough, every particle of the water will be evaporated in the form of steam, and the *powder* which will remain, and which is all the nutriment of the liquor, will weigh about *an ounce*. If he had condensed and weighed the spirit that escaped, he would have found it to

have weighed, if the beer was strong, *upwards of half an ounce*. If he will condense the steam and weigh that, he will have *fourteen ounces* of water, and as stated already, there will be left somewhere about an ounce of food. If he will taste this powder and examine it, he will hesitate about admitting it to his stomach. With the *farina* of wheat, or of barley, it is not fit to be compared. It has been grown, roasted, scalded, boiled, embittered, fermented, and drenched with water and alcohol, till it seems neither fit for the land nor the dunghill, much less for a human stomach. Such then is the waste and the wickedness of getting beer out of barley. If we examined distillation we should find the matter still worse; for in producing spirit, no nourishment whatever is left in the liquid, and therefore all the goodness of the barley is wasted or converted into an undiluted poison.

In the manufacture of cider we are equally guilty of waste and extravagance. The apple is a nutritious fruit. It is particularly suited to our climate, and is intended to be to us, what the grape is to other lands, and would we attend to its culture more, the grapes of Palestine could hardly compete with it. The apple can sustain human life, and horses can perform a great degree of work and labour when fed by it. Sheep and cows can be fed and fatted with it. A neighbour of mine fatted a fine pig on apples and barley-meal, and the flesh obtained from this kind of feed was most delicious. It thrived much better upon apples and meal than it would upon potatoes and meal, and not half the quantity of meal was used. Here, then, we have the two substances, barley and apples, usually employed and wasted to produce a desolating spirit, converted into wholesome animal food. In producing cider, we have a wholesome and nutritious fruit converted into poison. If the reader doubts this statement, he has only to serve a pint of cider as we have directed him to treat a pint of beer, and collect first the spirit, then the water, and, when both water and spirits are evaporated, to weigh the portion of dust or powder that will be left behind. Here he will find that the nutritious portion is small indeed, not perhaps more than a quarter of an ounce.

The remarks made concerning apples might, in some degree, be applied to the manufacture of wine from grapes, except, as we shall presently show, that the ancients understood the way of preserving the juice of the grape without allowing it to ferment, and therefore retained its nutritious qualities. In scripture, "to eat the fruit of the vine," as well as to drink its juice, "is a common expression," showing that the grape, both when ripe and when dried, was, with the Easterns, a common article of food. We are not denying that the juice was expressed, and in some cases allowed to ferment; we are merely asserting that it was an article of food, and that fermentation changed it into a poison. If the reader will take the trouble to analyse his wines, whether home made or foreign, he will find alcohol, water, and an extract of a colour, quality, and quantity that will convince him of the folly and prodigality of wasting the fruits of the earth, by changing them into alcoholic poisons. All the medical testimonies we have given prove that the ardent spirit obtained from malt, apples, or grapes, "holds a natural enmity with the blood of man" and therefore we are better without it. As for the fourteen ounces of water which will be found in every pint of beer, cider, or wine, we can obtain it much purer from the pump than from the beer-barrel, and the nutriment in either can bear no comparison with a mouthful of common wheaten bread.

To what purpose then do we waste forty millions of bushels of barley, and devote 1,048,000 acres of land to the production of grain and hops, all of which might be employed in a more useful, benevolent, and profitable manner? The land, if let to the poor, would be sufficient to relieve the parishes from the burden of almost every pauper. The produce would make two or three millions of persons happy, and these poor people would pay as good rent for the land as is now given by the wealthier farmer, while, by spade husbandry, which their capital, alias leisure, enables them to employ, they would obtain a much more abundant crop. We complain of crime, disease and pauperism, yet to produce all three together, we sacrifice forty millions of bushels of

grain, and worse than allow to lie fallow one million and forty-eight thousand acres of excellent land. The land God has given us, he has watered it from his clouds, and warmed it with his sun, but never did he intend that we should use his ground, and clouds, and sun, to corrupt, starve and destroy, any portion of the human family.

From what has just been advanced, we perceive what a deception and fraud is practised upon the labouring man, by his being taught to believe that beer is a highly nourishing beverage, and essential to his strength and labour. The spirit warms and stimulates him, just as a spur or a whip may quicken the movements of a wearied horse, but neither the spirit in the one case, nor the whip in the other, imparts any real substantial strength: indeed both must be in the end the cause of increased debility. A hard-working man wants nothing to increase his circulation; his labour keeps his heart and pulse in a healthy tone, and his blood naturally flows at a rate most conducive to vigour and longevity. All that he needs to repair the waste of his system, is good nourishing food. Why then cheat him with spirit instead of giving him bread? How dreadfully also he is robbed, by paying the enormous sum he does for the small and coarse portion of food that is in his pint of beer, porter, or cider. In the pint of liquor which costs him twopence, he has perhaps one ounce of most indigestible food. To get a pound of it, he must pay two shillings and eightpence, must drink nearly two gallons of water, and swallow, perhaps, little less than a pound of *acid poison*. Surely divine providence never intended that nutrition should be obtained at such a roundabout, dangerous, and expensive a rate as this. What if bread or meat were sold at the price of *two and eightpence* a pound, a famine must immediately ensue, and yet this is the price that brewer and landlord charge for their self-styled nutritious drinks, which they impregnate with poison into the bargain. Strange to say, also, these persons are monopolizing the trade of the country, and paralysing our manufacturing and mechanical industry. If men pay at the rate of *two and eightpence* a pound for nourishment, is it any wonder that trade should

be bad, and the drunkard's family should have scarcely any clothes or other necessities of life? If money is spent on these poisons it cannot be a matter of surprise that the families of moderate drinkers are often but scantily provided for, and, for want of labour, plunged into the deepest distress? Surely among all our teaching, we ought to give a few lessons on nutriment, and thus enlighten the public on this highly important subject, that men may no longer be the dupes of the ignorant or the designing, and "spend their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not."

We should consider it a dire calamity if upwards of a million of acres of the best land in the country were on a sudden deluged, or by any other scourge rendered unproductive; but in growing barley for malt, the ground which God has blessed has its productive energies employed to produce disease, crime, and, alas! in many instances, perdition. The miasmata that arise from the pestilential regions of Sierra Leone, are not near so destructive to mankind as the fields in Britain which are cultivated for the purpose of producing grain to be converted into alcohol. Were all the acres thus employed to be immediately inundated, or converted into the most unhealthy marshes, the loss to the country would not be equal to what it is at present doomed to suffer from the abominable misuse of so many millions of bushels of valuable grain.

Were *thirty-six millions* of bushels of wholesome grain to be thrown annually into the sea, how deeply we should deplore the loss; but in *forty millions* of bushels of barley we have at least *thirty-six millions* of bushels of wholesome farinaceous food, and yet the whole of this, by being converted into poison, is worse than wasted; for the vile spirit, which the depraved taste and perverted ingenuity of man extracts from it, stalks through the land with all the powers of a destroying angel, and carries disease, misery, desolation, and death, into every house that it enters.

Forty millions of bushels of malt, at 8s. per bushel, are worth 16,000,000*l.*; and, supposing bread to be eightpence the quartern loaf, *sixteen millions* sterling would purchase *three thousand eight hundred and forty millions* of

quarten loaves, and consequently would supply upwards of *two millions* of persons with *two pounds of bread per day for a whole year*. What epithet could fitly designate the wretch who would recklessly throw into the bottom of the sea a sum of money, or a quantity of bread sufficient to feed two millions of poor people for a whole year? But if, instead of doing so, he actually converted it into a poison, which could alike produce disease of body and demoralization of character, and then commended and distributed the venomous substance

—the term *demon* would be deemed an appellation far too gentle for such a man; and yet this is what we are all doing so long as we manufacture, dispense, or commend, alcoholic drinks. We not merely waste what would actually feed two millions of people for a whole year, but we convert this wholesome grain into a destructive spirit, which poisons and destroys *many millions*; and thus, instead of feeding two millions, we poison perhaps not less than *twenty*.

Anti-Bacchus, by the Rev. B. Parsons

ON THE NUTRITURE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

THAT the prejudice, happily for Britain, much less popular, now, than it was a few years since, which attributes to intoxicating liquors, generally, a pre-eminent nutriture, is a warmly controverted point, the reader need not be told. It is here called a prejudice, because, in our judgment, it is an opinion formed without the slightest examination. Its extreme popularity would be wholly unaccountable were it not a prejudice, were it any other than what close observation proves it unquestionably to be—a notion which has been insinuated into the mind while its judgment was yet immature, and which having been long admitted by the mind as a truth, has become inwrought, as it were, in its constitution.

The doctrine (or prejudice, as we have, with stricter propriety called it,) which attributes to intoxicating liquors a pre-eminent nutriture, lies at the foundation of the intemperate customs which still so greatly afflict our land; and is, on this account alone, worthy the closest examination. This examination we purpose to attempt.

The question, “do intoxicating liquors possess the high nutriture ascribed to them?” will admit of an easy decision, if we first direct our attention to another question—“are liquids nutritious or wholly innutritive?” The determination of this question leads us, first, to the consideration of the mechanical condition of the particles of matter which originates in its inelastic fluidity. The distinction between a solid and a liquid, or inelastic fluid,

arises solely from one particular, wherein the states of their particles differ. The particles of a solid substance possess a cohesive tendency, and hence we observe in them a compact union, which gives, to the body which they compose, a power of firm resistance to any pressure tending to alter its form. On the contrary, the particles of a liquid are utterly destitute of this tendency; and hence the particles being, as it were, perfectly indifferent to one another, a liquid yields to any pressure tending to alter its form. From this, then, the conclusion follows, that the particles of a liquid are, of necessity, incoherent, inasmuch as the particles of a substance, if coherent, would, inevitably, constitute a solid.

Those who are at all acquainted with the process of animal nutrition, must know that it consists, mainly, if not solely, in the assimilation to the substance of animal fibre of food, however varied that food may be; and the incorporation of the food, thus assimilated to its substance, with animal fibre, or muscle. Now any rational person must admit that particles which are necessarily incoherent, (as those of liquids are, since their incoherence gives to the substance which they compose its liquid character,) cannot admit of assimilation to, and in corporation with, a solid substance, such as animal fibre, or muscle, because to admit of this they must become cohesive, and then the substance which they compose must lose its liquid character. Liquids, then, being incapable, as their particles

are so, of that assimilation and incorporation which constitutes nutrition, cannot nourish, or are wholly innutritive. This point is worthy of greater attention, inasmuch as a man of some notoriety, and whose judgment receives additional authority from his possession of a title of medical distinction, a year or two ago, put forth, with every evidence of sincerity, the opinion, that alcohol, a pure liquid, and, as chemists call it, an indigestible fluid, is "concentrated nutriment."

Our original question now claims our attention. A pure liquid, we flatter ourselves, we have demonstrated to be wholly innutritive. Spirits, then, whether neat, or diluted by water, are wholly innutritive. But there is a class of intoxicating liquors which are not purely liquid. We refer to such as are, in some degree, vegetable infusions, such as wines and malt liquors. With such, in the consideration of our original question, we have now to do. All such liquors, analysis proves to consist of three constituents: alcohol, which is totally innutritive; water, which being purely liquid, is equally so; and a residuum, as it is termed, which, being solid, may be nutritive. This residuum, alone, it is certain, is nutritious, but in what degree we do not pretend to say. Supposing, however, (and the supposition is exceedingly liberal,) that this substance (its true

character it would be difficult to determine,) were "concentrated nutriment;" if we compare the greatest proportion of it, found in wines and malt liquors, with the estimated nutriment of bread or animal fibre, it will be found to be incomparably inferior to the nutriment of these leading articles of animal and vegetable diet.

Pre-eminent nutriture, then, is falsely ascribed to intoxicating liquors.

One consequence follows this. If the nutritive property in intoxicating liquors be small, then they must contribute in but a very slight degree to the support of physical energy. The great end of nutrition, is the increase, by incorporation of foreign substance with it, of muscular fibre. Muscular fibre is the organ of physical power, therefore that power must diminish or increase with the diminution or increase of muscular bulk, which is invariably observed to be the case; and as nutrition increases this bulk, it also increases that power which depends upon it. But as intoxicating liquors, even the most nutritive of them, nourish but very slightly, it follows that very little physical or muscular energy can arise from the use of them.

J. C. W.*

* In our last number, in the article "Moral Obligation," by this contributor, an error of the press occurred in the last paragraph, second line: the word "abuse" was introduced for "disuse."—Ed.

THE MURDERER AND HIS VICTIM.

THE grey light of an October morning beheld James Markham and his son trudging merrily along through the little village of Woodhill, in order to dispose of some cattle at the neighbouring fair.

James was a fine powerful man of about forty, with expressive and rather pleasing cast of countenance; but with that bold outline indicative of strong passions and hasty temperament.

The younger Markham could scarcely have seen eighteen winters, but had already attained the goodly proportions of manhood. The lark that carolled above his head seemed scarcely more joyous than the youth who, in good natured rivalry, trolled forth the fragments of a hundred songs.

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Arrived at their destination, many were the warm greetings interchanged by those who had for years been accustomed to meet only upon like occasions, and many an anxious enquiry was made after the welfare of distant relatives and connexions.

The fair was unusually brisk, so that at an early hour James Markham had disposed of his cattle at a rate highly satisfactory to himself at least, if not to his chapman.

The door of the Old Malt Shovel stood most invitingly open, and thither they retired to spend the *luck penny*, in compliance with that most dictatorial of all tyrants—custom.

The house was clean, the landlord obliging, and if one might judge by the

mirth and hilarity of the half-dozen rustics who occupied the seats nearest to the capacious chimney, the ale was good. The topics of conversation were such as usually engage the attention of those whose business it is to till the ground,—weather, crops, taxation, and the policy, domestic and foreign, of the “powers that be;” and an attentive listener would have been truly astonished to observe with what ease and rapidity several knotty political problems were solved, which had for a long time tested to the utmost the intellectual capabilities of the two honourable members who represented the county in the British house of parliament.

“Good company on the road is the shortest cut,” saith the old proverb; but the shortest cut to James Markham’s home was in an opposite direction to that of his acquaintance; so resolving to have the most of his company he delayed his departure until the ale had made a very visible inroad upon his understanding. The night was dark and tempestuous when, accompanied by his son, he bent his steps homeward.

Next morning the sun rose upon a deep sheet of snow, covering hill and plain as far as the eye could reach; and the house of Markham, once the abode of peace and happiness, resounded with the wail of the widow, and the lament of the fatherless.

The storm continued with slight intermissions for several days, so as to render all search fruitless; but the genial influence of spring brought to

light that which the exertions of sympathising neighbours had failed in accomplishing—it discovered the body of the younger Markham in a hollow on the road side shockingly mutilated, and with every evidence of a violent death.

Twenty-three years after the event above recorded, the curate of Woodhill was summoned to administer the last consolations of religion to a dying man. The messenger led the way to a wretched hovel, where, upon a lock of straw, lay the body of one in the last stage of disease and misery, while the restless eye and quivering lip denoted the workings of an agonised spirit. The hand which the clergyman had taken within his own was instantly withdrawn, with an effort that threatened instant dissolution. “No, no,” cried the dying man, “I am unworthy of this kindness. Listen”—and the curate bent his ear to the lips of the sufferer,—“I am one who has lived without happiness, the victim of strong drink, the destroyer of those I should have cherished, and I die without hope.” After a pause he added, “promise to obey the directions contained in this packet, and when men speak of my crime, bid them remember my punishment.” The clergyman knelt in prayer, and when he arose, James Markham had ceased to exist.

In the churchyard of Woodhill are two graves, which the superstitious fears of the peasant teach him to avoid; within their narrow limits repose the father and his son, the *murderer* and his victim.

T. H. O.

THE PROSTITUTION OF ART.

PAINTING and sculpture, in this country, have not had the advantage of even that proportion of patronage that has been awarded to architecture; and though we freely admit that the professors of the latter have had many difficulties to contend with, yet their advantages have been immeasurably greater than those which have fallen to the lot of the painter and the sculptor. Ecclesiastical and palatial buildings have afforded a wide scope for exercising the genius of the architect, whilst the painter has been excluded

from so admirable an opportunity for the display of his abilities, as would have been presented to him had the severe discipline of the Protestant establishment allowed of the decoration of her churches by the productions of his pencil. With regard to sculpture, that has indeed, in modern times, had comparatively the advantage over painting. The several monuments which the gratitude of the nation has caused to be erected to the memory of the military and naval commanders who have sustained the honour of our flag, have af-

forded scope for the sculptor's art. The statues, too, of those whose minds have thrown light upon the various branches of scientific research, of statesmen, of philanthropists, and of philosophers, have also supplied subjects for the exercise of his genius.

It is difficult to determine whether these arts are inventions more pleasing or more useful; whether they afford more pleasure as means of delineating agreeable forms, or are of greater use as media for recording, in the most striking and attractive manner, the performance of good and virtuous actions, by a representation of their occurrence, and thus stimulating others to do the like. But whether the scale would weigh in favour of gratification or value we have no necessity here to stop and inquire; our purpose is to show in what instances the exalted destiny of art has been debased, and to inquire into a few of the causes which may have led to that unhappy result. We must again request the reader to bear in mind that whenever in this paper we use the words "arts" or "fine arts" we confine our meaning to those of painting or sculpture.

The fine arts are misapplied when they are used only as a means of visual gratification. Their capabilities are to incite emulation, and when they are resorted to for the mere purpose of gratifying the organs of vision by the representation of that which leaves no impression on the mind, however pretty the delineation, or however innoxious the subject may be, still we cannot but see that they are misapplied. They are debased when they become subservient to the fluctuating whims of fashion; when they are applied only to the representation of those things which the fickle fancy of one day calls into existence, and remits to their native obscurity on the next. The fine arts are degraded when they foster prejudice, and truckle to individual predilection; when they descend to become the vehicle of ridicule, or are applied to the purpose of raising contempt at personal, mental, or bodily deformity; and they are prostituted when they pander to the still baser and grosser passions and appetites of mankind.

Though it is sincerely to be wished that arts of such value as these should

never be misapplied, it is difficult to point any remedy other than advanced intellectual education, whenever such misapplication occurs. If the intellectual palate of the public be of so feeble a nature that it cannot bear anything more powerful than mere prettiness, why the professors of art who are obliged to exist by the pecuniary support of that public must, perforce, offer it such meats as it can with satisfaction or safety digest. If "a sweet little landscape," or "a dear little lamb," or "a charming cow," are the subjects most desired, why artistic cooks must serve them up as a matter both of interest and of course. If the works of Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, or of any other gentleman with an obsolete name, in the style of *Salvator Rosa*, are admired because "his rocks are so soft," Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones would be perfectly justified in making his granite as soft as a feather-bed, or, to adopt the words of *Othello*, where he speaks of the flinty couch of war, as "a thrice driv'n bed of down." So long as painters must live by their calling, so long they are justified in stocking the market with such wares as are suitable to public demand, provided that demand is for works which do not effect any moral harm. If prettiness be the extent to which the general voice requires their exertions, without blame they may apply their pencils in portraying subjects in which prettiness alone is displayed.

In a far different light we view the efforts of those artists who debase the profession they adopt. The allurements of gain can never justify such a course. Practitioners, if they would hold the rank that properly belongs to them, must fling aside many of their notions of self-interest, and sacrifice to the general good some portion of individual profit. The whims of fashion, which require the representation of the human form under such aspects as, in nature, would be calculated to call up in the vicious, prurient imaginings, and a blush on the face of the modest, are such as with which an artist should never condescend to comply. The outrages upon decency in the portraiture—even of ladies of distinguished rank and of unblemished reputation—which daily meet the eye, from the pencils of the

most eminent painters, are enough to justify the observation we have made. The profligacy of manners in society, corrupt to its very heart's core in the reign of the second Charles, permitted or rather encouraged those corresponding personal displays which have been furnished to us by the pencils of Lely and of Kneller. But in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in the reign of a female sovereign, we are certainly not prepared for similar infractions of propriety. It is no sufficient reply—a reply so often urged to this objection—that the works themselves are beautiful as specimens of art. On the contrary, the more exquisite the performance, the more insidious is the mischief it may do. The portrait of a lady of known spotless purity, from the hand of a gentleman of high artistic character, and of undoubted personal reputation, may fairly be supposed to be of such a nature that the most modest might view without danger, and the most tender mother cast before the view of her daughter without fear. But how different is the fact? Let an examination of the walls of our exhibition rooms answer the question. We think, were the fair originals to make their appearance in company in the same style of display in which their representations are placed before the public, an expression of opinion somewhat disagreeable to ears polite might assail them. Who then is to blame? We say the eminent artists who thus venture to do that in imitation, which their sitters dare not do in fact. But it may be said the parties who pay do not object, or the artist would not commit the impropriety. It may be so; but if the artist did not proceed thus in his work, native modesty would prevent his receiving instructions of such a nature. In short, if he were not the willing, nay, the voluntary instrument, he would not be the instrument of this evil at all.

Proceeding in the downward course, we come to a class or classes of representation which degrade the arts. Here we shall allude, at present, only slightly and generally to those works which are intended to foster the prejudice of man against man, or of one sect against another, which basely truckle to depict those actions which gratify individual predilection or personal vanity; or

which, rendering portraiture the vehicle of malignity and slander, unworthily adopt caricature as a means of ridicule of mental or bodily deformity. These points we shall pass over simply with the remark, that they are all instances of the degradation of art. But there is another and more serious part of this branch of the subject, to be adverted to at greater length; we mean the exhibition of prominent subjects in the guise of modesty, and the transfer to canvass or paper of those displays which nightly take place on the boards of our theatres, to the delight of the coarser-minded of the men, and to the annoyance, to use the mildest word, of the pure-hearted of the other sex. Here again we have to complain that names of the highest eminence as artists are arrayed in the list of those who have perpetrated this outrage. The most exquisite grace of contour, the most masterly execution, the most elegant degree of composition, are brought to bear upon those works. We are daily asked, "What is there improper in depicting on paper those graces which the noblest of the land, the female aristocracy of England, nightly honour with their presence and their plaudits?" We conceive that the answer is simple and easy. If the ladies of England think fit to sanction this practice, they have, at all events, the excuse that the whole exhibition is not of the same stamp as that which the artist invariably selects for his point of representation. It is by the contemplation of vicious subjects, disguised under the semblance of that which is harmless, which undermines that native modesty which is the surest safeguard of innocence. One and all, from first to last we say that these representations are of a purient and indelicate nature, and disgrace the arts, as they dishonour the artists who make them.

It has been frequently observed, that the newspapers of the day are not the oracles but the organs of public sentiment; and that if their writers indulge in laxity of style, they do so not to guide the public to vice, but because the public, being vicious, will not support their labours unless they are of that particular nature. So it has been often asserted, that the throngs of persons who may be seen passing a vacant

moment at the windows of the print-shops, are attracted there, not because vicious subjects are shown, but that they seek those places from their own innate predilections for immorality, hoping that such wares may be on view. It is possible that, in some instances, this may be the case. It is true, we see the old in vice, the young adept in crime, the woman abandoned of all shame, and the thief a candidate for the gallows, hovering, like blow-flies, around these shambles of corruption; but we are not, therefore, justified in coming to the conclusion that our whole population is corrupt. On the contrary, we feel bound in charity to suppose that these are exceptions to a general rule. Indeed, let a diligent observer pass one of the shops of our really respectable print-sellers, and see whether intense curiosity is not evidenced in the countenances of the spectators of the humbler grades, upon viewing works of Michael Angelo or of Raffaele. The curiosity of which we speak is not a mere idle inquisitiveness, but is a token of a real desire to understand and fully value the labours of those transcendent masters. If we are right in this view, and we little fear being proved otherwise, we confess it arouses in us a feeling of indignation, which we are sure is responded to by every honest and virtuous man, that impunity should be allowed to the scoundrels who thus daily outrage public decency; a set of scoundrels who have just capital enough to rummage the polluted magazines of foreign dealers, and inundate the town with their odious stores.

Is it, we ask, to be endured that it should be unsafe for any man, if accompanied by a virtuous woman, to stop and seek amusement at the window of a printseller, unless he happen exactly to know the high character of his house, lest her eyes fall in contact with some of these polluted compositions? Is it to be endured that her modesty should be insulted by productions which at once reflect infamy on the designer, disgrace on him who exposes them to view, and dishonour on the magistrates who neglect their duty by permitting the powers of the law to slumber, instead of vigorously putting them in force against these violators of every principle of decency and morality?

The fine arts properly applied and judiciously directed are a moral engine of overwhelming power, nor are they less formidably misdirected and misapplied. Honour, patriotism, all the nobler aspirations of humanity, even religion itself, are fostered by a due application of them. It becomes, then, a matter of the gravest importance that they should be considerably encouraged and carefully watched, and that every attempt at misapplication should be unsparingly exposed and unflinchingly put down. Convinced of the truth of this, and prompted by an ardent desire for the cultivation of art, we have thrown together these observations, in the hope of arousing public attention to a subject which we conceive to be of such transcendent consequence.

Abridged from the Polytechnic Journal.

PENCILLINGS OF BACCHANALIANS,

BY QUIZZINA SKETCH.

No. 3.—THE ARISTOCRAT.

"What can ennoble sots, or SLAVES, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

NATURE and Fortune have surely a malicious pleasure in counteracting each others purposes, very seldom do they unite with anything like cordiality in both benefitting the same individual. Thus we perceive those whom Nature has most favoured, Fortune proves a

peevish stepdame to; and where Fortune showers her golden gifts, Nature coldly looks on with churlish niggardliness; by this means, perhaps, maintaining a sort of equitable adjustment in the condition of their respective favourites. The most noble Augustus

Beauvez, Lord Marquis of Brandyford, was one of Fortune's favourites: rank and wealth were showered on him in rich profusion, but Nature had not seconded the blind Goddess's liberality. All the nobility of the Marquis consisted in his title and his wealth; stript of these, nothing remained for the *vulgar* to admire, certainly the very *degraded* among the latter class might, from that "fellow feeling which makes us wondrous kind," entertain a sort of sympathy with one who if, by a caprice of Fortune, not exactly "*with them*," was undoubtedly "*of them*," in every sense of the word.

There are some individuals so utterly ignorant and neglected, that moral delinquency in them, and brutal degeneracy of habits and tastes, cannot excite wonder: coarse, and gross, and sensual, pursuits have surrounded them ever since they first appeared in the world—"they were to the manner born." But all that circumstances had made the most degraded of our species, the most noble Marquis had made himself. He was an amateur student of the science of blackguardism; and to do him justice in this highly patronised acquirement, he attained the height of his ambition; he excelled all his contemporaries high and low. None of his peers could carry more wine without being obliged to be carried in turn. Not a cabman, groom, or drunken porter, among his congenial acquaintances, could swallow more spirit neatly than the Marquis; his throat and stomach being, as he himself expressed it, like an American ship, "copper bottomed and fastened." And when primed with these favourite stimulants, not a ruffian in the three kingdoms could excel this hereditary legislator in breaking windows, wrenching off knockers, insulting women, and frightening children. Not to mention the humane and elevating occupations he engaged in,—such as cock-fighting, horse racing, dog-fancying, boxing, &c. His ample means gave him opportunities of being pre-eminently great in these pursuits. He was a *linguist* too, in one sense, being perfectly conversant with the various dialects of slang, cockneyism, brogue, and blasphemy.

It has been said that there is no vulgarity so complete as the vulgarity of imitation; if this be true, scarcely any

among those called *great* can escape the charge of vulgarity: fashion itself, being merely a servile imitation of the whims of others. The Marquis of Brandyford set the fashion, and a host of smaller fry speedily initiated themselves into the mysteries of the various accomplishments in which their prototype excelled.

Among those classes termed by the Marquis plebeian, there was not such a rage for distinction, in the arts described, as might be expected. With the exception of a few restive costermongers who, to use their own language, "seed no reason vy they should not be privileged to run their wheicles on the pavement, as vell as he'er a lord in Hingland." And a few cabmen and omnibus drivers, who raced occasionally, to the infinite annoyance of their passengers, and the dismay of pedestrians. With these exceptions the Marquis's disciples were chiefly sprigs of gentility,—“all honourable men.”

John Bull is proverbial for his leniency towards bacchanalian offenders, particularly if they can plead rank, wealth, and education, in extenuation of their delinquencies. The benevolent old gentleman shakes his head at what he terms youthful indiscretions, and reserves the fulness of his wrath for any poor, ignorant, hopeless wretch whom despair, and physical as well as moral weakness, plunges into intemperance. But honest John Bull has a near relation, a good deal younger than himself, named Jonathan, a sturdy, independent, resolute fellow, who always looks at the fault, and not the person who commits it. One of the greatest mistakes that the Marquis of Brandyford ever made, was paying a visit to Jonathan's estate: his title that protects him, like the shield of Hercules, in John Bull's dominions, was a useless bauble when he visited his relation.

The marquis displayed his proficiency there in breaking windows, and scaring quiet folks; but he soon found himself in an awkward dilemma. The law had no sort of respect for him, and as to his title, it was laughed at. "You an English lord," exclaimed Jonathan's adherents, "what has that to do with the offence of which you have been convicted, besides I guess you are no lord, you are pretty considerably more like a

groom; it is impossible any one so unlike a gentleman can be a lord."

With infinite trouble, and after making the most ample remuneration, the noble bacchanalian made shift to retreat from Jonathan's grasp, shaking off the dust from his feet; and if he had allowed himself to get once thoroughly sober he might have profited by the wisdom he had purchased. But he sedulously guarded against the possible contingency of accidental sobriety, by drinking sufficient every night to render him comfortably stupid every morning; consequently, the experience which is said to make fools wise, was lost on him. He resolved to extend his travels; and recollecting that in the northern countries of Europe the frolics of a peer might obtain more attention than in those more fashionable and frequented *routes*, where folly was the prevailing mode; he therefore determined on a trip to Norway. And in that country if he had possessed the least medium of sense, the forcible and convincing arguments he met with, would certainly have aroused it. But whether spirituous drinks had dried up his brain, or na-

ture had maliciously neglected to give him any, certain it is, that not having profited by the lesson Jonathan had taught, the incorrigible Marquis must needs play off his old tricks among the sturdy Norwegians, who, in their turn, thinking him a mere brute, resorted to brutal treatment; and, with a mighty staff appropriately called "the morning star," struck him so violent a blow on that part of the head which phrenologists term the seat of the organ of destructiveness, (no doubt largely developed) that if it had not been for the absence of brain before remarked, he would certainly have taken his place in the tomb of his ancestors. However, he ultimately escaped the grasp of death, and, for a season, the practical lecture on phrenology that he had received was of manifest service to him. Report says that he is now as frenzied as ever; and, as even the most noxious reptiles have their uses, the most noble Marquis of Brandysford, by shewing the depths of degradation to which a man, in spite of birth, rank, and education, may sink, powerfully serves "to point a moral, and adorn a tale."

ANALYSIS OF STANDARD TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

THE Temperance Public owe a debt of gratitude to the talented author of "THE CURSE OF BRITAIN," and "THE IDOLATRY OF BRITAIN," and we rejoice that the former very able work has been reduced in price, and received many valuable additions, in the excellent second edition recently presented to the people. For soundness of reasoning, liberality of sentiment, and variety of illustration, it is second to no standard work that has appeared, either in England or America, on the important subject of Temperance. The Rev. W. R. Baker, in his literary labours, has applied himself to a task of very great difficulty, viz., endeavouring to convince the Christian Church of the great responsibility which attaches particularly to them, as the lights of the world, on the subject of the national sin of *intemperance*. He has shewn his zeal for pure and undefiled religion, and his earnest desire for the increase of usefulness and

estimation of Christian ministers, by faithfully, fearlessly, yet mildly, setting truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, before the valued body of which he has proved himself such a disinterested member. The circumstance which strikes an impartial reader, as something surprising, is, that Christian ministers should hesitate any longer, as to how they ought to act, in the great question of the temperance reformation. Assuredly they have no longer the excuse of ignorance to render, for practice has fully borne out the teachings of precept in the wonderful progress the cause has made, and the various excellent results that have followed its diffusion.

The "Curse of Britain" deserves to be as "familiar as household words" to the temperance public, and to every Christian anxious to preserve the purity of the Christian character "unspotted from the world."

The following admirable remark,

are very valuable as conveying a melancholy but important truth which no sincere professor of religion can read, without being aroused to consider the potency of example, and the necessity of "the Church" shunning so flagrant an "appearance of evil," as the use of intoxicating drinks.

"What are designated the middle classes, have generally held a somewhat middle course at their entertainments, between the splendid excesses of the great, and the sottish carousings of the vulgar. These, however, have not been backward, in lending their aid, on all their festal occasions, to increase the number of the intemperate. Unless the individuals assembled have been influenced by the principles of the Gospel, their meeting together has, too frequently, been regarded as not merely allowing the moderate indulgence of appetite, but as almost demanding that it should be attended with a certain amount of drunkenness. In Ireland and Scotland, particularly, and too commonly in England, a marriage, a baptism, the expiration of a minority, or an apprenticeship, has been a signal for converting men into brutes—for initiating some into drunkenness,—and for fastening afresh the chains by which the intemperate had been already enslaved.

"But those who make no pretensions to religion, are not the only parties who are chargeable with the abuse of strong drinks on festal occasions! The church,* by the conduct of many of its members, when met for social purposes, is also accessory to the evil we deplore! It is painful to confess our own errors, and equally so to expose the errors of our friends; but it is often necessary to do both, that the greater evils, which arise from concealment, may be avoided. We acknowledge, then, that we have often been parties, in the different circles of the religious portion of the community, to what, with our present views and feelings, we can do no otherwise than condemn. Often have we witnessed scenes, in those circles, which we cannot but think would have called forth the severest reprehension of the holy, and self-denying Redeemer, had he been present; and have caused the Great Apostle of the Gentiles, while the blush of shame, and of virtuous indignation, suffused his cheeks, to exclaim, "are ye not carnal, and walk as men?" Let it not be supposed, that the writer would charge either himself, or his Christian associates, with actual intemperance; but he would appeal to the conscience of every Christian professor, whether male or female, and ask, if, when the table has been adorned with a fair and profuse display of glasses, and bottles, and decanters, and the wine, or the spirits have moved briskly round, the giddy laugh, and the flippant repartee, and the almost entire absence of rational and improving converse, have not demonstrated, that the Christian character receives

no aid to its developement from intoxicating drinks, but, on the contrary, is subject to serious deterioration from their influence? It is not, however, to be doubted, that many religious professors, whose sincerity was, once, far above all suspicion, have become addicted to intemperance; and if the entire history of religious declensions were before us, it would be found, that very many of them might date their commencement from a period, when a number of the professed disciples of the Son of God were surrounding the festal board, enjoining not "a feast of reason, and a flow of soul," but drinking in the same insidious poison, which is capable of exciting to raging madness, or of depressing to sottish idiotism.

"In connexion with this part of the subject it is proper to remark, that even the ministers of the Gospel have given, by their own example, their sanction to customs, the evils arising from which, both to themselves and others, will only be fully known in the last great day; but which are sufficiently apparent to render it, on their part, a most imperative duty, henceforth to discountenance such customs, both by precept and example. In alluding to America, the Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods,† remarks, "I remember that at a particular period, before the temperance reformation commenced, I was able to count up forty ministers of the Gospel, and none of them at a very great distance, who either were drunkards, or so far addicted to intemperate drinking, that their reputation and usefulness were greatly injured, if not utterly ruined. And I could mention an ordination that took place about twenty years ago, at which, I myself, was ashamed and grieved to see two aged ministers literally drunk."—The writer cannot say that he has ever witnessed such flagrant disregard to Christian consistency, at meetings of ministers; but he can say, that he has often felt, at such meetings, when the usual quantity of wine was nearly exhausted, that if the brethren had been then called upon, coolly and experimentally, to unfold the spiritual character, and to enforce the holy claims of the Gospel, many of them would be found inadequate to such a task. "I have frequently," says Leonard Woods, "and with deep concern, reflected upon the effect of stimulating drink upon our moral and religious state. It tends to inflame all that is depraved and earthly in a minister, and to extinguish all that is spiritual and holy. It is poison to the soul as really as to the body.

"To these remarks it is more than probable that some will at once object, that our Lord sanctioned the use of wine at the marriage of Cana in Galilee. That he did so is admitted, but no advantage can possibly accrue to the objectors by the admission, unless it be proved, that the wine, which our Lord sanctioned the use of, had the same tendency to intoxicate, which is possessed by the wines, and other strong drinks, which are constantly introduced at our entertainments; and unless it be also proved, that he sanctioned the drink-

* The writer uses the term to signify professing Christians of all denominations.

† Professor of Christian Theology, in the Theological Seminary, Andover, Massachusetts.

ing of it, for any other purpose than to gratify a natural and lawful appetite. Our object in conforming to the customs now under consideration, has not been the promotion of health, for if it had, we should have been careful to ascertain the real effects produced upon our constitution by the artificial wines,* and other intoxicating liquors, we have been accustomed to make use of; nor has it been to quench our natural thirst, for in this case, we should have had recourse to more cooling and simple beverages. Our object in drinking such liquors has been, chiefly, to experience sensual gratification, by means of their stimulating property; and in the awful extent of our national intemperance, we see the inevitable consequence of pandering to a depraved appetite; and in the numerous and fearful evils resulting from intemperance, we see the punishments justly inflicted, by the Almighty, upon our guilt.

But the church is not the only sufferer, through the social drinking customs, of both its ministers and private members. The tendency of their example is to produce intemperate habits in such as make no profession of religion.

It is anything but unusual to find individuals present at the entertainments of religious professors, who, without cherishing any decided aversion to Christianity, make no pretension to being influenced by it, as the constant rule of their faith and practice. In the view of such it can be a matter of no importance, whether they drink their wine or brandy at a tavern, or the house of a Christian minister; and as they see it to be used freely at the tables of men who are highly esteemed for their piety, and hear it extolled for its many admirable virtues, need we be surprised, if, from these circumstances, they take a license to become frequent visitors at those places, where every incentive to excess is in active operation; and to indulge themselves in the use of their favorite liquors, until they become confirmed in habits of intemperance. There are, also, frequently present, at the social entertainments of religious professors, young persons, who, if any opinion may be hazarded concerning them, may be said to be *well disposed*, or to have a leaning towards virtue and religion. But what must be their views of the danger, which inevitably attends indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors, when they see their parents, the religious friends of those parents, and perhaps their ministers, drinking glass after glass, and hear them extolling the virtues of strong drink, as if it were

the choicest blessing of heaven, for man's daily comfort and support; instead of being the most deceitful, and murderous enemy of the human race. Is it any matter of astonishment, considering the power of example, and the strength of youthful appetites, that many such young and hopeful characters, when freed from parental restraints, have become tempted to drink too frequently, and copiously, of the inebriating cup; until, with an appetite for it which strengthens into indulgence, and with a tarnished reputation, they have sunk down, among the common herd of despised and miserable drunkards? Alas! that ever the name of religion should thus lend its sanction to the cause of vice;—and that men, bound by the most sacred obligations, to imitate self-denial, which knew no limits, when human happiness was to be secured, should thus contribute to perpetuate an evil which entails innumerable calamities upon their fellows!"

"THE IDOLATRY OF BRITAIN," addressed particularly to the Christian Church, is an admirable sequel to the foregoing work. And we envy neither the head or heart of that Christian, who can read either of these works and rise from the perusal unconvinced by the lucid and forcible arguments they contain.

WATER DRINKING.—It is a great mistake to think that beer is necessary for a hard-working man. At the time I write, there are a set of men employed in draining, by task-work, in Richmond Park, who are patterns of English labourers. Hard as they work from morning to night, and in all weathers, they seldom drink any beer. They boil a large kettle of coffee in their little bivouac in the park, and drink it hot at their meals. This costs them but little; but they do as hard a day's work upon it as any labourers in England, and have continued to do so for three years past, under all the disadvantages arising from wet and cold to which a drainer is subject. A proof of this may be found in Captain Ross's recent voyage to the arctic regions. He says that on a journey attended with great difficulty and hardship, he was the only one who did not drink grog. He was the oldest person amongst them, and, for the same reason, he bore fatigue better than any of them. No better testimony to this is required than the experience of the men working at the iron foundries. This is the hardest work which falls to man to do; and so well do the labourers in this department know that they cannot perform it if they drink even beer, that their sole beverage during all the hours of this hot and heavy labour is water.—*Jesse's Gleavings of Natural History.*

* In treating of port wine, Dr. Henderson remarks, "with the people of this country, a notorious partiality exists in favour of a wine, of which the harshness, bitterness, acidity, and other repulsive qualities, are only disguised by a large admixture of ardent spirits."—*History of ancient and modern wines.* London, 1824.

Dr. McCulloch also alludes to the vitiating effect of the infusion of brandy into wines intended for the British market; and declares that the practice of mixing spirits with the wines of Spain, Portugal, and Sicily, is universal when they are intended for the English market.—*Art of making wine.* London, 1829. Page 139.

POETRY.

LAMENT OF A POOR STUDENT,

ON READING SOME SHORT EXTRACTS FROM A CELEBRATED WORK.

Bright satches of delightful lore,
 And can I read of ye no more
 Than this brief page contains?
 The bitter tear-drop fills mine eyes,
 For frowning poverty replies,—
 "My power your search restrains."

Oh I have long'd my thoughts to steep,
 In the pure fountain clear and deep,
 Whence streaming knowledge flows;
 Or catch upon my mind the bright
 Rays of reflected glorious light
 That genius round it throws.

But poverty full early spread
 Its gloomy veil, and o'er my head
 The pall-like vesture threw;
 And though its folds I strive to raise,
 And snatch an eager wistful gaze,
 It still obstructs my view.

Yet, Oh! how fondly do I prize
 The pages brief, that meet mine eyes,
 Like sunbeams, streaming through
 Some lonely captive's grate,
 To cheer him when he's desolate
 And cherish'd hopes renew!

Yes! I will hope; despite the gloom
 That seems to wrap my early doom,
 And chills my darken'd mind;
 That on some happier future day,
 Chill poverty may pass away,
 And mental wealth I yet may find.

THE CITY ARTIZAN TO HIS SOLITARY POT OF SICKLY FLOWERS.

I tend ye duly, I love ye truly,
 My fragile drooping flowers;
 Yet ye swiftly decline, Oh say do ye pine,
 For fresher fairer bowers?
 Exiles all lone! do ye miss the green trees?
 Nurselings of air! do ye pine for the breeze?

Ah! the noisy street has no music meet
 For ye, who have heard the wind
 Sing soft with delight, or shout in his might
 Like a giant none can bind!
 Exiles all lone! do ye miss the fresh stream?
 Nurslings of light! do ye pine for the beam?

My home is dreary, and ye are weary,
 My own dear fading flowers,
 Of its sameness sad, where naught wild or glad
 Enlivens the passing hours.
 Exiles all lone! do ye miss the soft shower?
 Nurslings of dew! do ye pine for its power?

Though early blighted ye were not slighted,
 In this ungenial dwelling.
 I've watch'd ye with care, my flowrets fair,
 Yet what avails the telling.
 Exiles all lone! this is no place for ye.
 Nurslings of earth! do ye pine to be free?

Yet nobler powers, than thine fair flowers,
 Have droop'd to as swift decay;
 An adverse doom has wither'd their bloom,
 And dimm'd with grief their day.
 Exiles all lone! through this cold world they roam!
 Nurslings of grief! they find here no "sweet home." C. L. B.

LITERATURE.

EPHRAIM HOLDING'S DOMESTIC ADDRESSES, *Friendly Remarks, and Scraps of Experience.* Tegg.

THIS is an original and quaint little book; full of sound philosophy, and practical wisdom. Purity of intention is ably seconded by skilful execution. The following extracts will convey an idea of the character of the work. We select the following remarks on toleration and on war:—

"How ill do pride and bitterness accord with Christianity! I have just been reading the pamphlet of a church clergyman, directed against Dissenters. The writer is young, hasty, intolerant, ill informed, and not over scrupulous in his life and conversation; yet, if he were St. Paul himself, he would not be authorized to pour out more unsparingly the vials of his holy indignation on the heads of those he affects to despise: he breathes persecution in the place of godly reproof, and blows the clarion of contention, rather than proclaims the gospel of peace. I have also before me the pamphlet of a Dissenter, directed against Churchmen; and, if the writer had tried to equal or outdo the clergyman already alluded to, in the neglect of argument and Christian love, and the indulgence of sarcasm, bitterness, and personality, he scarcely could have been more successful. This work is a barbed and poisoned arrow—a hand grenade, thrown into the camp of an enemy, to promote confusion and mischief, rather than a Christian-hearted message, and brotherly appeal, to soften, to heal, to reprove, to convince, and to persuade. The sentiment expressed by these two writers, towards those whom they address, amounts only to this:—'I am a wise man, and you are fools.' How little is such a sentiment calculated to do good!

"You may talk to me from peep of day to the midnight hour, about spirit and patriotism, and nationality; but experience has taught me that an idle fellow is more likely to be caught by the gold jingling in the purse of a marine officer, and a country clown by the feather in the cap and the stripes on the arm of a sergeant, than by the desire to be shot at, at the rate of thirteen-pence half-penny a day, for the good of his country. The warriors of the world must not look to Ephraim Holding for congratulation and praise; on the contrary, he is more disposed to ask them, if no love of ease, of good pay, and of military reputation, mingled with their patriotism, on entering the army? and if, when they talk of having 'served their country,' they are quite sure their object has not been to serve themselves? When war is clothed in scarlet, with a cocked hat on his head, and a pair of golden epaulets on his shoulders; when he rides a fine charger, and prances along to the blast of the bugle, the roll of the drum, the clash of the cymbal,

and the flourish of the trumpet, with a banner of victory waving over him, no wonder that hundreds should gape and stare, and volunteer to follow him, in the hope of one day cutting a figure themselves. But if the poor simpletons would only look at the other side of the question—if they would see war in the character of an old soldier, lying on the cold ground, with a bayonet through his back, it might, in some degree, damp their military ardour."

The following, on exaggeration, is equally good:—

"If there be any one mannerism that is universal among mankind, it is that of colouring too highly the things we describe. We cannot be content with a simple relation of truth—we must exaggerate; we must overdraw; we must have 'a little to much red in the brush.' Who ever heard of a dark night that was not 'pitch dark'? of a stout man that was not 'strong as a horse'? or of a miry road that was not 'up to the knees'? I would walk 'fifty miles on foot' to see that man who never caricatures the subject on which he speaks; but where is such a one to be found? From 'rosy morn to dewy eve,' in our common conversation, we are constantly outraging the truth. If somewhat wakeful in the night, we have 'scarcely had a wink of sleep'; if our sleeves get a little damp in a shower, we are 'as wet as if dragged through a brook'; if a breeze blow up while we are in the 'chops of the channel,' the waves are sure to 'run mountains high'; and if a man grow rich, we all say that 'he rolls in money.' No later than yesterday, a friend of mine, who would shrink from a wilful misrepresentation, told me hastily, as he passed, that the newspaper had 'nothing in it but advertisements,' and that he had just sent off, by the Shrewsbury coach, a cod fish as 'big as a jackass.' * * * This habit of decoration in describing common things, most likely proceeds from that love of the marvellous which most of mankind entertain. We wish to affect the minds of others. What is the use of telling a tale that will excite no wonder? of making a complaint that calls forth no sympathy? or of representing a deed of injustice that will rouse no indignation? We wish to make our picture striking; and thus, like the painter, are induced to put 'a little too much colour in the brush.' But if it be thus in things little affecting us, still more is it the case where interest is concerned. In such cases, the most unblushing misrepresentations are made. Every newspaper has its 'Bargains,' its 'Great Savings,' and its 'Immense Sacrifices.' 'Fish all alive,' is not too strong a term for the unbearably tainted, scaly fry, offered for sale. The Irish cloth of the mercer is 'fine as cambric,' the stale meat of the butcher 'sweet as a nut,' and the cheese-monger's hard, tough, lean cheese, 'as fat as butter.' These are general remarks; how far do they affect you? To this inquiry may be

added another—How far do they affect Ephraim Holding? I am sadly afraid that we both are culpable. Not that I plead guilty myself, or tax you with wilful misrepresentation, for the purpose of forwarding any individual interest; but that I feel that we are both amenable to the charge of speaking lightly and thoughtlessly—that we both, by putting occasionally, ‘a little too much red in the brush,’ leave impressions not warranted by the facts we relate.”

That common occurrence, a *rap at the door*, is thus spiritualised :—

“Our food and raiment, the coals that warm us, and the medicines that restore us; the good news, and the evil tidings that reach us by newspaper, periodical, parcel, and letter, are all preceded by a *rap at the door*. The direst foe that afflicts us with his presence, and the dearest friend that delights us with his society, sounds in our ears the same note of preparation. Seeing then, that the *rap at the door* has so much to do with our affairs, it must needs be a great comfort to hear it without alarm, and a great trouble when it strikes us with consternation. He who trembles at a *rap at the door* need have no other trouble.

* * It seems to me that some advantage may be gained, if we consider every bodily affliction, and every mental trial, as a *rap at the door*; for assuredly this is the case, whether we consider it so or not. Yes; every tooth-ache, ear-ache, head-ache, and heart-ache we endure, is a *rap at the door*; and whether it be a gentle tap, or a loud rattle, it is meant as a warning: it either whispers ‘Be ready!’ or cries out ‘Prepare!’ Have you had many *raps* of this kind, and have they been loud ones? have a care, then, that they are not disregarded. Think not that because some of your afflictions have *rapped* and run away, that they will always do so, for this will not be the case. * * There are other *raps at the door*, too, that we shall do well to attend to; and these are the afflictions and bereavements of our friends. Their visitations should not be lost upon us. How it may have been with you, I know not, but I have had some *sharp raps* in the course of the last year. Many of the friends that were most dear to me in this world have been beckoned away to a better, and *rap* has succeeded *rap* so unexpectedly, that my old friends are getting scarce. I often fancy the few that are left, standing like old Father Time, with hour-glasses in their hands, and wings on their shoulders. Perhaps what I have said may set you thinking on these subjects. A *rap at the door* is so frequent an occurrence, that if we can make it useful, it will be a daily and an hourly advantage. The *rap* of unkindness, injustice, crosses, losses, poverty, sickness, disease, and pain may be hard to bear, but there is One who can make it easy. ‘He is a very present help in all times of trouble,’ and He is easy to be intreated, long suffering, and abundant in compassion and grace. Mistrust then yourself, and trust unreservedly in Him and His mercy, that you may be strengthened in the hour of need, and that, when you hear the resounding *rap* of the King of Terrors,

you may welcome him with a smile, and say ‘God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave, for he shall receive me.’ ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.’”

TEMPERANCE *versus* ABSTINENCE; or, a
Refutation of the Doctrines of Tee-totalism.
By a LOVER OF TRUTH!!!

A LOVER OF TRUTH, who so decidedly pronounces his work a *refutation* of our triumphant principles, should certainly have authenticated his production by giving his name. To withhold that, is certainly a very bad way of evidencing his love for truth. This is the thought which the title-page necessarily suggests; but on looking into the work, we are not surprised that the author should have wanted nerve to appear by name against us; for a more peurile effort of contemptible malignity it has not been our fate to peruse; therefore as “The Lover of Truth” is evidently ashamed of his own production, we are not inclined to disturb the repose of his stagnant pool of error by the breath of criticism. “Faint heart never won fair lady;” and myriads of such nameless lovers of *truth* will never win a single glance from her. *Truth* is so busy leading on, with her encouraging smiles, the noble army of tee-totalers, that an individual, to obtain an audience of her, must possess *name* and fame, judgment, candour, and good sense. It is needless to say this refutor possesses none of these requisites, and therefore his effort is abortive. It is amusing to peruse the poor writer’s remark, that he “is fully conscious of the scornful abuse which will be poured down on his head, for presuming to question the validity of the principles of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society.” We entreat him to feel no alarm; he is like the fly in *Æsop’s Fables*, who, seated on a revolving cart-wheel, exclaimed, “What a dust do I raise.” We assure this anonymous lover of truth that his insignificance is his protection. The work is a collection of threadbare objections and old quotations from American opponents, strung together by a few remarks of “The Lover of Truth.” They have all been answered long ago. The only observation which we recognised as new, is a complaint that the

friends of *moderation* have been "*lukewarm*." That of course is their affair. They had every advantage. Time-sanctioned prejudice, manners, custom, and boundless wealth, were at their command; and yet with all "these appliances and means to boot," a few *sincere* lovers of truth, far removed from the ranks of wealth and influence, rich only in uprightness of heart and purity of intention, have shaken the fabric of drinking customs to its very foundation. We repeat; if among the friends of moderation "there has been a lukewarmness," it is their affair. But we take leave to differ from the incognito "*Lover of Truth*" on this, his only new position. The friends of what is termed "*moderation*," are doing, and have done, all they can to prop up a tottering system; it is, however, fast falling about their ears, and our advice is, that they get out of the way in time. As a pecuniary speculation, this work is not likely to be successful, as, in the present age of cheap literature, it is *dear* as well as *stale*.

ADVICE, COMFORT, AND ENCOURAGEMENT TO TEE-TOTALERS: a Sermon preached to the North London Auxiliary to the New British and Foreign Temperance Society. By R. G. JAMESON.

THIS discourse contains much faithful advice, and "speaking the truth in love," it merits the attention of the "millions of tee-totalers" to whom it is dedicated. We subjoin a short extract:—

"To you, if such there are present on this occasion, who are *strangers to the comforts, and indifferent to the benefits of tee-totalism*, we say, this cause is, beyond all doubt, of God; scarcely upon any attempt to soothe the sorrows of suffering humanity, has success been so exceedingly abundant; and whether we view it in reference to the restoration of temporal comfort, to the development of extraordinary intellect, the union and concord it is producing amongst all denominations of Christians, the attendance it is securing at the once-deserted temples of Jehovah, or the pleasing results which have followed the reception of our principles, in not only yielding temporal comfort, but in preparing the way for spiritual and eternal bliss; whether we view it in reference to one, or all of these delightful, cheering and glorious facts; we say, deliberately, distinctly, and unequivocally, that it is not of man, but of God, that the Lord of Hosts is with us, that the stamp of deity is upon it, that it is the only effectual physical

remedy,* and that it must go on. And in the words of one of the most holy and devoted ministers of the present day,† we believe, 'next to the glorious gospel, God could not bless this nation so much as in the removal of all intoxicating drinks;' and while we, in the presence of, and by the grace of God, pledge ourselves, though the opposition we may experience may be fierce as lightning, loud as thunder, and extensive as the poles, to renewed exertions in this labour of love, we earnestly and affectionately say to you, 'come thou with us and we will do the good.'"

* He who attempts a gradual or partial eradication of an evil, will never succeed.—Dr. Dwight.

† Rev. W. Jay, Bath.

REASON AND RELIGION.—"If we observe the style and method of the Scriptures, we shall find in them all over a constant appeal to men's reason, and to their intellectual faculties. If the mere dictates of the Church, or of infallible men, had been the resolution and foundation of faith, there had been no need of such a long thread of reasoning and discourse, as both our Saviour used when on earth and the Apostles used in their writings. We see the way of authority is not taken, but explanations are offered, proofs and illustrations are brought, to convince the mind; which shows that God, in the clearest manifestation of his will, would deal with us as with rational creatures, who are not to believe, but on persuasion; and to use our reason, in order to the attaining that persuasion."—Bishop Burnet.

"No mission can be looked upon to be divine, that delivers anything derogating from the honour of the one, only, true, invisible God; or inconsistent with natural religion, and morality by the light of reason, he cannot be supposed to lack the contrary by revelation; for that would be to destroy the evidence and use of reason, without which, men cannot be able to distinguish divine revelation from diabolical imposture."—Locke's *Posthumous Works*.

INFIDELITY IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—The prevalence of scepticism among medical men has frequently been a topic of remark, and a subject of equal regret and astonishment. "Very illustrious examples," remarks Dr. Bateman's biographer, "are not wanting to prove, from time to time, that the knowledge of anatomy may indeed inspire religious sentiments" But it cannot be denied, that the dissecting-room has not always proved the best school of the heart. Strange to say, the anatomist has too often embraced a heartless materialism, while the astronomer has become an atheist.—*Eclectic Review*.

THE BOOK OF PROVIDENCE.—Does not every architect complain of the injustice of criticising a building before it is half finished? Yet, who can tell what volume of the creation we are in at present, or what point the structure of our moral fabric has attained? Whilst we are all in a vessel that is sailing under sealed orders, we shall do well to confide implicitly in our government and captain.—*Edinburgh Review*.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

THE METROPOLIS.

THE metropolitan tee-totalers have welcomed in the spring, with even more than accustomed hilarity. Festivals have been so plentiful in the various districts and suburbs of this "great emporium of the world," that to give any thing like a detailed account of all, would require more space than our whole work could supply. The most cheering circumstances, in connection with the retrospect of the Easter festivals, is, that all were most numerously attended. It augurs well for the ultimate success of the great principles of total abstinence in London, (the head-quarters of intemperance,) that there is such a general diffusion of the principle in all the manifold divisions of the vast city. Nearly a hundred meetings, weekly, must supply to the public an extent of information, from oral advocates, on the subject of temperance, that leaves far in the rear the efforts of literary advocates.

The Chelsea friends commenced the recent festivals with a public breakfast at the Hall, which was numerously attended. The arrangement of the breakfast, combined the comfort of a private, with the hilarity of a public repast. There was no lack of good provisions, and good appetites to enjoy them. A party of Rechabites favoured the Chelsea tee-totalers with their company; among them was that long tried, zealous, and talented advocate, Mr. I. Cluer, and Messrs. Hart and Scott. After breakfast, the Rechabites, decorated with the ribbon distinctively used by the order, walked about the neighbourhood distributing tracts, and exciting curiosity. They were followed by so many persons, that, on their return, the Hall was speedily filled; and Mr. Nettleton being called to the chair, the business of the meeting commenced with singing and prayer. After which

Mr. Hudson, of the Penitentiary, Millbank, briefly, but impressively, stated, that he had ample means of ascertaining, in the establishment to which he belonged, the practicability of persons leaving off strong drink at once; fifteen hundred military prisoners had been admitted into the Penitentiary, chiefly for offenses committed under the influence of intemperance; and as that establishment was conducted on cold water principles, they had of course left it off all at once, and not a single case of illness had arisen from it; on the contrary, a manifest change for the better had been apparent.

Mr. Alsop, treasurer of the Chelsea branch, stated a case of objection that had recently been made to him by a person he believed a sincere man. The individual in question thought that Saint Paul's reference to abstinence from any thing that offended a brother, alluded to the *Christian brother*, and not to mankind in general. He (Mr. Alsop) contended we had a duty to perform to our brethren of the world, as well as of the church; and even limiting our brotherly

feeling to the latter, what caused more dereliction from the ranks of christianity than the use of intoxicating drinks? He concluded with ably adverting to the medical part of the question, and was followed by

Mr. Cluer, agent of the society, who related, in forcible and animated language, which we are quite unable to do justice to, the various reasons which should induce every lover of his species, and of pure and undefiled religion, to come forward in the ranks of temperance and assist the moral reformation that was making such a marked change in the character of our native country. A country that had hitherto deserved its anomalous and reproachful title—namely, *Christian drunken England*. He next adverted to the conduct of many professing Christians attempting to wrest and pervert the word of God to favour their own depraved appetite, as had been done before in the great question of African slavery.

At this period an old and respected inhabitant of Chelsea, named Knighton, rose, and intimated his desire to reply to the remarks of Mr. Cluer; his request being courteously granted, Mr. Knighton mounted the platform, and in a very lucid manner explained that no really Christian person would act in the manner described; such might be professors, but certainly could not be possessors—real christianity consisted in doing as we would be done by. He (Mr. Knighton) had witnessed, in his visits to the dwellings of his poorer neighbours, the good effects of the temperance reformation; but he still believed there were some constitutions that could not wholly abstain; he was an advocate for moderation in the medicinal use of intoxicating drinks, but he had no selfish feeling in the matter, for he had not drank a pint of beer these six months. He apologised for troubling the meeting, but his personal character as a humble follower of the blessed Redeemer, induced him to offer these remarks.

Mr. Cluer, in reply, said, that he really thought the gentleman, whom he had heard with great satisfaction, intended to refute all that he had advanced. Instead of which, he had confirmed it. The principles that gentleman had laid down—that no Christian could consistently hold another in slavery, or wilfully pervert the meaning of Scripture, or fail to do unto others as he would be done unto, were all admirable—they were tee-total arguments. He sincerely trusted that Mr. Knighton would sign the pledge, and give the society the benefit of his assistance. At the conclusion of the very animated address, Mr. Knighton came forward and signed the pledge amid the cheers of the audience.

Mr. Hart, in his usual animated style, addressed the meeting, and urged on all the propriety of giving the tee-total principle a fair trial. The meeting then separated: a great number of signatures being obtained.

A Festival was held at the "Gun" tavern, on Good Friday, by the Westminster Branch,

Mr. Jameson in the chair, which, we understand, was well attended, and followed by an excellent public meeting. We have no doubt the temperance friends in Westminster have great difficulty, in so crowded a neighbourhood, in obtaining a place to hold their festivals in; otherwise, we imagine, they would not hold them at a tavern—the inconsistency of such a course being manifest. Allowances, however, must be made for the many difficulties still in the way of tee-totalism.

BLOOMSBURY BRANCH FESTIVAL.

ONE of the most interesting meetings we ever had the pleasure of attending, was that connected with the Festival of the above-named society, and which was held in Theobald's Road, on Good Friday. About two hundred and fifty persons partook of tea, buns, and hot cakes; and to this they did ample justice. At seven o'clock the public meeting commenced, and we can truly say, that during this, as well as every other portion of the evening, "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," were most happily blended.

Mr. Fullager, in the absence of John Hull, Esq., was requested to preside; and after an impressive address, Mr. Legge was called on, and the interesting and forcible religious observations which he delivered, will long be remembered with pleasure by an attentive audience.

Mr. Wild, of the royal horse guards, blue, stated that he had been a tee-totaler now upwards of thirteen months, and he felt much more capable of executing his various duties than ever he did previously. In answer to the observations of some that drunkenness did not exist to any great extent in the army, he would state that during the last two years, no less than sixteen hundred soldiers suffered imprisonment from this cause, or in consequence of crimes arising therefrom. He was pleased that, although he was much jeered at, and opposed by the men, the officers of his regiment had always treated him with greater kindness since he had become an abstainer; formerly he was never chosen for any office of trust; now he was frequently preferred, and when desirous of attending these meetings, he never had to ask leave of absence and have it refused.

A gentleman of the name of Winter here expressed his desire of signing the pledge, and of stating his reasons for doing so; which being allowed, he observed that he was not induced to adopt this course without long and serious consideration; he was not easily wrought upon by new fangled notions or specious arguments, but having adopted any particular opinion, he was always desirous of carrying it out to its greatest practicable extent, both for the benefit of himself, as well as that of others.

Mr. P. H. Davis, agent of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, next followed in a very humorous and argumentative speech, which elicited great applause; and which only a very copious notice would do justice.

Mr. Hart called earnestly upon tee-totalers to exert themselves to a greater extent for the

future than they had latterly done; let the females exert themselves in the more liberal distribution of tracts, in subscribing the various labours of their hands to the forthcoming bazaar, and in all other ways in which they could be useful; for the influence of females was tenfold that of the other sex on the general mass of society.

Mr. Balfour expressed himself greatly gratified with the appearance of that meeting, for it tended to confirm him in the belief that we were at last obtaining a hold upon the middling and upper classes of society. That morning at Chelsea, they had had a very interesting meeting, the room was filled to overflowing, and while the breakfast things were being cleared away, the party singing temperance hymns, visited different parts of the neighbourhood, and subsequently held a meeting, at which a gentleman came forward and opposed them, but was eventually induced to sign the pledge through the able advocacy of Mr. Cluer who was present. Let them but continue to go on perseveringly and unitedly, and the fell monster would soon fall beneath their repeated blows.

Mr. Cluer, on being next called upon, stated that after having been at Chelsea in the morning, he had now just now returned from Rockingham House, where they had as full a meeting as that he had now the pleasure to see before him, and these two festivals he was informed were only part of sixteen now holding in the metropolis, at one and the same time. He then proceeded to denounce the traffic in intoxicating drinks as being immoral, and in very many instances, as leading to undecidable misery here, and to eternal perdition hereafter; and whilst he condemned the traffic, he could find no excuse for those who, abstaining themselves from that which they believed it improper for them to take, still offered it to others.

A gentleman here rose, and observed that he had been a total abstainer for more than nine months, but had never signed the pledge. An objection was frequently made to our principle, that Christ had converted water into wine, and could he receive a satisfactory answer to that objection he would at once enrol himself amongst us. He was connected with a large trade, where he believed he had considerable influence, and where he should be happy to spread our principles.

Mr. Cluer having successfully combated the different objections made by the last speaker, and offered his assistance in visiting, with that gentleman, the various workshops of the metropolis, he immediately subscribed his name amidst the tremendous applause of the meeting, now filled to an overflow; after which, a vote of thanks was proposed to the chairman, and the meeting concluded.

EAST LONDON AUXILIARY.

To the Editor of the Temperance Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—It affords me great pleasure to forward you an outline of what we are doing in this part of the temperance vineyard. A short time ago our friends completed an arrangement for the occupancy of Ebenezer

Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel, which was opened on Monday, March 30, by that indefatigable labourer and excellent man, Mr. T. Livesey of Preston, who delivered his lecture on the "great delusion respecting malt liquors," to the edification and evident satisfaction of a respectable and crowded audience.

On Thursday, the 2nd ult., we had an excellent meeting, the Rev. W. R. Baker in the chair.

On Tuesday, the 7th ult., a tea meeting, at which about one hundred and thirty persons sat down; afterwards, a public meeting, the Rev. W. R. Baker in the chair, whose opening address was admirably calculated to encourage and confirm those engaged in the temperance reformation. Excellent speeches were delivered by Messrs. Jameson, John Hull of Uxbridge, Stiff, Ground, John S. Scott, (brother to the agent,) Mr. Hart, and Mr. Walsh.

On Wednesday, the 8th, Mr. Ellis in the chair, addresses were delivered by our respected friends, Messrs. Smith from Stratford, and Currie of Chelsea.

On Thursday, the 9th, Mr. Baker in the chair, powerful speeches were made by Messrs. Bailey and M'Bean, the coal porter.

Friday, the 10th, having been announced as a discussion night, in consequence of some questions having been put "as to what is to become of the many engaged in the traffic of intoxicating liquors, and the anti-scriptural spirit of tee-totalism," the meeting was crowded to excess at an early hour. Mr. John S. Scott opened the meeting with singing, after which Mr. Weston was called to the chair; in the course of his opening address, the Rev. W. R. Baker entered the chapel, and was loudly cheered; and as no disputant entered the list, Mr. Weston called on Mr. Baker to address the meeting, who proceeded to investigate, with great tact, the questions proposed; his knowledge of the subject, together with his good humoured, yet fair and impartial, way of meeting the objections, seemed to lay hold on the minds of the people. The deepest attention was paid during the whole of his address—an address which reflects great credit to the head and heart of the rev. gentleman.

Mr. Cleur, the agent, entered the meeting, and delivered a most powerful speech; after which, Mr. Donaldson made a few remarks. Here a disgraceful attempt was made by a cooper to disturb the peace of the meeting, who ultimately obtained a place on the platform; when, notwithstanding his previous uproarious conduct, he could not say anything except that he was getting £2 per week, and what was to become of him and fifteen thousand other coopers if our principles prevailed. Mr. Donaldson replied in an able and satisfactory manner, and the meeting dispersed.

On Saturday evening, Mr. John S. Scott was called to the chair, and announced that such improper conduct, as was exhibited last night, would not be tolerated; after which, addresses were delivered by Messrs. Stiff, Booth, Davis, Jameson, and last, but not least, Mr. John Cluer the Cumberland weaver, whose irresistible logic and powerful appeals produced an excellent feeling.

It is a matter of great rejoicing that it ever entered the minds of our friends to take this chapel. The meetings have been crowded to excess, and upwards of one hundred signatures obtained to our American pledge, no other being used in our auxiliary.

Your's, respectfully,

JAMES HINCKLEY, Sec.

EAST LONDON YOUTHS' SOCIETY.

THIS society held their first Easter Festival and Public Meeting on Easter Monday, March 20th, at the Infant school-room, Haggerstone. The tea was altogether excellently managed, and did great credit to our juvenile fellow labourers, who, after having partaken of "the cup which cheers and not inebriates," to which they added, as an agreeable accompaniment, sundry temperance hymns, proceeded, headed by two of the Blues, and accompanied by our tried friend Buteux, to a scene of revelry in the neighbourhood, where various little urchins were attempting to scale the greasy pole for a shoulder of mutton, already well cooked by its exposure to the sun; here our objects were announced, and an invitation given to attend the meeting, which was readily complied with, and a well filled and cheering meeting was the result; at which, in the absence of John Hull, Esq., who had promised to attend, John Dunlop, Esq., kindly presided, and first introduced Mr. Buteux, an iron founder, who stated that he had formerly been a very intemperate character, but through the instrumentality of this society, he was placed in a position in society much more comfortable than he had for years occupied; and he earnestly advised all youths on entering factories or workshops to set their faces as much as possible against the drinking usages, for at those places youths always suffered most from them.

Mr. Peck described himself as being formerly so circumstanced that had he been prudent, he might now have been worth £20,000, but intemperance had reduced him so low that his wife and family were compelled to separate from him; but now, having been seven months a tee-totaler, he was about going to return to them, he trusted to spend the remainder of his days in happiness. He was the founder of the "Knights of Cripplegate," and at a very early period of life was the Lord Mayor's butler and yeoman, but with all his opportunities, drinking had robbed him of all.

Mr. Dunlop being compelled to retire at this stage of the business, Mr. Knight was then called to the chair, and stated that having been a tee-totaler now upwards of five years, he would willingly comply, as he believed it to be his duty to do all in his power for the carrying on of so glorious a principle.

Mr. Blair, of the Royal Horse Guards, Blue, a tee-totaler, of fifteen months standing, followed in a very impressive manner to the great pleasure of the audience.

Mr. Betts, of Clerkenwell, particularly called on youths to adopt the practice of total abstinence, for it would save them from much of the misery and woe to which he had been subjected. A near, and dear relative, now an old and esteemed member of this society,

early persuaded him to use intoxicating drink, or he would never be able to do his work; the little drop thus kindly intended, led on to the public-house, and when once there, every inducement was used to detain me. Let parents then be careful how they dally with the monster, and let them invariably recommend this practice of abstinence to their children, and in the end they will be satisfied that in their time they have done their best to allay the vile practice of drinking in future generations.

Mr. Bradford of the Tower Hamlets, and Poplar Lecture Association, followed in a very interesting address in which he pleasingly narrated an instance of a little boy, who, at six years of age, had already become a drunkard, but who, being induced to sign the pledge, had prevailed upon his father to do the same, and had since become a Sunday school teacher.

Mr. Johnson, of the Royal Horse Guards, Blue, stated he had been a tee-totaler now five years, he was one of the first in the army who did so, many complaints to which he was formerly subject had now entirely left him, and he really felt himself at least ten years younger than he did previously.

Mr. Bagg, the secretary, now read a brief report, which stated that the society had been formed about five months, that they had held about thirty meetings, at which they had received the names of at least one hundred and thirty members, who still remained consistent, and amongst these was one youth who signed in opposition to the wishes of his family, from whom he received much persecution, but who, in consequence of his firmness, had been induced to do the same; and of another employed in a large factory, through which the signature of one of the most influential members of the East London Auxiliary was obtained, as well as the signatures of seven other persons. The report also stated that a library was in the course of formation for the use of the members, and that, although the society was destitute of funds, they were, nevertheless, entirely free from debt.

Master Williams moved the adoption of the report, which being seconded by Mr. Brickel, of the East London and Tower Hamlets' Society, was unanimously carried with great applause.

Mr. P. H. Davis, agent of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, expressed his great satisfaction at the progress of Youths' Societies; he had himself assisted in forming one at Ipswich, and a little boy, a member of the Society of Friends, was the first to sign, and although he was much ridiculed, he remained consistent, and the result was that shortly after not only did all his own family become members, but four other families of friends in the same town. It had been said, if these societies should succeed what would become of the publicans; he would give them work to do: let them set to work and collect all the rags they had made during their lives, that would be a useful occupation for them. He had been instrumental in forming societies, amongst which were those at Yarmouth, Manningtree, Colchester, and Norwich, at which latter place during the last quarter, seventy-

three reformed drunkards had been added to Christian churches, and in all those cases their children had become regular attendants at Sunday and other schools.

Mr. Johnson of the North London Auxiliary to the Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, rejoiced to see such a meeting as this got up and carried on by youths, for the benefit of others; but at the same time he trusted that they would be willing to receive advice and counsel from those who were older than themselves; other Youths' Societies had fallen through their refusing such assistance, and he sincerely trusted such would not be the case with this. Hitherto they had been endeavouring to reclaim drunkards amongst the adults; now it should be their endeavour more earnestly to prevent the youth from becoming intemperate.

Mr. R. P. Batger stated that although he had been solicited to speak at the commencement of the meeting he had refused, because he was not disposed to intrude himself on the audience whilst so many good speakers were present; but now he came forward as a matter of duty, first, to return thanks in the name of the committee and himself, to the advocates who had so kindly attended to render assistance that evening at the first Festival of the Youths in that part of London. The youths' members of that society had looked anxiously for the present time, and now they felt themselves most kindly rewarded for their exertions; secondly, he had to return thanks to the audience who had favoured them with their company this evening, and for their attention to the different addresses which had been delivered them; and, thirdly, he had to move a vote of thanks to the chairman, not only for the manner in which he had presided over that meeting, but also for his kindness in gratuitously offering the use of a room, near the Mile End turnpike, for future weekly meetings of this society. Mr. Balso stated in answer to some observations of the last speaker, that neither this society nor any of those established in the North of London, ever had or ever would refuse the advice, when kindly offered of adults; but, that on the contrary, such assistance had been repeatedly applied for, but had only been given in one or two solitary instances by friends from Clerkenwell and Haggerstone. He felt justified in saying this much, as he was the only adult who had invariably been willing to assist the youth, and he hoped that at the forthcoming meeting, which would be held at Aldersgate-street chapel, on the fifth of May, that he should see as good an attendance of adults as was then present. He trusted also that that which had been the cause of so much dissension among the adults, would never be made so among youths, namely, the subject of the pledge; one general pledge of abstinence and to discountenance drinking customs was here allowed, whilst signatures would be received to any pledge, and every one ought to sign that which he could most carry out.

Mr. Bagg having seconded the vote of thanks to the chairman, which was carried unanimously, many signatures were obtained, and the meeting separated at a late hour.

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THE SOUTH LONDON CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A MEETING of the friends and members of the Catholic Temperance Society, took place at the Rockingham-rooms, on Monday, April 13th. On a moderate computation there could not have been less than six-hundred persons present; and, with the exception of one or two interruptions from persons suspected to have been sent by the publicans, the harmony of the meeting was orderly and peaceable.

Mr. Kelsey was called to the chair, and opened the meeting by stating that all men wished to be happy, this was our being, end and aim; but although sought by all, numerous were the opinions as to what constituted happiness: a great mass of the population acted as though happiness consisted in drowning sorrow in the bowl, in catching at the passing pleasure of the day, in destroying their reason, impoverishing their pockets, and pauperizing their families; but this institution taught men in what way true happiness might be obtained; it taught them that "Virtue alone was happiness below." After showing that the drunkards fancied happiness was fleeting and transitory, he shewed the effects the vice had on the social and moral condition of man, and concluded by earnestly calling upon man, he whom God has endowed with the noble faculty of reason, that mighty mind to which no limits can be assigned, which is capable of the most sublime reflection, by which the heavens have been explored, and the revolutions of the planets subjected to mathematical calculation, to come forward and trample the monster intemperance beneath their feet, to burst asunder their bonds, and walk forth in all the dignity of man.

Mr. Bayley said he had been two years and eight months a tee-totaler, and could testify to the value of temperance. As a proof that tee-totalism did not injure a man's health, he was in the habit of carrying sacks, averaging from two hundred and a quarter, to two hundred and three quarters in weight. He had been troubled with spitting, and a complaint in the chest, and was continually taking medicine to relieve him, but as soon as he adhered to tee-totalism, he left off physic, and found that he had no need of it. Soon after he joined, he called on his family doctor, and told him what he had done. He asked him how he felt, and when he told him, he said it was the best thing he could have done, and recommended him to keep his pledge. A month or two afterwards he felt quite a different man, and on weighing himself he found he was six pounds heavier than before he joined the cause. His trade was very laborious, perhaps the most laborious of any; and when Saturday night came, after a good week's work, he took £2 10s. home to his family, whilst others had to leave half that sum with the publican.

The chairman said, he had been a publican five years, and a brewer of alcoholic drinks two years, and might be permitted to know something of the nature of these two beverages, and he defied any one to prove that they were either strengthening or necessary.

Mr. Reddy, of Dublin, felt truly proud in being called upon to address such a numerous

meeting of his countrymen, and in such a cause. It was gratifying to him to be enabled to sound it in the ears of those persons that were not decided, that the branch in St. George's in the Fields was most numerous, and most flourishing. He called upon all present not to be contented with being enrolled themselves, but not to rest until they had their friends and acquaintances under the same banners. How many a bright ornament had been banished from his country, through the means of accursed drink, to a penal settlement; then while we had it in our power we should come forward at once and sign. He should not put it off till to-morrow. They should do the work to-night, for the morrow might not dawn upon them.

Mr. Williams had laboured three years in the great cause in his neighbourhood, and had succeeded with many to the extent of confining themselves to a half a pint, but he had now determined to put the axe to the tree and banish even the half pints. He had abstained the last three years from all alcoholic drinks, and his mother, who was 86 years of age, had also abstained for a number of years, could run about and deliver temperance bills and tracts. His wife had abstained about three years, and she was better in health than she had ever been, although she had been in the habit of taking it in moderation. He had witnessed the dreadful ravages of strong drinks in his neighbourhood. He related an anecdote of a poor man who was *compelled* to be a tee-totaler, being confined in Horsemonger-lane goal for an assault on a policeman. This man had been told that he could not live without it, and thus he was encouraged to go on in his evil course.

Mr. Nowlan, (a journeyman bricklayer). He was formerly a drunkard. He had passed through every grade of infamy. There was not a hole or a corner where a drunkard could creep into but he had penetrated. He acknowledged himself to have been the vilest of wretches. Many of his acquaintances said to him, "You have been a tee-totaler more than two years, what need of your attending their meetings?" "I will tell you the reason," said Mr. N., "I lost a father through this accursed drink, and also lost my mother, not in the same way, but my father's death was indirectly the cause of it." He had also lost a brother through intoxication. He had lost a cousin through the same means; he was employed at Whitbread's brewery, and whilst under the effects of intoxication, fell into the copper and was crushed to death. After the death of the latter his brother got the situation; he held it for a short time, as he was soon rendered incapable of attending to his business in consequence of indulging in strong drinks, and is now in Peckham workhouse, having lost the use of his limbs. Had he not reason then to declare open war against alcohol? He called upon all present who had not already signed to do so. It was the voice of the dead that called upon them, if they value their lives, their health, their comfort in this world, and their hope in the next, and their friends, to come forward and sign.

Mr. Kemble had tried both sides of the

question, and could testify temperance was the best.

Mr. Williams, a hat maker, announced very gratifying intelligence. He said, that at the largest meeting that had taken place at Surrey Chapel, one hundred and fifty signatures had been obtained; but at their previous meeting they had no less than one hundred and sixty one!

The utmost attention was manifested and a large accession of signatures obtained at the conclusion.

WEST DRAYTON BRICKFIELDS.

DEAR SIR:—The success already realized in this neighbourhood by the inculcation of the principles of our glorious society, has far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine: and there seems to be no doubt now of the triumph of the cause. More than twenty new members have lately been added to us, which now makes our number to exceed one hundred and seventy. The spell by which many in the place, both men and women, have been held by the habit of drinking, is now broken, and they have begun to open their eyes to the delusion they have been under. During the last six months especially, I have watched the progress of the cause with the liveliest interest; for no man more than myself has had reason to deplore the long prevalence of drunkenness in these brickfields. Wherever I went, and I am constantly in the habit of visiting among them, for the purpose of distributing religious tracts, &c., I found my way almost entirely obstructed. Unless the Almighty were pleased to work a miracle, what could be done among a class of men that are either engaged in labour, or as fierce as tigers, or stupid as owls, from the influence of drink? Really, so far as my labours were concerned, their case seemed for a long time all but hopeless.

I must advert for a few moments to the effect our Saturday evenings' friendly meetings have on the tee-totalers here. These meetings commenced nearly twelve months ago, consisting at that time, of *only five or six brickmakers*, associated with four or five other persons. Much labour and expence had been bestowed in getting up public meetings, &c., and though good impressions appeared to be made from time to time, on many minds, but little was permanently accomplished. Numerous are the signatures to the pledge obtained at most of the meetings, and it was evident, that with many, a sincere desire was felt at the time to keep it; but the torrent of ridicule, and the deadly current of example which were continually setting in against them, caused their good resolutions to give way.

Hence, something more efficient was wanted to counteract the unkindly influence which was powerfully at work. This led to the adoption of the above plan, which works admirably. Indeed the few brickmakers who had moral courage enough to keep the pledge in the face of so much opposition, have been materially strengthened by the establishment of these meetings; before, without time or place for social intercourse, they had no rallying point, and all was aloof. As some of

your readers may be desirous to know in what manner our friendly meetings are conducted, I will just describe the one we had on Saturday the 20th ult. One of the brickmakers being called to the chair, he stood up; and, after having delivered a short introductory speech, stating how he liked the cause, the benefits he had derived from it, how much he rejoiced at the progress it is making, &c., he called upon some around him to speak, which they did, to the number of about twenty: now thus are they trained for public speaking; and I, with many others, can bear testimony to the fact that some of them can speak from a platform in a very acceptable and pleasing manner, so that they are often sent for in different directions, to address public audiences. I must not omit to state that matters do not terminate here, but tee-totalism is leading on to something better; hence, numbers among us, regularly attend places of divine worship, and some have become of a decidedly serious cast of mind, and joined different Christian communities. There is yet a fact or two more, which it will be proper to mention ere I conclude. One is an interesting public meeting we had on Tuesday the 24th ult., when a gentleman from Iver, (John Boswell, Esq.) took the chair: while excellent addresses were delivered to a crowded audience, by J. Davis, R. Miller, and J. Carter, brickmakers, and by Goodfellow, whitesmith, of Uxbridge, followed by Mr. Balfour, of Chelsea, whose speech told with good effect on all present: more than twenty signatures to the pledge was the result. This is the last public meeting we shall have for the present, as during the spring and summer months, the brickmakers will be incessantly at their work, from the earliest dawn till they can see no longer in the evening, and nothing more can be regularly done in this way till the fall of the year.

The case of these brickmakers excites a great deal of attention; and while some are watching them with an evil eye, of whom it may be said, they

"Wonder, and gaze, and hate the change," many are looking on with the most anxious feelings, earnestly praying that they may continue to hold fast, for the sake of their temporal and spiritual welfare, as well as for the honour of the cause they have espoused. Happy will it be, and very much will it rejoice the hearts of many, to see Satan here disappointed of his prey, and Hell of her expectation; yea, when the prey shall be taken from the mighty, and every captive soul delivered; and I do think that the cause will yet prevail to an extent not yet witnessed, nor even anticipated, though it has often been said to me by those who would damp every generous feeling and cut the sinew of all effort to benefit others, "Oh, you'll never see any good done here; it is vain to expect it," &c., my answer has always been a short one: "You don't know, let us try."

We had an interesting and novel scene among us on Saturday the 21st ult., (i. e.) a tee-total boat launching, the PRINCE ALBERT rides nobly on the canal, without ever having been christened; such a thing I believe was never heard of before. The builder, J. C., knew

he could finish it without any intoxicating drink, but to launch and refuse the offered money for beer, required no ordinary strength of principle. The worthy owner gave a *solid* proof of his approbation and the pleasure he felt at what was done.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

J. METTERS,

April 9, 1840. Missionary to the District.

DENHAM, NEAR UXBRIDGE.

ON the 30th of March, the small band of tee-totalers of this village invited their friends to a tea party, to be held in the girl's school-room, which, with much care and taste, was prepared for their reception. The supply of tea, coffee, and their solid accompaniments, was most abundant; and the arrangement of the room was so good, that every one present could be comfortably seated and well attended to. Indeed great credit is due to the master of the boys', and the mistress of the girls' schools, who had the arrangement of the whole affair; it was a bright and happy scene, and will not soon pass from the memories of many present. After tea the meeting commenced, when Mr. J. Hull, of Uxbridge, was called upon to preside, who introduced (after a short address) the Rev. Thomas Welsh, of Uxbridge; the Rev. John Berg, of Mile-end; and the Rev. James Webb, of Harefield; all of them belonging to the Baptist denomination. The speeches of these gentlemen were persuasive and convincing, and were listened to with much attention. A miller, and three brickmakers from Drayton, then severally addressed the company in a very interesting manner; the simple and affectionate appeal made by some of these men had a good and striking effect—many of their auditors were engaged in a similar occupation, and appeared deeply interested in what they heard. James M'Bain, from London, closed the meeting after speaking for more than an hour; the eloquence of this man is truly astonishing; his hearers were quite reluctant to part with him, but the lateness of the hour made it necessary to break up the meeting—fourteen signed the pledge.

WEST OF ENGLAND.

BRISTOL.

OUR meetings at the *Tailors' Hall* continue to be crowded, we may say crammed—hundreds constantly going away, unable to obtain admission. The number of signatures from the 25th of February to the 25th of March, is 397, making a total for the first three months of the year of 1597.

At several meetings we have had the very efficient assistance of Mr. R. Parry, the Welsh advocate, who also at one meeting addressed his fellow countrymen in their native tongue; upon whom he produced a very powerful impression. His speeches were uniformly lively and animating, and often very convincing.

During the month we have also had a very interesting Total Abstinence Tea Meeting, which was held at the Infant School Room in the Dings. About 150 sat down to tea. After

tea the company increased to about 350. The meeting was addressed by several speakers. and at the conclusion 14 signatures were obtained. We have every reason to believe that a good impression was made upon most who attended. Amongst the company was a jerry lord who very obligingly offered a room to hold our meetings in. This is the first tea party that has been held in the School Room, but we hope to record many such.

BATH.

OUR principles are progressing surely and rapidly. The Rev. W. Jay's testimony, Mr. T. Whittaker's advocacy, and the daily and hourly exertions of many excellent members devoted to the cause, are producing a change in the sentiments and habits of the community truly gratifying and encouraging. The idea that alcoholic drinks are necessary for the promotion of health, or increase of energy and strength, is very generally abandoned by the intelligent members of the community; and with those who are anxious for the improvement of society, it is as frequently questioned whether it is right,—in fact, whether it is in accordance with the spirit of Christianity to use as a *mere article of luxury*, that which daily observation and experience proves to be the source of so much wretchedness and woe. Within the sphere of our labours, there are numerous instances of families being raised from the most abject poverty and misery, to comfort and respectability through the divine blessing on their own exertions, by practising Total Abstinence. We envy not the feelings or moral sensibility of such as will still assert their *right* to use these drinks in moderation.

The Society's operations are at present carried forward vigorously and successfully. Last evening our speakers held a meeting at Larkhall; this evening, (Thursday) they held a meeting at Twerton; on Friday, in Avon Street; and on the same evening Mr. Whittaker is to explain the principles of total abstinence at Paulton, Somerset. On Monday evening Mr. W. attends a meeting at Devizes; our own speakers' meetings at Snow Hill and Bathaston; on Tuesday, Mr. W. at Market Lavington; our own speakers at Chandos Buildings; on Wednesday evening Mr. W. at Melksham; and on Thursday morning Mr. W. attends a meeting in the Assembly Rooms of this City. During the last month 179 members have been added to our Society.

CORNWALL.

I AM very pleased and thankful, to have it in my power to assure you that Temperance principles are now commanding an influence here altogether unprecedented.

Meetings crowded; almost daily accessions of members; our advocates more efficient, zealous and christian; our funds improving, and indeed in every thing so hopeful is our present state that we cannot but anticipate progressive conquests and final victory.

It is truly matter of devout thanksgiving, that generally our Sailors are uniting themselves to the Society, and several of the Captains who sail from our Port, are become public advocates; we have nearly 20 Masters of vessels pledged, and faithful members, and

last evening we were delighted at the novel scene of eight Captains of vessels going out in a body to hold a tee-total meeting in a small village where there are no less than three public houses and two beer shops, amongst a mining population greatly addicted to intemperance. How cheering to see the band of Temperance Missionaries going on their errand of mercy.—*Bristol Temperance Herald*.

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE IN IRELAND.

THE rapid progress of tee-totalism in Ireland has exceeded even the most sanguine expectations of the most ardent minds. It is calculated that up to the time of the last accounts from Dublin that the Rev. Mr. Mathew had enrolled no less than 80,000 men in that city under the banners of the cause.

Almost all the public-houses are deserted, many of them have been shut up, and shops for the sale of "tee-total refreshments," such as coffee, ginger-beer, and lemonade, are opened in various streets.

The returns of the excise revenue from the south, show a very considerable deficiency. In the Cork district, for the last quarter, the falling off amounts to £23,000. It is rumoured that a great distillery in the south has failed.

On Wednesday the 8th ult. the Rev. Mr. Mathew was entertained at a temperance tea party in Trinity College, the stronghold of Toryism. Nine of the students took the pledge on the occasion. He felt great pleasure at their accession to the cause which he had so much at heart. He assured them that, in whatever station of life they should be placed, they would never have cause to regret the step they had taken on that night. That, for himself, he was not using a rhetorical flourish when he assured them, he felt himself, at that moment repaid for all his exertions, knowing as he did, how much the diffusion of temperance would be added by the influence and example of so many young men of their station and talent. He concluded by saying that he would feel great pleasure in presenting each of his new friends with a silver medal, which he would take care to forward on his arrival in Cork.

It was not to be expected that such brilliant successes would be allowed to pass over without a fling from the enemies of every thing that is good and worthy, and accordingly we find that a few of the provincial papers are busy discovering plots which they say the cause of tee-totalism is made the cloak for. A Limerick journal, after denouncing in the most bitter terms, the Rev. Mr. Mathew because he happens to be a Roman Catholic, and the cause for which he has done so much, actually assures its readers that they have been put in possession of every thing that fully establishes the fact that tee-totalism is nothing more or less than ribbondism, (an association of seditious persons,) and gives a long extract from a document which it pretends was on the person of one of the members of this treasonable society tending to prove the connection. We should not be surprised after this were it to tell its readers that Father Mathew is no less

a person than the famed Captain Rock in disguise. But let them rail, the cause still proceeds and will proceed notwithstanding all their clamour and their rage. It is the last effort of an expiring faction.

FATHER MATHEW.

SINCE our last report of the progress of the Rev. Father Mathew, we have received accounts of the conclusion of the meetings at Dublin. A meeting of about 2000 persons was held in the Royal Exchange, on Saturday the 4th ult., when about five hundred persons of the more respectable class in society took the pledge. He then returned to Beresford Place, where he administered the pledge to the multitude, making the number about 9,000. On the Sunday, at the very earnest persuasion of many, he administered the pledge in front of the chapel in Halston-street, and also at Phibsborough, to between 5,000 and 6,000 persons; making the total number received, during the seven days, upwards of 60,000.

ENNISCORTHY.—A very interesting address was presented to Mr. Mathew by the Enniscorthy Temperance Society, in reply to which, Mr. Mathew, under feelings of evident satisfaction said:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I accept with unmixed pleasure, the address which you have the kindness to present me. Coming, as it does, from a society composed of persons of different religious persuasions, it is indeed the more acceptable to me. I am happy if I can think it has pleased God to give happiness to my countrymen, through so humble an instrument. I hope you will still and for ever unite to promote the happiness of our common country. The feeling shown this day is, I trust, a sign that all are prepared to bury all uncharitable notions arising from religious distinctions, and to encourage the peaceable, firm union, of all sects and all parties."

At this period, the dense crowd which filled the streets and roads, pressed forward so eagerly, that it required all the prompt exertions of C. S. Hill, chief constable, to restore order. This was effected so gently and decisively by Mr. Hill's excellent Irish humour, engaging those who were pushed forward in front to turn round, and push back the crowd that pressed on them from behind. Mr. Hill engaged the assistance of some of the clergymen of the town, by the same agreeable mode of address, rewarding the most active of the persons who pushed to restore order, by instantly letting them have a sight of the good Father Mathew. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the conduct of the gentleman commanding the police force on this day. Captain Rathborne united a strictness in enforcing vigilant order, with a kind feeling of satisfaction, with the work going on. Several of the police took the temperance pledge. One policeman was hurt by being pushed against the convent-gate, from his own tenderness, disliking to annoy or inconvenience the numbers flocking in on him. The numbers who took the pledge, were computed to be 18,000 the first day, and 7,000 the succeeding day.—*Dublin Weekly Herald*.

SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH.—Many are the converts that have been added to the list, and many are the families who are now enjoying the sweets and comforts of a virtuous and sober life. Upwards of a hundred in-door and out-door meetings have been held, sermons have been preached in churches, in streets, and in by-ways,—soirées and social meetings have been got up,—interesting, impressive, and eloquent addresses have been delivered,—a regular system of Sabbath morning visitation in operation for the last six months,—the dwellings of the unfortunate outcasts of society transformed from revelling and rioting, drunkenness, and profanity, into houses of prayer and praise,—thousands of tracts have been gratuitously distributed, and the adherence of many of our fellow-citizens to our principles has been the important result. Numerous meetings have been held in several of the adjacent villages, and lectures and sermons delivered by some of the members of the Society in Cramond, Muttonhole, Stockbridge, Portobello, Gilmerton, Bonnyrigg, and other places. It may be mentioned, as an instance of the flourishing condition of the Society, that 3520 signatures were obtained in three of the Tee-total Coffee-houses in the city, from the 1st of January to the 16th of December; and more than this number have pledged themselves to the Society's rolls in the houses of members.

GLASGOW.—We are in vigorous operation. The cause never presented a more healthy aspect. All the various District Committees into which our city is divided are working well; and aided, as we now efficiently are, by our Catholic brethren, particular districts, once famous for dissipation and riot, have undergone a happy change. Though the Catholics have a separate Society, we are united in our efforts. The enemy is a common enemy, and makes no selection of its victims. We interchange speakers, and the greatest harmony prevails. In one district there is a meeting every night in the same place. Altogether, upwards of thirty meetings are held during the week, including prayer meetings; and two religious discourses are delivered every Sabbath evening, besides occasional sermons by clergymen. We must not forget to mention the laudable exertions of a Female Committee, which conducts an excellent meeting every Friday evening in Spreull's Court. As the result of these exertions, we number about 22,000 pledged members, exclusive of Catholics. Visitation from house to house is extensively practised, and which, we are convinced, is the most beneficial and important duty of a total abstinence society.

ABERDEEN.—Great things have been achieved in the great cause of Tee-totalism in the north, by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Mason. He has been as far north as Wick and Thurso, and has formed large Societies of the most respectable people in almost every town and village. Inverness now numbers about 1300; Dingwall, several hundreds, among whom are the Provost, the Clergyman's daughters, Sir Francis and Lady Mackenzie of Gairloch, &c. &c.; Wick, 700, among whom are one of the Bailies, (the President), the

Editor and Proprietor of the John-O'-Groats Journal; Thurso, some hundreds, including nearly every member of their Temperance Society; in Fraserburgh, nearly the whole town, including the fishing villages of Rosehearty, Pittullie, and Cairnbulg; and in Peterhead he lectured in the Established Church on Tuesday, to the largest meeting, I suppose, ever held on the subject in a church in Scotland. It is supposed that not fewer than 2300 persons were packed into the house, and a great many joined; but this is the first of it there. However, a great excitement is being created and is prevailing, and the good doing is immense.

INVERARY.—While the usual absurd and unmeaning custom of drinking the Queen's health "nine times nine," and all the rest of it, were duly attended to at this place, and a great display of finery exhibited at some of the hotels, on the nuptial day of her Majesty the Queen, we are gratified to observe, from the *Glasgow Herald*, "that the Chamberlain of Argyle, Lorne Campbell, Esq. gave a grand soiree to the Total Abstinence Society of Inverary, to sanction his approbation of sobriety, and which was conducted with great order and decorum."—*Scottish Temperance Journal*.

CUMBERLAND.—Our readers will perceive by the accounts from various Societies that great success has attended the labours of our agent, Mr. George Dodds, in his second tour throughout the country. Although we have not received direct information from all, yet we learn that all the meetings were attended by overflowing numbers, and a great desire generally manifested for another meeting at the close of each. We hope that this thirst for information will continue, and that not only our members will endeavour to disseminate a knowledge of the true principle of temperance, but that the "great delusion" society has now so long laboured under, with respect to the nature and properties of intoxicating liquors, will be made more and more manifest, by the zealous exertions of all who are desirous of promoting our moral and social regeneration.—*Border Herald of Temperance*.

AN ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.

Presentation of an Address to the Queen, by the Deputation of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society.

WE congratulate the members of our society, and our temperance friends in general, on the above event; which, among many other signs of the times, indicates an advance in public estimation of our invaluable cause. Herewe have been acknowledged as one of the great leading associations of the empire. We have been admitted into the separated precincts, along with the high and noble in the land, whom the sovereign delighteth to honour; and so far as royalty can confer it, have now received a status in society of undoubted respectability. We do not mention these things in the way of boasting, but of gratitude to that Power in whom we trust, who at first raised the little cloud as of a man's hand, which now is a refreshing rain that renovates the earth.

The committee resolved that the address should consist of two parts, first, of congratulation on the marriage of Her Majesty; and, secondly, of felicitation on the progress of the temperance reform: our friends, therefore, will see that our principles have been brought boldly forward to open view, and laid honestly and fearlessly at the foot of the throne.

We, therefore, on the consideration of this event, and on the late various discussions in the House of Lords, where the high authorities of state have stood up for us, and pleaded our cause in the teeth of the malevolent accusations which have been levelled against us—we say, we call on our friends to thank God, and take courage—we shall reap the glorious reward if we faint not, and put our strength and trust where they ought to lie.

Messrs. Janson, Dunlop, and Baker, formed the deputation for presenting the address—which was done at the levee on the 6th ult.; and the members of the deputation had the honour of kissing the Queen's hand.

The Address is as follows:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

It is with feelings of deep and sincere respect we approach your royal person, to offer our congratulations on your Majesty's marriage, an event which we devoutly pray, will, through the blessing of Almighty God, tend to the permanent and increasing happiness of your Majesty and your royal consort, to the stability of your government, to the best interests of your people, and to the welfare of future generations.

Believing, that of all the moral virtues which are essential to national prosperity, Temperance is the first in value and importance; and representing a society whose object is to promote universally, and to the fullest extent, the practice of this virtue, we cannot but congratulate your Majesty on the circumstance, of at least a million and a half of your Majesty's subjects, in Great Britain and Ireland, having already embraced our principles. And most ardently do we hope that the lives, both of your Majesty and your royal consort may be prolonged, until intemperance, with all its evils, shall be banished from every part of the British empire.

And may the Great Disposer of events, after having crowned your Majesty's reign with uninterrupted felicity, grant your Majesty and your royal consort, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Saviour, a kingdom incorruptible, undefiled, and which will never fade away.—*Journal of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society.*

BAZAAR.

NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Sale of work in aid of the funds of the above society, to be held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on Monday and Tuesday, 18th and 19th of May, 1840.

Among other contributions, the following will be very acceptable:—

Useful articles for ladies—as collars, caps, cuffs, child-bed linen, aprons, reticules, and tippets.

Useful articles for gentlemen—as collars, watch-guards, ribbons, purses, &c.

Useful articles for children—as frocks, pinafores, books, toys, bags, &c.

Useful articles for the poor.

Fancy articles in card-board, needle-work, worsted-work, pincushions, and paintings in all their varieties.

Cutlery, hardware, crockeryware, stationery, &c., pictures, cabinet-work, &c.

Miss Baker, Maryland Point, Stratford,

Sec. to the Ladies' Central Committee.

N.B.—All communications, relative to the object, are requested to be made to the secretary, at the Society's Office, 12, Bull's Head Court, Newgate-street; and it is particularly desired, that all articles intended to be sent will be forwarded by the end of April, or the beginning of May.

NOTICES.

THE following will be the Public Services in connexion with the Anniversary, to take place in May:—

On Tuesday evening, May 12th, a sermon will be preached in Enon Chapel, New Church-street, Lisson Grove, by the Rev. T. Matthews, of Boston. Service to commence at half-past six o'clock.

On Wednesday evening, May 13th, a sermon will be preached in Aldersgate-street Chapel, by the Rev. P. Thompson, of Chatham. Service to commence at half-past six o'clock.

On Thursday evening, May 14th, a sermon will be preached by the Rev. T. Spencer, perpetual curate of Hinton, near Bath. Service to commence at half-past six o'clock.

On Friday, May 15th, the great annual meeting will be held in Exeter Hall; W. Janson, Esq., President of the Society, will take the chair at six o'clock precisely; among the speakers will be clergymen, dissenting ministers, gentlemen of the medical profession, and many of the most popular advocates of other classes from different parts of the kingdom. Admission by cards, to be obtained of the secretaries of the various auxiliaries; at Nisbet's, Berners-street, Oxford-street; Baisler, Oxford-street; and at the Society's Office, 12, Bull's Head-court, over 79, Newgate-street. The cards will admit to the central and raised seats, at five o'clock. The doors will be open to the public at a quarter to six o'clock.

On Sunday evening, May 17th, a sermon will be preached in Aldersgate-street chapel, by the Rev. T. Matthews, of Boston. Service to commence at half-past six o'clock. Also, in Ebenezer chapel, Church-lane, White-chapel, at half-past six o'clock, by the Rev. F. Beardsall, of Manchester. Collections will be made after each of the above public occasions.

On Monday, May 18th, the ladies, in connexion with the society, will open a bazaar, in aid of the funds, for the sale of useful and fancy articles, in the spacious room of the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, to commence at ten o'clock each day.

On Tuesday, May 19th, the bazaar will continue open till four o'clock, and conclude with a soirée. Cards of admission to the soirée.

2s. 6d each, to be obtained at the Society's Office, and at the Tavern.

On Wednesday, May 20th, a meeting will be held in the chapel, Church-street, Spital-fields, to give those gentlemen and friends, who may kindly visit London, in aid of the great cause, an opportunity to take leave of their friends in the metropolis.

The West London Auxiliary of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society will hold a grand Festival and Meeting, at Exeter Hall, on Whit-Monday, after the Procession, when most of the popular Advocates in town and country are engaged to attend.

TO THE AUXILIARIES OF THE NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

The executive committee earnestly hope that the approaching delegates' meeting will be numerously attended. It is fixed to take place at the Literary Institute, on Friday next, May 15th, at nine o'clock in the morning, and it is of the utmost importance that the auxiliaries interested in carrying out the great principles of the society, should be represented—since, according to one of the resolutions, passed at Exeter Hall, at the last annual meeting, all matters relating to the government of the society, will be finally arranged at the delegates' meeting.

No alteration in the constitution of auxiliaries, as to their form of pledge, or mode of government, was required by the changes effected in the Parent Society, at its last annual meeting; but in order to be entitled to send delegates, an auxiliary must have made some contribution to the funds of the Parent Society within the year—the amount being left to their own liberality.

It is particularly requested that such auxiliaries as intend to be represented, will forward the names of their delegates, at least a week before the time of meeting. On behalf of the committee, W. R. BAKER, Sec.

April 15, 1840.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POST-OFFICE LETTER STAMP.—The letter stamp about to be issued by authority of the Lords of the Treasury, is one of the most exquisite specimens of art that has ever been issued for any purpose, and cannot but have prodigious influence upon the public mind by continually familiarising it with that which is beautiful and true, and so educating the eye by perpetually placing before it a perfect example of good taste, pure invention, and accurate drawing. No circumstance has occurred within our experience, from which we sugar so much benefit to the arts. Those will soon grow sick of mediocrity who are in the daily habit of examining that which comes very near perfection. We cannot say to whom belongs the merit of selecting this from among the thousands submitted to "my Lords," when they offered a prize for an approved design; but as advocates for the prosperity of the Fine Arts of our country, we beg to tender very earnest and grateful thanks for a choice that cannot be but largely beneficial to the whole community. It would scarcely be exaggera-

tion to describe it as an ample set off against any loss the revenue may sustain by the momentous change that distinguished the year 1840. The design is from the pencil of Mulready, R.A.; and is engraved by the eminent wood-engraver, John Thompson,—in relief on brass in the manner of wood. It is shaped to the form of an ordinary envelope, space being left for the direction. In the centre, at the top, is a figure of Britannia, the British lion at her feet, dismissing her sylphs to the four quarters of the globe. To the right and to the left are groups representing the various nations of the world, busied with their traffic; shipping being introduced into the background. In the corner to the right, is a mother eagerly reading a letter to her children; and in the corner opposite, are youths perusing the written testimonial of a parent's love. It is impossible so to describe the work as to convey a notion of its surpassing beauty; our few remarks may indeed lead to the idea that its character is *petite*, which it certainly is not. The design, although its details are minute, has been boldly conceived, and as boldly executed. It is in outline, and will print well; and forgery is almost impossible, inasmuch as there are very few engravers skilful enough to imitate it with anything approaching to accuracy without an enormous expenditure of time. The engraving will be of course stereotyped, and multiplied to a large extent. It is expected that the stamps will be issued to the public by the 1st of June. We understand they are to be printed in the establishment of Messrs. Clowes; who, it is said, have contracted to work off 700 reams of paper weekly (probably about five millions of copies); the contract, at that rate, being for seven years. They have devoted a considerable part of their huge building in Duke-street, Blackfriars, to the purpose; and will have four steam-presses continually at work.—*Art Union*.

GOOD ADVICE.—Let not the law of thy country be the *non ultra* of thy honesty, nor think that always good enough which the law will make good. Narrow not the law of charity, equity, mercy; join Gospel righteousness with legal right; be not a mere Gamaliel in the faith; but let the sermon in the mount be thy *targum* unto the law of Sinai.—*Sir Thomas Browne's Posthumous Works*.

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.—A cobbler living in Swan-street, Minorities, thus pompously announced his calling:—Surgery performed here upon old boots and shoes, by adding of the feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the body with new soles. Advice gratis by B. Marks.—*Newspaper Paragraph*.

CONTROVERSIES.—Controversy is the safety-valve of theological zeal. The spirit of party is opposed to it, being too intolerant for discussion. Truth has always triumphed by means of controversy: she has grown powerless only when the sleep of lethargy has stolen upon the church. What is Christianity itself but a standing controversy with the infidel, the sensualist, and the formalist,—the men of this world?—*Eclectic Review*.



THE
LONDON
TEE-TOTAL MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

No. 4.]

JUNE.

[VOL. I.

PREJUDICE.

REASON and prejudice are the antipodes of each other. Whatever is true is agreeable to reason, and whatever is reasonable is not prejudice. But every favourite prepossession—conceived we know not how, and adhered to we know not why—every opinion that has settled on our minds in obedience to habit, which, if we were asked to defend, we should be unable to render a reason for, is prejudice. Ignorant, weak, indolent, or imbecile minds have been, from time immemorial, the abodes of prejudice.

"Remember, where the judgment's weak,
The prejudice is strong."

is the true sentiment of a deservedly popular old song; and whether we examine the pages of history, or contemplate the "manners living as they rise," we shall find that, in all ages, past as well as present, prejudice has

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been the great foe to human improvement, the rampant champion of error, the authoriser of abuses, the sanctioner of absurdities. It has acted as the gaoler of the mind, immuring it in the dark dungeons of ignorance, and, with a subtlety peculiarly its own, reconciling it to captivity, by representing danger to arise even from the looking out at the dungeon windows.

Indolence is as favourable to the operations of prejudice as ignorance. Numbers of persons wrap themselves up in certain habits and opinions, merely because they are generally adopted, and it saves them the trouble of thinking for themselves. Others have an absolute horror of singularity; they choose "to do as others do," no matter how foolish or even criminal the conduct they pursue, to avoid being singular; the fear of ridicule is ever present to their

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minds—"the world's dread laugh," by anticipation, is ever ringing in their ears. The mind of such, unfortunately, weak persons is truly a sandy soil; no healthy principle can ever be expected to take root and grow there, for it has neither stability, depth, or richness; the winds and waves of passion and *prejudice* would, with them, speedily scatter the best seeds of goodness and truth.

While we lament and condemn the fierce and malignant prejudice of ignorance, and the weak and wilful prejudice of indolence, there is one class of persons who, above all others, are perfectly inexcusable in feeling and indulging any unjust prejudices—viz. Christians! Since the purest and noblest lesson which the world ever received on the subject of prejudice, was given in the introduction of our most holy religion, a volume written on the subject could not convey more to the mind than the remark of Nathaniel in the Gospel: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Surely, when Christians feel inclined hastily to reject or condemn opinions without due reflection and enquiry, they should bear in mind this memorable question; and remember, had Nathaniel yielded to his prejudice, and refused the invitation to "come and see," he would not have been numbered with the chosen twelve.

The prejudice which prompted the disciple's question is, unhappily, still existing in the mind of many, on a subject of minor importance, certainly, than that which Philip testified of, but second only to that; and, in its true sense, intimately interwoven with the spread of the principles which the blessed Redeemer taught. For every thing which has a tendency to soften the heart, to humanise the mind, to purify the morals, and to improve the understanding, must directly tend to that elevation of character which cannot fail to lead man to reflect; and the result of self examination will surely lead him to desire a closer acquaintance with his Creator. No one, with the shadow of a foundation, can deny that the principle of total abstinence is eminently fitted to perform the work of moral regeneration we have stated; nay, it has performed it in innumerable instances; still *prejudice* refuses to be convinced; it is

constantly exclaiming: "Can any good thing be wrought by tee-totalism?" and it will not listen to our earnest invitation: "Come and see!"

Nor is the memorable instance we have adduced, the only lesson which the sacred writings convey on the subject of *prejudice*. Our Redeemer, when drawing a character of pure benevolence, and charity for the imitation of mankind instanced a Samaritan, a native of a country, which the *prejudice* of the Jews taught them to hold in contempt.

St. Paul also aimed a severe blow at prejudice, when he required that Christians should be ready at all times to give "a reason for the faith which was in them;" that is to say, they were not blindly to accept the reasons of others, but to exercise their own; they were to "prove all things," as the best means of holding "fast that which is good." How much error, misconception, and uncharitableness would be prevented, if all who call themselves Christians would really investigate the temperance question for themselves, putting aside the prejudices of custom and habit, and turning a deaf ear to the wishes of interested calumniators. It ought, undoubtedly, to be a point of duty with those who profess to make the Christian doctrine their rule of life, to try the total abstinence principle fairly, before they condemn it. If they refuse to do this, they certainly confess themselves to be under the dominion of that prejudice which has ever been the great obstacle in the way of the spiritual, moral, and social improvement of man.

If it was some very difficult and abstruse theory which we were advocating; something requiring immense application and vast powers of mind to comprehend; something, in which the good to be derived was afar off and uncertain; something, in which the means were unjustifiable, or the end remote, there might be some excuse for prejudice. But when the good is obvious to the most careless observer; the sacrifice absolutely nothing worth calling such; the means perfectly lawful, in a moral and Christian sense; and the end, all that the sincere follower of the Redeemer, and the ardent lover of his country and his species can desire; surely it must be a deep, an unworthy *prejudice* that usurps the throne of rea-

son in the minds of those who will not listen, who will not read, who will not reflect. Such individuals cannot, surely, indeed and in truth believe, that "no man liveth to himself," or the existence of the deadly evil of intemperance, which they must acknowledge, and which they indeed often affect to deplore, would arouse them from their apathy; they would feel it their bounden duty, individually, to enquire, "What can I do to promote sobriety, and check the torrent of intemperance?" and if their conscience was not seared by a long course of selfishness, it would certainly reply: "Seek out a safe remedy, and enforce it by *example* as well as precept." If faithful self examination was practised by the human mind, there would be an end of prejudice. All-powerful, and all-baneful as it is, it exists by suffering. We must permit its cramping and stupifying influence, otherwise it would not exist; and how poor and contemptable a point of view does a human being present, full of strong irrationable antipathies, which he can neither account for or explain; adopting likings as weak and silly as his dislikings, without consulting reason as a justification. Such an individual indolently yields up the loftiest prerogative of man, one that was especially given him to exercise, and one moreover that, whether used or abused, he will certainly be required to account for.

When we laugh at the well known school boy doggerel:

"I do not like you Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know full well,
I do not like you Dr. Fell;"

it would be well to consider, whether these very lucid lines did not comprise nearly all that can be said by the enemies of tee-totalism. "I don't like this tee-totalism; I really don't know why I don't like it, but I don't like it," is

actually all that a great number can say for themselves, in explanation of their feelings and opinions, on the unqualified temperance question. Certainly there are a great number who, if they spoke *truth*, would confess themselves under the dominion of appetite, would say: "I drink because I like it;" but *truth* is as rare, unfortunately, as reason, from the lips of those who are the bond slaves of prejudice; they are as ignorant of themselves as of others, and actually puzzle their bewildered brains for a variety of excuses, the shallowness of which never for a moment deceives any one but themselves, rather than patiently endeavour really to see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears.

Fortunately, in this age of improvement, old things are fast passing away; the total abstinence principle has gained a firm hold of that portion of society who, whatever their disadvantages of education, in the nineteenth century as well as the first, are willing to hear truth "gladly," and to act on it faithfully. If the cause progress as it has done, these will soon form a majority, and then, perhaps, prejudice may be conquered; and when the victory is achieved, some of our opponents will possibly be the first to exclaim that they prophesied success from the beginning: for it is quite consistent with the nature of prejudice, to be the loudest to condemn while success is doubtful, and the first to praise when success is certain: just as the mutinous and dissatisfied seamen, who accompanied Columbus in his great voyage of discovery, were ready to throw him overboard because day after day no land appeared; when at length they stood on the shores of the western world, they were equally ready to worship him as a God. Such is human nature when it allows *prejudice* to usurp the place of reason!

REALITIES.

"Truth is strange: Stranger than fiction,"

BYRON.

GREAT as is the assistance which the powers of the imagination, when well directed, may afford to truth, by pla-

cing in new and pleasing lights various moral principles, and winning the attention of the careless eye, and the re-

flection of the, too often vacant, mind, to subjects of vital importance, by presenting

“ Truth severe in fairy fiction dressed ;”

yet the cause of temperance requires not the exercise of inventive powers, to bring it home with startling energy to every heart: for there is scarcely a family that has not known among others, or felt in stern reality themselves, some of the awful warnings that intemperance is perpetually giving to society. Its fearful records are, in truth, written in blood, and steeped in tears! Catastrophes so awful, and deeds so base, as those which intemperance daily perpetrates, could never be conceived by the imagination, or portrayed by the pen of fiction.

It often excites wonder (as well it may), that society does not benefit by the teachings of experience, and perceive at a glance their duty and their interest in abolishing the cause which produces such lamentable effects. Alas! the majority of society are composed of two large classes, the moderate, and the immoderate drinkers; the former, *unwilling* to believe themselves chargeable with, or interested in, the miseries of intemperance; and the latter, *unable*, from continual stupefaction, to reflect on the only sure means of alleviating the sufferings that surround them.

Perhaps the most heart rending records of intemperance are to be found in an hospital. A prison shows us the criminal delinquent, lured into vice and ignomy by his baneful habits: but an hospital too often exhibits, not only the extremities of human agony, but the *innocent* sufferer through guilty negligence, or still more guilty brutality, induced by the one great vice, that, like an Aaron's rod, seems to swallow up all others in its frightful pre-eminence of wickedness.

The following narrative owes nothing to imagination; it is a plain, unvarnished tale, which, alas! has, no doubt, many parallels.

A few years back a young woman, named Ellen Blakeney, residing about thirty miles from London, received a letter which summoned her hastily to the metropolis, on the melancholy occasion of an accident, which had befallen an elder sister residing there, who

had been thrown down and severely injured by a vehicle driven violently and carelessly by an intoxicated driver. Besides the grief natural to an affectionate sister, on hearing disastrous tidings of one so near and dear, the sorrow in this case was aggravated by circumstances. The eldest sister, now so unhappily situated, was on the point of marriage with a young man whose many good qualities had won her confidence, and whose fair prospects and respectable connexions, recommended him to her friends as equally eligible to inclination and prudence. The day had been appointed, and Ellen was looking forward with joyful anticipation to the visit which her sister intended to make, after the marriage, to the home of her youth, where, though no fond mother was spared to welcome her, there was an aged father, whose only earthly wishes centered in his two daughters.

The infirmities of this sole remaining parent, incapacitated him from sharing the journey of his child, on her errand of affection to her sister. The fervent prayer, however, of parental tenderness and affliction, accompanied Ellen; unfortunately, she arrived too late in London to see her sister, and was compelled to pass a night of agitating suspense under the care of the friends with whom her sister, previous to the accident, had been residing. At an early hour on the following morning, she applied for admission to the mansion that benevolence had consecrated to suffering; and bitter indeed was the scene of human misery that met the appalled gaze of the uninitiated and tender hearted country girl, when her earnest entreaties procured her admission, at an unusually early hour for visitors, to what is termed the accident ward, where, as its name imports, all cases of sudden injury are carried.

It was a great comfort to the poor girl to find her sister's injuries, though severe, were not dangerous, nor of such a nature as to preclude the hope that she might bear removal; for Ellen, and her sister Mary (the patient), in common with the generality of country people, entertained an instinctive dread, amounting almost to horror, at the idea of an hospital: and this feeling was predominant even in their first tearful salutation. After their mutual agitation

had subsided, it was evident to the eye of affection, that Mary suffered in mind as well as body; and that the scenes around had wrought fearfully on a sensitive temperament.

"Have they been kind to you, dear Mary?" was the natural question.

"Yes," replied the sufferer, "but I fell I shall never get well here. Look round you, Ellen, and then you will not think me impatient, when I say, that, whether I live or die, oh! let it be at home."

It was a hasty and shuddering glance that Ellen cast upon the two rows of beds, each with some pain-worn occupant, that stretched down the opposite sides of a long room. The hospital in question was situated in a crowded, and, it may be added, dissolute neighbourhood; the building was old, and the great improvements in the loftiness, lighting, and ventilating of rooms intended for the sick, which now so distinguish some of our newly erected hospitals, had not been introduced at the time the building in question was erected, consequently the apartment was low and gloomy, but the misery it sheltered excluded every thought of minor inconveniences in the spectator filling the mind with mingled terror and sympathy wound up almost to agony.

The thought that first suggested itself to Ellen was, that some unusually dreadful calamity must have occurred to cause so large a number of sufferers.

"Oh, what has happened! How came they all here?" she hastily enquired.

"As I came, my sister. In the three days and nights, which have appeared like an age to me, since I came here, I have learnt that the house is rather squalid than usual, and the cases very bad; but they are nearly all, Ellen, caused by one vice. Intemperance, with very few exceptions has been the means, in various ways, of filling this room. You see that child opposite, she is recovered and will leave in a few days; that child's sufferings and horrible disfigurement, were caused by the negligence of an intemperate mother!"

Ellen beheld a little girl who had been frightfully burned about the face: a large scar entirely overspread the forehead, and, in consequence of the contraction of the skin after the healing of the burn, the eyelids were drawn up-

wards from the eyes, which they no longer sheltered, and a permanent and most awful disfigurement was the result. The child was left, it appeared, while the mother was out pursuing the degrading career of vicious intemperance; the lonely little one, with thought beyond her years, strove to supply her wretched mother's place, by preparing the evening meal for her father against his return; and while busied about the fire, her thin and tattered dress caught, and the flames spreading upwards had inflicted the injuries described, and stamped, in agonizing characters on her innocent brow, the fearful records of a mother's intemperance.

In the next bed to the poor child was a young woman, also burned, writhing, tossing, and moaning, in all the agony of a recently inflicted injury. The history of this case was similar to the last: the poor creature had an intemperate husband, and was compelled to labour hard to maintain a little family who owed nothing whatever to their father but the life which he endeavoured to render miserable. After the toils of the day, she had to wait up for the return of her husband from his haunts of iniquity; in an unfortunate hour, wearied with toil, and stupified with sorrow, the miserable wife had been overcome with drowsiness, and her clothes ignited at the candle and caused her present dangerous state. It was evident the mind of the sufferer was as ill at ease as her body, for her constant exclamations were of her little ones, now left entirely to his care, who had never cared for them. "My poor children, my poor dear children!" was the reiterated cry of the distracted mother.

Ellen closed her eyes and put her hands over her ears, as she breathed a mental prayer for the afflicted creatures she beheld.

There were many other equally awful cases resulting from the same prolific source; but one elderly woman presented a picture which all the moderate, or immoderate lovers of strong drink, would have done well to look on. Continued self-indulgence had dashed out all that was mental and ennobling or even human in the countenance; and evil and brutal passions, combined with the wild glare of insanity, to give an idiotic ferocity to the face perfectly

revolting. The REASON she had so often wilfully insulted and outraged, had fled for ever from its throne, leaving only the humiliating form of humanity, unilluminated by that "ray divine", without which we are more lowly, because infinitely more helpless, than the beasts that perish. She had been admitted under an attack of *delirium tremens* (induced by intemperance), which had degenerated into confirmed and hopeless insanity, and her removal to a lunatic asylum was to take place that day.

A deep groan from the bed immediately contiguous to that her sister occupied, caused Ellen to look round, and her eyes fell on a countenance intellectual and lovely, even in decay; for the cold hand of the grim tyrant was hovering over the lowly bed, and its dark shadow rested on the large soft thoughtful eyes he was about to seal for ever.

"Who is that young person next you?" whispered Ellen.

"Oh! I have not strength to tell you; poor thing! I shall never forget her; 'tis the worst, that is, the most affecting case of all. She is dying, Ellen. I heard the surgeons say there was no hope. She has been praying all night; but I know she has had a fearful struggle between her love of truth, and her love of a cruel and worthless husband. She was brought here the night before last, in a state of insensibility, with severe internal injuries, supposed to have been caused by wilful violence—a fall down stairs accounted for the broken limb which forms part of her affliction. Her first words, when she recovered her senses, were, 'Oh, George! is your heart so hardened against me?' This confirmed the suspicion of the gentlemen who were attending her, and they began to question her; but she soon fully comprehended her situation, and declined answering them, mildly, but firmly. Her husband was taken into custody, however, and her state being quite hopeless, a magistrate attended to take her depositions. She refused, with surprising energy, to give any account; dwelling with tenderness on her husband's general conduct; assuring them that, but for *one failing*, he was all a wife could wish. Her conversation was that of a well educated person; and

when told her husband was in custody, and that a strong chain of circumstantial evidence was collected, the conflict in her mind became dreadful; she even raised herself up in the bed, and entreated they would release her husband. 'I fell down stairs, accidentally, indeed, —indeed I did,' she kept saying, until quite exhausted. She fell back, to all appearance dead, on the pillow. Since then her sufferings, both bodily and mental, have been shocking; all night I heard her praying for forgiveness, exclaiming she had periled her immortal soul. Since the chaplain visited her this morning, she has been more tranquil. But hers, is indeed, a mournful death bed. For she will not give any account of her relatives that may enable them to be sent for; and, poor thing, she must need the compassionate kindness of kindred in such a dreadful hour." As the faint under tone in which Mary Blakeney spoke, ceased from the fatigue of the speaker, the unfortunate subject of her narrative called for a draught of water, and Ellen, being more disengaged than the nurses, hastened to procure some drink for the sufferer. As she held the cup to her feverish lips, the eyes of the young woman fixed with enquiring earnestness on her countenance, after a moment her intelligent expression changed for the bright unsettled gaze of delirium; clasping Ellen's hand with her burning fingers, she passed it affectionately to her lips, exclaiming, with a strange mixture of wildness and coherency: "You are come then, at last, my dear friend; I am not left to die without one friendly eye to shed a tear for me. You must not ask me any questions though." she continued, "indeed you must not, for I cannot tell even you, how it happens that I, the darling child of doting parents, came here—crushed, and bruised, and tortured out of existence. Tell me," she added after a pause, "do you think it possible George would ever wantonly, and barbarously hurt me? I that gave up all for him; oh! no—no! it is all a frightful dream. Have I told any one? It is a wife's duty to be faithful unto death: have I been so?" Ellen hastily interrupted her, entreating her to be composed, and assuring her she spoke to one who sympathised with her, but, nevertheless, a

stranger. "A stranger!" repeated the dying woman, "ah! you have all been strangers to me since I married." After a short pause, during which, looking at Ellen attentively, she continued: "If you are indeed a stranger, learn wisdom from my sufferings; I disobeyed my parents, offended every friend for love of one, whose character they said they understood better than I did; and is it possible they were right? Oh! my dear mother, your words are even now ringing in my ears: 'an imprudent marriage is generally an unhappy one,' and, alas! I have found it so."

A sharp paroxysm of pain shook the sufferer; Ellen's tears fell fast as she wiped the death damps from her broad fair brow, and smoothed the pillow for her aching head.

"It is not the pain I mind," faltered the afflicted, "oh, no—the bitterness of death is *here*," laying her hand on her heart as she spoke.

A nurse came to the bed side, and seeing with experienced eye, that death was fast approaching, she drew a large screen round the bed, and Ellen was about to leave the place, when a motion of the sufferer's hand enjoined her to remain, and instinctively Ellen sunk on her knees by the bed, and raised her hands in mental prayer, unable to find utterance for her thoughts. The action, silent as it was, was seasonable; it recalled the wandering thoughts of the dying woman to her solemn state on the threshold of eternity. It was a comfort to perceive the peaceful expression that gradually settled on her features. After a short interval her breathing became much embarrassed, though her manner was calm and collected. "Will you promise me one thing?" she enquired.

"Willingly; any thing I can possibly do."

"Seek out my poor, misguided, miserable husband; tell him I died blessing him, and praying for him; tell him, if I ever offended him I crave his forgiveness, even as I have freely forgiven—for he must have been mad—he was mad! and, oh! above all things, tell him that by the love I bear him,—'love strong as death,' I entreat him to forsake the drink that has so changed his nature. Tell all this, and say I died trusting in the atonement of Him who

said in His hour of human trial: 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do!'"

The last words were almost inaudible, and, exhausted by her exertions, she sunk into a sort of stupor, the change from which to death, was so imperceptible, that though the awe-stricken girl, at her sister's request, watched for the awful change, she knew not when it took place, and was startled into fresh sorrow when the nurse announced that all was over.

The sisters, both anxious to quit so melancholy a scene, only waited to see and thank the medical gentleman who had attended to Mary Blakeney; and the friends, before alluded to, hearing that removal would not now be unsafe, conveyed the poor girl to their residence, and from thence, in a few days, to her paternal home.

The visit to the hospital, produced, however, very salutary effects on the minds of both sisters. The young man to whom Mary was about to be united, had recently received a handsome legacy, and it had been suggested to him that he could not employ his money better, or more profitably, than by engaging in the beer and spirit trade. Unthinkingly, he had adopted the opinions of his friends, and even Mary began to entertain favourable views of the matter. But the scene at the hospital—the many victims she saw lying around, herself amongst the rest, effected a wonderful change in her mind. "Not for the wealth of India," she exclaimed, when talking to her lover on the subject, "would I have the guilt upon my soul, of selling, or making the drink that causes such intolerable misery. Never, never will I consent to live and fatten on such ill-gotten—blood sprinkled—murderous gains!" To an opinion thus vehemently expressed, and deeply felt, nothing could be replied: and, having truth as a foundation for her energy, she triumphed over all her lover's objections, and won him to entertain her opinions with a firmness equal to her own. Their marriage was delayed some months, but Providence opened a way for them to employ their capital, ultimately, both innocently and profitably.

Ellen had also received a warning she was wise enough to profit by, at the

death bed she had witnessed. Duty and inclination had been long striving for mastery in her young heart, and it is hardly necessary to say that the contest was somewhat unequal. She had formed an attachment for one, whom all the wise elders of her acquaintance concurred in thinking wild and thoughtless, and, moreover, somewhat infected with intemperate habits. Ellen's first step on her return home was to dismiss this young man, and to promise her father, voluntarily, that, until his conduct totally changed, she would not permit his addresses.

In compliance with her promise, Ellen strove to find out the husband of the victim whose last moments she had witnessed; but her endeavours were frustrated. She learned, in answer to anxious enquiries, that the person she sought had been tried, and acquitted,

for want of evidence, but that, unable to bear the reproaches of his conscience, in a fit of intoxication, he perished by his own hand, two days after his release from confinement.

The young man, whom Ellen so sensibly and decidedly dismissed, in his heart respected her for her principles; and being resolved to win the prize, which Solomon said "is far above the rubies," determined, as a wise preliminary, to endeavour to deserve it. After three years probation he was accepted, with the full consent and blessing of all parties concerned; and the *unqualified* temperance of his habits, and the manly tenderness of his disposition, made Ellen rejoice that she had so essentially served him, as well as herself, by practising the wisdom learnt in her sad visit to an hospital.

TEE-TOTALISM NOT SCRIPTURALLY ENJOINED.

HE who questions the existence in man, of a strong propensity to whisper what he wishes, has yet to learn an obvious truth. Before the wakeful mind, manifestations of this propensity are continually rising. No sooner does an offensive truth present itself to the mind, than a wish that it may be false, introduces a whisper that it is so,—a slight persuasion, even in the presence of opposite proof, that it is. This whisper, this faint persuasion, cherished, assumes a distincter and stronger character, until at last, influencing the mind with the force of truth, it gains expression, and, "I think it erroneous," is distinctly avowed. Except the person who makes the avowal be one of those who can give no other reason for an opinion, than, that they "think so;" and who, in controversy, support that opinion by the manful resolve that no one *shall* convince them to the contrary of it; fearing the contempt to which the avowal of an indefensible opinion entitles, and will assuredly subject him; such a person seeks reason, by which to justify his belief.

This principle enables us to account, in some degree at least for the super-

lative nonsense which, by a numerous class of persons, is dignified as objection.

One objection to which a fear of incurring the contempt generally consequent upon the avowal of an indefensible opinion, has given birth, and which, from its frequent use by persons of a certain class,—professors of the Christian religion—deserves particular examination, is the following: "Tee-totalism has no claim upon our sanction and support, inasmuch as the scriptures do not enjoin it, and it is not, therefore, necessary to salvation." Admitting that the word of God is, as regards both precept and principle, silent on the subject of tee-totalism, may this silence be considered an objection to it? Decidedly not: as we hope clearly to make apparent.

Ere this objection may be justly viewed as valid, it is necessary that it should be demonstrated, as a truth, that in the word of God is to be found the injunction, in express terms, of every particular duty incumbent upon us; for until this be proved, it cannot, with propriety, be said that any thing has no claim on our sanction and support,

merely on the ground that scripture does not enjoin them.

Human conduct presents two aspects, arising from the relation which it may bear to this life, and its interests exclusively; or to a future state. When related merely to this life, and its interests, it is controlled by reason; at least, reason was given for this end. Reason, and particularly since the fall, proved insufficient to discover and calculate the relation which conduct bears to a future state, and to the will of the Supreme. To serve this purpose, revelation was given; but how absurd to suppose that revelation would dictate what reason commanded,—that revelation would discover to us what reason was perfectly competent to make known! viz.:—the most efficient modes of combatting temporal evils. We contend that he who for one moment conceives the probability that revelation should point out the means of temporal good,

and the remedies for temporal evils, grossly mistakes the design of revelation. Revelation has discovered to us the future, and furnishes us with minute directions concerning the bearing which our present conduct will have upon our state during the future; but reason was given to rule the concerns of life. When reason dictates, independently of passion, its dictates define duty just as much as revealed precept. The means whereby intemperance, which is mostly regarded as a superlative temporal evil, is most successfully combated, reason is competent to discover; and, therefore, when reason discloses these means, the man who requires, ere he will use them, direct scriptural precept, acts unworthy of his human character, by slighting that which ought to be a sufficient guide, and looking for that which it is unreasonable to expect.

J. C. W.

ON THE ELEVATION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

ABRIDGED FROM DR. CHANNING'S LECTURES.

WHAT is to be understood by the elevation of the labouring class? This is our first topic. To prevent misapprehension, I will begin with stating what is *not* meant by it, in what it does not consist.—I say, then, that by the elevation of the labourer, I do not understand that he is to be raised above the need of labour. I do not expect a series of improvements, by which he is to be released from his daily work. Still more, I have no desire to dismiss him from his workshop and farm, to take the spade and axe from his hand, and to make his life a long holyday. I have faith in labour, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labour alone can keep us alive. I would not change, if I could, our subjection to physical laws, our exposure to hunger and cold, and the necessity of constant conflicts with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements, that they should infuse into us only grateful sensations, that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals

so ductile as to offer no resistance to our strength or skill. Such a world would make a contemptible race. Man owes his growth, his energy, chiefly to that striving of the will, that conflict with difficulty, which we call Effort. Easy, pleasant work, does not make robust minds, does not give men a consciousness of their powers, does not train them to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will, that force without which all other acquisitions avail nothing. Manual labour is a school, in which men are placed to get energy of purpose and character, a vastly more important endowment than all the learning of all other schools. They are placed, indeed, under hard masters, physical sufferings and wants, the power of fearful elements, and the vicissitudes of all human things; but these stern teachers do a work which no compassionate, indulgent friend could do for us; and true wisdom will bless Providence for their sharp ministry. I have great faith in hard work. The material world does much for the mind by its beauty and order; but it does more

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for our minds by the pains it inflicts, by its obstinate resistance which nothing but patient toil can overcome, by its vast forces which nothing but unremitting skill and effort can turn to our use, by its perils which demand continual vigilance, and by its tendencies to decay. I believe that difficulties are more important to the human mind than what we call assistances. Work we all must, if we mean to bring out and perfect our nature. Even if we do not work with the hands, we must undergo equivalent toil in some other direction. No business or study which does not present obstacles, tasking to the full the intellect and the will, is worthy of a man. In science, he who does not grapple with hard questions, who does not concentrate his whole intellect in vigorous attention, who does not aim to penetrate what at first repels him, will never attain to mental force. The uses of toil reach beyond the present world. The capacity of steady, earnest labour is, I apprehend, one of our great preparations for another state of being. When I see the vast amount of toil required of men, I feel that it must have important connections with their future existence; and that he who has met this discipline manfully, has laid one essential foundation of improvement, exertion, and happiness, in the world to come. You will here see that to me labour has great dignity. It is not merely the grand instrument by which the earth is overspread with fruitfulness and beauty, and the ocean subdued, and matter wrought into innumerable forms for comfort and ornament. It has a far higher function, which is, to give force to the will, efficiency, courage, the capacity of endurance and of persevering devotion to far-reaching plans. Alas for the man who has not learned to work! He is a poor creature. He does not know himself. He depends on others, with no capacity of making returns for the support they give; and let him not fancy that he has a monopoly of enjoyment. Ease, rest, owes its deliciousness to toil; and no toil is so burdensome as the rest of him who has nothing to task and quicken his powers.

I have now said, what I do not mean by the elevation of the labouring classes. It is not an outward change of condition. It is not release from labour. It

is not struggling for another rank. It is not political power. I understand something deeper. I know but one elevation of a human being, and that is Elevation of Soul. Without this, it matters nothing where a man stands or what he possesses; and with it, he towers, he is one of God's nobility, no matter what place he holds in the social scale. There is but one elevation for a labourer, and for all other men. There are not different kinds of dignity for different orders of men, but one and the same to all. The only elevation of a human being, consists in the exercise, growth, energy, of the higher principles and powers of his soul. A bird may be shot upwards to the skies by a foreign force; but it rises, in the true sense of the word, only when it spreads its own wings and soars by its own living power. So a man may be thrust upward into a conspicuous place by outward accidents; but he rises, only in so far as he exerts himself, and expands his best faculties, and ascends by a free effort to a nobler region of thought and action. Such is the elevation I desire for the labourer, and I desire no other. This elevation is indeed to be aided by an improvement of his outward condition, and in turn it greatly improves his outward lot; and thus connected, outward good is real and great; but supposing it to exist in separation from inward growth and life, it would be nothing worth, nor would I raise a finger to promote it.

Elevation of soul, this is to be desired for the labourer as for every human being, and what does this mean? The phrase, I am aware, is vague, and often serves for mere declamation. Let me strive to convey some precise ideas of it; and in doing this I can use no language which will save the hearer from the necessity of thought. The subject is a spiritual one. It carries us into the depths of our own nature, and I can say nothing about it worth saying, without tasking your powers of attention, without demanding some mental toil. I know that these lectures are meant for entertainment rather than mental labour; but as I have told you, I have great faith in labour, and I feel that I cannot be more useful than in exciting the hearer to some vigorous action of mind.

Elevation of soul, in what does this

consist? Without aiming at philosophical exactness, I shall convey a sufficiently precise idea of it, by saying that it consists, first, in Force of Thought exerted for the acquisition of Truth; secondly, in Force of Pure and Generous Feeling; thirdly, in Force of Moral Purpose. Each of these topics needs a lecture for its development. I must confine myself to the first; from which, however, you may learn in a measure my views of the other two. Before entering on this topic, let me offer one preliminary remark. To every man who would rise in dignity as a man, be he rich or poor, ignorant or instructed, there is one essential condition, one effort, one purpose, without which not a step can be taken. He must resolutely purpose and labour to free himself from whatever he knows to be wrong in his motives and life. He who habitually allows himself in any known crime or wrong-doing, effectually bars his progress towards a higher intellectual and moral life. On this point every man should deal honestly with himself. If he will not listen to his conscience, rebuking him for violations of plain duty, let him not dream of self-elevation. The foundation is wanting. He will build, if at all, in sand.

I say every man is to be a student, a thinker. This does not mean, that he is to shut himself within four walls and bend body and mind over books. Men thought before books were written, and some of the greatest thinkers never entered what we call a study. Nature, Scripture, society, and life, present perpetual subjects for thought; and the man who collects, concentrates, employs his faculties on any of these subjects for the purpose of getting the truth, is so far a student, a thinker, a philosopher, and is rising to the dignity of a man. It is time that we should cease to limit to professed scholars, the titles of thinkers, philosophers. Whoever seeks truth with an earnest mind, no matter when or how, belongs to the school of intellectual men.

The universe in which we live, was plainly meant by God to stir up such thought as has now been described. It is full of difficulty and mystery, and can only be penetrated and unravelled by the concentration of the intellect. Every object, even the simplest in nature and

society, every event of life, is made up of various elements subtly bound together; so that to understand anything, we must reduce it from its complexity to its parts and principles, and examine their relations to one another. Nor is this all. Every thing which enters the mind, not only contains a depth of mystery in itself, but is connected by a thousand ties with all other things. The universe is not a disorderly, disconnected heap, but a beautiful whole, stamped throughout with unity, so as to be an image of the One Infinite Spirit. Nothing stands alone. All things are knit together, each existing for all and all for each. The humblest object has infinite connections. The vegetable, which you saw on your table to-day, came to you from the first plant which God made to grow on the earth, and was the product of the rains and sunshine of six thousand years. Such a universe demands thought to be understood; and we are placed in it to think, to put forth the power within, to look beneath the surface of things, to look beyond particular facts and events to their causes and effects, to their reason and ends, their mutual influences, their diversities and resemblances, their proportions and harmonies, and the general laws which bind them together. This is what I mean by thinking; and by such thought the mind rises to a dignity, which humbly represents the greatness of the Divine intellect; that is, it rises more and more to consistency of views, to broad general principles, to universal truths, to glimpses of the order and harmony and infinity of the Divine system, and thus to a deep, enlightened veneration of the Infinite Father.

Am I met here by the constantly recurring objection, that such great thoughts as have now been treated of, are not to be expected in the multitude of men, whose means of culture are so confined? To this difficulty I shall reply in the next lecture; but I wish to state a fact, or law of our nature, very cheering to those who, with few means, still pant for generous improvement. It is this, that great ideas come to us less from outward, direct, laborious teaching, than from indirect influences, and from the native working of our own minds; so that those who want the outward apparatus for extensive learning,

are not cut off from them. Thus, laborious teachers may instruct us for years in God, and virtue, and the soul, and we may remain nearly as ignorant of them as at the beginning; whilst a look, a tone, an act of a fellow-creature, who is kindled by a grand thought, and who is thrown into our path at some susceptible season of life, will do much to awaken and expand this thought within us. It is a matter of experience, that the greatest ideas often come to us, when right-minded, we know not how. They flash on us as lights from heaven. A man seriously given to the culture of his mind in virtue and truth, finds himself under better teaching than that of man. Revelations of his own soul, of God's intimate presence, of the grandeur of the creation, of the glory of disinterestedness, of the deformity of wrong doing, of the dignity of universal justice, of the might of moral principle, of the immutableness of truth, of immortality, and of the inward source of happiness; these revelations, awakening a thirst for something higher, than he is or has, come of themselves to an humble, self-improving man. Sometimes a common scene in nature, one of the common relations in life, will open itself to us with a brightness and pregnancy of meaning unknown before. Sometimes a thought of this kind forms an era in life. It changes the whole future course. It is a new creation. And these great ideas are not confined to men of any class. They are communications of the Infinite Mind to all minds which are open to their reception; and labour is a far better condition for their reception than luxurious or fashionable life. It is even better than a studious life, when this fosters vanity, pride, and the spirit of jealous competition. A childlike simplicity attracts these revelations more than a selfish culture of intellect, however far extended.

I am aware, that in reply to all that has been said in favor of the possibility of uniting self-improvement with labour, discouraging facts may be brought forward from our daily experience. It may be said, that in this country,* under advantages unknown in other lands, there is a considerable number, on whom

the burden of toil presses very heavily, who can scarcely live with all their efforts, and who are cut off by their hard condition from the means of intellectual culture; and if this take place now, what are we to expect hereafter in a more crowded population? I acknowledge, that we have a number of depressed labourers, whose state is exceedingly unpropitious to the education of the mind; but this argument will lose much of its power, when we inquire into the causes of this evil. We shall then see, that it comes not from outward necessity, not from irresistible obstacles abroad, but chiefly from the fault or ignorance of the sufferers themselves; so that the elevation of the mind and character of the labourer, tends directly to reduce if not to remove the evil. Of consequence, this elevation finds support in what is urged against it. In confirmation of these views, allow me just to hint at the causes of that depression of many labourers, which is said to show that labour and self-improvement cannot go on together.

First, how much of this depression is to be traced to Intemperance. What a great amount of time, and strength, and money, might multitudes gain for self-improvement, by a strict sobriety? That cheap remedy, pure water, would cure the chief evils in very many families of the ignorant and poor. Were the sums which are still lavished on ardent spirits, appropriated wisely to the elevation of the people, what a new world we should live in! Intemperance not only wastes the earnings, but the health and the minds of men. How many, were they to exchange what they call moderate drinking for water, would be surprised to learn, that they had been living under a cloud, in half-stupefaction, and would become conscious of an intellectual energy of which they had not before dreamed! Their labours would exhaust them less; and less labour would be needed for their support; and thus their inability to cultivate their high nature, would in a great measure be removed. The working class, above all men, have an interest in the cause of temperance, and they ought to look on the individual who lives by scattering the means and excitements of drunkenness, not only as the general enemy of his race, but as their own worst foe.

* America.

In the next place, how much of the depression of labourers may be traced to the want of a strict Economy. The prosperity of this country has produced a wastefulness, that has extended to the labouring multitude. A man here, turns with scorn from fare that in many countries would be termed luxurious. It is, indeed, important that the standard of living in all classes should be high; that is, it should include the comforts of life, the means of neatness and order in our dwellings, and such supplies of our wants as are fitted to secure vigorous health. But how many waste their earnings on indulgences which may be spared, and thus have no resource for a dark day, and are always trembling on the brink of pauperism! Needless expenses keep many too poor for self-improvement. And here let me say, that expensive habits among the more prosperous labourers, often interfere with the mental culture of themselves and their families. How many among them sacrifice improvement to appetite! How many sacrifice it to the love of show, to the desire of outstripping others, and to habits of expense which grow out of this insatiable passion! In a country so thriving and luxurious as ours, the labourer is in danger of contracting artificial wants and diseased tastes; and to gratify these, he gives himself wholly to accumulation, and sells his mind for gain. Our unparalleled prosperity has not been an unmixed good. It has inflamed cupidity, has diseased the imagination with dreams of boundless success, and plunged a vast multitude into excessive toils, feverish competitions, and exhausting cares. A labourer having secured a neat home and a wholesome table, should ask nothing more for the senses; but should consecrate his leisure, and what may be spared of his earnings, to the culture of himself and family, to the best books, to the best teaching, to pleasant and profitable intercourse, to sympathy and the offices of humanity, and to the enjoyment of the beautiful in nature and art. Unhappily, the labourer, if prosperous, is anxious to ape the rich man, instead of trying to rise above him, as he often may, by noble acquisitions. The young, in particular, the apprentice and the female domestic, catch a taste for fashion, and on this altar sacrifice too often their

uprightness, and almost always the spirit of improvement, dooming themselves to ignorance, if not to vice, for a vain show. Is this evil without remedy? Is human nature always to be sacrificed to outward decoration? Is the outward always to triumph over the inward man? Is nobleness of sentiment never to spring up among us? May not a reform in this particular begin in the labouring class, since it seems so desperate among the more prosperous? Cannot the labourer, whose condition calls him so loudly to simplicity of taste and habits, take his stand against that love of dress which dissipates and corrupts so many minds among the opulent? Cannot the labouring class refuse to measure men by outward success, and pour utter scorn on all pretensions founded on outward show or condition? Sure I am, that were they to study plainness of dress and simplicity of living, for the purposes of their own true elevation, they would surpass in intellect, in taste, in honourable qualities, and in present enjoyment, that great proportion of the prosperous who are softened into indulgence, or enslaved to empty show. By such self-denial, how might the burden of labour be lightened, and time and strength redeemed for improvement!

In these remarks, I have endeavoured to shew that the great obstacles to the improvement of the labouring classes, are in themselves, and may therefore be overcome. They want nothing but the Will. Outward difficulty will shrink and vanish before them, just as far as they are bent on progress, just as far as the great idea of their own elevation shall take possession of their minds. I know, that many will smile at the suggestion, that the labourer may be brought to practice thrift and self-denial, for the purpose of becoming a nobler being. But such sceptics, having never experienced the power of a grand thought or generous purpose, are no judges of others. They may be assured, however, that enthusiasm is not wholly a dream, and that it is not wholly unnatural for individuals or bodies to get the idea of something higher and more inspiring than their present attainments.

CHAPTERS FOR TEE-TOTALERS,

BY A VILLAGE PASTOR.

CHAPTER I.

AN ADDRESS TO THE FRIENDS OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE, ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THEIR UNION INTO ONE GRAND SOCIETY, IN ORDER TO INSURE SUCCESS.

"Union is strength."

CONSIDERING the number of churches, chapels, Sunday-schools, as well national as British schools, it is really surprising and appalling that vice, intemperance, and infidelity still stalk along our streets threatening inevitable and overwhelming destruction. And when it is considered, too, in addition, the increasing number of bibles circulated by that noble institution, the British and Foreign Bible Society—the millions of tracts which are distributed—the daily visitation from house to house, street to street, and village to village, by societies designed to promote the best interests of mankind, it is a fact to me almost inexplicable how the march of intemperance should be so rapid, and the ignorance, profanity, and licentiousness of our unhappy countrymen still continue. The object of this paper is to shew, that with all the efforts of the various temperance and total abstinence societies in the kingdom, in addition to the other societies already alluded to, the want of union and combination amongst the different associations of philanthropy and benevolence forms one great barrier against crowning and ultimate success. There is, moreover, spread over the minds of Britons, a torpor and supineness unworthy their profession, and unworthy the noble cause they espouse. Living as we do in the *nineteenth century*, and having the facilities for doing good, it is marvellous that our efforts are so circumscribed, our ardour so cold, and our zeal so languid. While this insensibility continues, there needs no apology for the effort to arouse our fellow-men and fellow-Christians to a due consideration of this subject. It is recorded in history of a certain monarch, whose kingdom was on the eve of being ransacked by a foreign enemy; the news was communicated to him by a

special messenger while he was enjoying himself at a banquet with his lords. The messenger desired, and pressed earnestly, for an interview, stating his business to be of imperative importance—to which he was heard to reply, "*serious things to-morrow.*" The following day arrived and found him the miserable victim of his own infatuation—his country was invaded, and himself deposed and driven from his throne. Just so it is with the ministers of the gospel and professing Christians in the present day. When we talk of total abstinence, they set us down for enthusiasts and madmen, though facts have clearly proved that *it alone* is the instrument by which intemperance can be entirely removed. And even those who warmly espouse the cause of total abstinence by their *want of union*, by their cold, frigid, and lifeless exertions, act like this infatuated monarch. But let them neglect this vitally important subject a little longer, and then supineness, indifference, and dis-union will give place to horrors of conscience inexpressible, and forebodings the imagination cannot conceive. O! for eloquence equal to this subject, for

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

powerfully to awaken the friends of benevolence and philanthropy from this death-like slumber—slumber as injurious to their own prosperity as it is disgraceful to the age in which they live, and the character they profess as Christians.

An emperor, on reviewing his army preparatory to a battle, was seen to weep; and on enquiring the cause, he replied, "I weep when I recollect where will these brave men be in an hundred years." And, surely, Christians may weep when they think of the

millions of their fellow-men who will perish in the course of seven years, nay, of one year, by the insidious foe—intemperance. But what are tears—what are prayers—what is sympathy—nay, what are exertions—what is activity and zeal, when on the other hand we take the weapon which effectually destroys all that we accomplish—disunion and strife amongst the friends of benevolence? Is it possible that we can calmly and placidly survey the havoc made by intemperance without weeping tears of blood—the sorrows of the wife—the distress of the children—the ruination of families—the destruction of body and soul—and the promotion of vice, distress, ignomy, and shame? Yes, intemperance, that demon of the moral forest, is now prowling for prey—the enemy of all that is virtuous, lovely, and of good report seeks the destruction of men by hundreds and thousands; and strange to say, men of God, men professing christianity, give the foe the ground, while they lose the time in settling which is to have the pre-eminence. My very soul is moved to the consideration of this subject, and I call upon Christians of every name and denomination to consider their vast responsibility, and rouse themselves to put forth a moral impulse which shall be felt as far and as wide as the poison of intemperance is experienced.

And I call specially upon young men, the flower of the country, and the hope of the church, to assist in this mighty work. “Your fathers, where are they, and the prophets, do they live for ever?” No; shortly you will occupy their stations; and it is your imperative duty, as it is your highest privilege, to perpetuate to “the generations to come,” those principles which alone are able to dissipate vice, reclaim the vicious and unhappy, and save the lost. Principles which, while they secure present benefits, present peace and security, give joy and tranquility even in death, and open a glorious immortality beyond the grave.

Nor let the softer and fair sex shrink from engaging in this holy cause. You can do *much, very much*, for the cause of temperance by your winning smiles, your forcible persuasions, your assiduous exertions, and your untiring zeal; and let this holy and patriotic

flame be by them reflected upon their husbands, children, and friends, that while the cause of virtue, truth, and religion call for their strenuous support, a new race, actuated by their examples, may be found ready to emulate their transcendent merit. And to all let me say, whether young or old, male or female, remember the solemn asseveration of holy writ, “Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.” But in order to put this subject in a position before you clear and demonstrative, I would urge the use of all the fund of temperance experimentally. 1st, *From the opportunity it affords for the imparting information.* 2ndly, *The force and power it has upon the world.* And, 3rdly, *The effects, the delightful effects it imparts to the friends of temperance themselves.*

First, The benefits of this union, amongst all the friends of temperance, will be seen, if we consider the opportunity it affords of imparting information.

Now, when there are a number of bodies or parties divided and subdivided, it must be apparent that the means of imparting information is by no means easy, certain, and expeditious; but let such bodies of men unite in one grand society, and the information on the subject of temperance is imparted with ease and facility; the hands of all are thus made strong, the hearts of all are encouraged, and by a simultaneous effort there is a progressive movement, fresh vigour and energy, and greater zeal and ardour promoted. But

Secondly, The benefits of this union may be seen, if we notice the force and power it has upon the world. The same remark which has often been made of religion and religious men, will apply to this subject. Now it has been said if religion is divine, how comes it to pass that religious men are so divided and dis-united. And it may be said by the opponents of this society, if your cause is so beneficial, how is it you are not united instead of being split into so many parties. Thus the impression of the importance of total abstinence is weakened and nullified; but let the friends of temperance unite as *one grand society*, and their influence, and power,

and their energy, will soon be felt. Men will then see that there is really something beneficial in the cause of total abstinence; they will begin to examine the subject—will listen to your arguments—will attend to your statements—will read the facts you publish, and by this means will enlist in your cause. "Union is strength"—it is strength of energy, strength of example, and almost omnipotent in its results.

I cannot, therefore, too strongly urge upon all the friends of total abstinence to aim at this desirable union. If you feel that your principles are worthy of examination; if you desire the good of your fellow-men; if you pant for usefulness in this noble cause, it is to be attained on the *largest scale only*, by the union in one grand society of all the friends of total abstinence. Surely there is not such mighty difficulties to overcome—such deep seated prejudices to be removed in order to accomplish this much wished for object.

I cannot conceive why the long pledged and the short pledged advocates cannot at once settle their trifling differences; and the committees of each society merge into one committee of the whole, and thus move onward "as an army with banners," the friend of the virtuous, the Saviour of the drunkard, and the terror of the publican. The great difficulty (if it be one) is for the *first movement* towards this object to be taken, and surely he is the most honourable and noble of men who first begins the march of this union of all the friends of temperance. Let that day come when it may, the world will know, every man will know, that there is a powerful influence in the principles of total abstinence, that there is an efficacy in this cause which demands at once their reception, immediate adoption, and their co-operation.

Thirdly and lastly, The benefit of this union will appear in the delightful effects which would be felt by the friends of total abstinence themselves.

Union would be strength, and energy, and vitality to them. Now that there are parties and divisions among the friends of this society, it must of necessity engender a cool, supine, and indifferent spirit; and while these divisions continue, there will grow this spirit of lukewarmness, and indifference and apathy; your meetings may be crowded—your speakers may be energetic—your report may be glowing and delightful; but, oh! dis-union is the canker-worm which destroys your usefulness, and the poison which neutralizes your efforts and exertions. But let the various societies merge themselves into one, and then the hearts of all are encouraged—the wavering will become decided—the lukewarm, zealous—the timid, bold—the weak, strong, and the whole be a healthy, and active, and vigorous body. This subject may be aptly illustrated by the delightful facts received from Ireland. There, there has been no divisions, no parties; and what has been the result? success beyond expectation, and beyond all calculation. Oh! ye who are the friends of mankind, who are the foes of vice and intemperance, come forward, make one simultaneous effort for union, one grand exertion for this important object; and such a society, with America in union too, would be a match for the world in all its vice, and ruin, and intemperance.

The world demands your union, and will not believe your principles to be safe and efficacious until you are united, and being united you will experience results as beneficial as they are happy, as momentous as they are certain. O that I could plead this cause with eloquence equal to its importance, and prevail on the friends of total abstinence to adopt this union of themselves into one grand society, and thus their cause would be successful beyond their expectations, and their work abundantly prosper.

Hackney, May 18, 1840.

PENCILLINGS OF BACCHANALIANS,

BY QUIZZINA SKETCH.

No. 4.—THE MONTHLY NURSE.

"Where is the man that hath the power or skill,
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

OBSERVERS generally assert that women possess a large proportion of that quality which "is called *perseverance*, in a good cause; and *obstinacy*, in a bad one. This is no disparagement to them, provided they take reason into their councils, and yield attention to its dictates; but, unfortunately, unwise prepossession and excited feeling, too often usurp the place of reason, and we have that dogged obstinacy, persisted in with *smiling* pertinacity, (not the less formidable because *smiling*) which produces a resistance both active and passive, as it may best suit the time and the purpose of the individual.

Perhaps, viewed as a class, (leaving out, of course, those few exceptions which only prove the rule) those portly, self-satisfied, comfortable, important, dames, who

"Preside at our birth, and attend us in death;"

are the most hopelessly obstinate of their sex. If the theory of these wise women be correct, we are all born a century, at least, too late. Custom is, with them, an awful thing, and it is little less than absolute sacrilege, to neglect, or what is worse, question the wisdom and utility of any of those time honoured usages, which rule, with undisputed sway, the period of our entrance on this "teeming stage of strife."

With such a reverence for long sanctioned habits, the sisterhood of nurses are of course keen to detect, and sharp to reprove all innovation. "Lor bless your heart, I never, in all my born days, yeard tell of sich a thing!—it's quite out of reason! its very dangerous!" With these and similar remarks, do they invariably receive any thing *new*.

It must be confessed the sisterhood have had their obstinacy duly exercised for a considerable period: one old custom after another, has been swept to

oblivion with those who introduced them; not, however, without many battles between the pertinacious old sticklers, and the improved information of modern times. The present race of nurses are obliged to give up many things their predecessors delighted in; many of the mysteries of their craft are no longer available; true, one enjoyment is left them—strong drink has, with them, set up its rest; the good people of the nineteenth century, as well as their ancestors, seem to think it impossible that the sick can be watched unless the nurse can be kept *awake* by those beverages, which most of her Majesty's lieges find potent in sending them to sleep. The monthly nurse makes no secret of her stated draught: why should she? She drinks from pure philanthropy—for the good of the rising generation. How could her tender heart endure to hear the cries of an infant, unless she had fortified herself with a drain? How could she bear the fatigue of nursing its tiny form, if alcohol did not stimulate her frame? these are important questions, and though the good old days of tight rolling, flannel caps, head stays, and caudle cups, are departed, our nurses can mourn over their glass, the degeneracy of the times, and the bad effects that will certainly arise, from letting even little babies have their own way, by allowing them to trun their heads, and move their hands as often as they please, in a manner that would have frightened and scandalized our ancestors. The sisterhood have one glorious consolation—inch-by-inch they have contested the progress of innovation—they have drawn themselves up in a phalanx deep and strong, across the entrance of the path of improvement; all who go that way, must give battle with them, or leap over their heads, which so many

have done, that at last seeing themselves left "alone in their glory," many are compelled, slowly, and grumblingly, to follow.

A portly nurse of the old school, though of the present age, was Mrs. Dinah Sippet. The fatigues of her occupation had not prevented her attaining a comfortable rotundity of form, and her nightly vigils had failed to pale a cheek which had a deeper red than nature usually bestows on a dame of fifty.

The old lady in question had coaxing and weedling manners to her patients, and concealed her obstinacy beneath an ample assumed mantle of affectionate commiseration. At home, however, and with her friends and gossips, she indulged in many bitter reflections on the "new fangled ways" of modern times, and bitter lamentations for the days that are gone. Her favourite confident is Mrs. Clacksup, the smart landlady of the "Friend and Pitcher." Here Mrs. Dinah Sippet's first visit is always paid, when she returns home from her nursings, and into the ever attentive ear of the landlady are poured her complaints at the degeneracy of the age.

With an unusually lengthened visage, whose crimson was turning to purple, about a year back, she sought the residence of Mrs. Clacksup, and throwing herself into an arm chair in the bar, exclaimed:—

"My dear cretur, it's a wonder you see me alive!"

"Why, what's the matter, Mrs. Sippet?"

"Oh, the matter! the world's turned topsy-turvy, there'll soon be no living in it for decent comfortable old people like me."

"Why, bless me, what's happened; have you lost your patient?" said the landlady. "Did she die?"

"Oh, worse than that! Pour me out a drain of the best, and I'll tell ye."

"Well," she continued, wiping her lips, and setting down the glass with an approving nod, "you know, my dear soul, I was called in a hurry, the person regularly engaged could not go, and the doctor sent for me. Well, I goes as I said, all in a nonplush, and I charges my best price in course. But what do you think they was, Mrs. Clacksup: they was *tee-totalers*!"

"Oh, the mean spirited, stingy wretches!" exclaimed the landlady, reddening with indignation.

"Oh, they paid me well, but lor love ye, what I suffered! There was nobody, not even the servant, would fetch me a drop of nothink for love nor money; and in course I couldn't be a running out and in whenever I wanted a drop, and what to do I didn't know; and if I just slipped away and filled my pocket bottle, why, bless you, the noses of the creturs was as keen as a greyhound's! they was sure to scent it out, and then for a lecture. You see, as I said, they paid me well, and bound me down like, though 'twas in a hurried like way. And when they scented me out, they was quite stiff, and said it was breaking my promise, that it did me no good, and that they had no confidence in me. There's for ye! me that's nurst for thirty years and better. So I was obligated to be partickler. Oh! the money that it cost me in lemon-peel and orris root, to keep their noses from scenting the gin! But the lady made me the maddest of all. I thought I should bring her to reason. You know it's part of our business to teach the young women to take what'll do 'em good. Many and many a one as would not taste a drop on no account whasomdever, before, learns from their nus to make theirselves comfortable. But this tee-total lady there was no doing nothink with. 'Mum,' says I to her, 'you're a risking your precious life, and your sweet babby's too, if you'll believe me.' She laughed, (she was very good tempered, I allow that,) and says she, "Nus, you shall see how well I shall do without any intoxicating drink; they are unnecessary and hurtful at all times, but quite dangerous now." And so she did get well very fast, I really think out of spite."

"The obstinate creature! I've no patience with them, to join against her own sex," exclaimed the indignant landlady.

"Ah! and these people are a spreading and a flourishing everywhere," rejoined the nurse.

"Don't we feel it," was the sorrowful reply.

"There bea't many nuses amongem though," continued the nurse. "It'll cost em some talk and trouble to convince us. If all the world joined em,

I'm sure nuses would be the last; they've more good sense, Mrs. Clacksup, than to take up with any new thing.—Mind ye, I hate drunkenness. I used to always be advising of that foolish wretch, Mrs. Thirst, to be prudent and drink with *judgment*. There; it all lays in that. I don't believe that drunken cretor, Thirst, ever took a drop more than I do myself; and I'm sure every body knows I'm very sober; but she took it without eating, and it overcame her: now I drinks little and often, and eats a bit with it; so I'm none the worse, except my cough and rheumatiz, which gets worse every day. But these tee-totalers 'll be my ruin."

"Let's have another glass, and drink confusion to em," cried the angry hostess.

"Ah, so we will my dear soul! I've one comfort, however. I think if there's

any truth in the old sayings, the next generation of the tee-totalers will all be very ugly. Ah, you may look! but ever since I was a child, I've heard say, if visitor's don't drink the baby's health in a drop of something good, they 'run away with the beauty of the child.'"

The hostess laughed at this sally; and as a similarity of dislikes is the principle that unites many such friends, they grew so very communicative to each other, and so bitter in their denunciations against the tee-totalers, that we decline recording further particulars, as the chief burden of the old nurses strain was:—"Ah, they may boast about their numbers, gentle and simple,—the smiths and the masons, and the iron founders,—but they've not got us,—they've not got many of the good old genuine Monthly Nurses"

ANALYSIS OF STANDARD TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRINKING USAGES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By F. DUNLOP, Esq. Houlstone and Stoneman.

Our readers will perceive in another part of this work, the just remark of the Rev. J. Sherman,—“It is a most lamentable fact, that you cannot get persons to read on this subject,—to study the statistics of drunkenness, and I may now happily add, the statistics of tee-totalism.” This remark applied to opponents. It is to be hoped that tee-totalers themselves are quite free from any participation in the mental apathy which pervades the minds of society, and prevents them from studying so important a branch of morals as temperance. “Reading,” says Lord Bacon, “makes a full man;” and our tee-total brethren should not merely content themselves with the practical part of the salutary system they have adopted. They should “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest” those writings that bear expressly on a subject which cannot be too deeply investigated. It is impossible we should give a reason for the faith that is in us, unless we have added to our zeal,—knowledge. The man who is able to give an apt and pertinent reply, whose

mind is stored with useful facts and sound information on the subject in question, possesses a shield against which all the shafts of ridicule and malignity are armed in vain.

Mr. Dunlop's admirable treatise on drinking usages, illustrated by graphic anecdotes, and commented on with genuine philosophy, is, indeed, a valuable present to society. Instead of wondering that the inhabitants of Britain's favored isle are an intemperate people, the wonder is, rather, that with so many *arbitrary* measures to prevent sobriety, any should possibly escape acquiring habits of intemperance. Society, generally, has worn the chain of habit,—that chain which is “too light to be felt, until it is too strong to be broken.” Men,—free born Britons too, have supinely endured the most callous aggressions, the most tyrannising inflictions; the most cruel exactions; have lent their aid to perpetuate a series of taxes so utterly unjust and revolting, that every honest heart in the kingdom would instantly revolt against them, if direct laws, or political institutions, commanded one-tenth such sacrifice of their free will. The people themselves have forged and rivetted these galling chains, and they

must themselves break these bonds asunder. Mr. Dunlop, in showing them their grievance, its effects in various trades, in every condition, and at every period of human life, has done more in enlightening the people of Great Britain, as to their real want of liberty, and actual debasement, than all the host of agitating demagogues, and political economists, (whose name is legion) that have spoken or written during the present century.

The style of the book is pleasant and interesting, abounding, as we before stated, with anecdote, carrying the reader on with untiring earnestness to the conclusion. We rejoice that a valuable abstract of the larger work has recently appeared at a very low price, in which is displayed the customary drinking usages in various trades. The following extracts are from the argumentative portions of the valuable work in question.

"The principal obstruction to the advancement of mental improvement among the industrious classes arises from lack of means for building library-rooms, for purchasing books, for erecting commodious halls where lectures might be delivered regularly, and scientific experiments be fitly prepared and exhibited; and from want of funds for furnishing lecturers, and teachers of moral and natural science, with a moderate annual provision, to prevent them from being entirely dependent on the casual attendance of students. In every middle-sized community in Scotland, the drinking usage-fund amounts not only to hundreds but to thousands of pounds sterling per annum, part of which might go legitimately and naturally into this new and desirable channel. Indeed, throughout the whole of this rich and powerful nation, there is in the towns the most shameful want of public walks and healthful resort for general recreation—of play-ground for children—of public piazzas along the streets, and other shelter from the weather—of convenience for the exhibition of statues, paintings, and other specimens of the fine-arts—of roomy buildings for education of children, with gardens and courts attached; and even the prisons, and places for punishment of public offenders, are generally constructed in a way calculated rather to increase than prevent crime: and those philanthropists who would attempt any improvement in any branch of these matters, are constantly met with the hopeless and impassable barrier of want of funds. Now, one year of the drinking

usage money, including the net usage demand, and the sums consumed in drink in consequence, and of the sums annually spent on intoxicating beverages in general, would prove equal to the attainment of all the objects above mentioned. I mean to say, that the sum consumed in one year throughout the empire, in intoxicating liquor, would effect all these objects, if it amounts, as has been stated, to many millions sterling. In some quarters I know that a demonstration has been made by the friends of mental improvement among the operatives themselves, to make the drinking usage money available for some of these purposes.

"I have been all along, in common with others, deeply impressed with the advantages to the Temperance cause, of instruction to the operative classes by the method of Mechanics' Institutes and Libraries; and have spent much time in attempts in that way. But to those who are averse to personal trouble, and who cover their determination to sacrifice nothing for temperance themselves, by continual and convenient exclamations of Educate! Educate! I cannot help observing, that although since 1822, Mechanics' Institutes have increased and multiplied, so far from the result being that they have banished intemperance, the consumption of ardent spirits has since then increased three-fold. I am happy however to be able to record the following evidence of the beginning of clearer principles held by the operative classes on this subject. The committee of a mechanics' library lately received a present of books from a few ship builder lads, having been purchased with their share of launching bowl money. A few weeks after wards, the same committee received another present in somewhat the following unexpected manner. It must be premised, that there is a certain drinking usage among artisans, denominated, "raising of the wind." It takes place when a violent craving for a social debauch arises, and there is no immediate prospect of its being gratified through the regular medium of an apprentice or journeyman's entry, or other established usage. In this case, the owner of an old hat or snuff-box is persuaded to set it up to sale, the men bid against each other, it is disposed of to the highest bidder, and the price forms the basis of a small fund: this is added to by the other men according to a rate agreed upon, and the amount, and generally a great deal more, is spent at night in the public house. Upon the occasion a question, an old hat was put up, and after an animated auction, was knocked down to a certain individual, and a sum raised in the usual way. It appears, however, that the

owner of the hat, from caprice or some other motive, demurred to parting with it till he knew fully what was to be done with the price, under a pretended ignorance on this point. What's to be done with the cash?" quoth he: "you must tell me before I part with my beaver." A shout of indignation from the more thirsty members at his effrontery and simulation, succeeded: but the party persisted in raising objections, and finally brought in the aid of science and literature. "Ye're aye bleesing about that library of yours," said he; and he then proposed to subscribe the money to that institution, instead of "*discipling the gills*."—Done! done!" cried a number of young fellows; "a debate! a bebate!" And as free discussion was the order of the day, some time (after work) was devoted to the purpose; and wonderful to relate, on a vote being called, it was found that a considerable majority were favourable to buying books for the library; which was forthwith done accordingly.

The following are highly interesting remarks on the absurd, and we trust nearly obsolete, practice of drinking healths.

"It will be found difficult to answer the pointed demand of a foreigner, with regard to the peculiar virtue which is conceived as attached to drinking a person's health; and whether precisely the same courteous sentiment might not be as well brought out by dancing, eating or singing, for the same purpose. The German Prince Pückler remarks upon the English custom of drinking healths as follows:—

"It is not usual to take wine (during dinner in England) without drinking to another person. When you raise your glass, you look fixedly at the one with whom you are drinking, bow your head, and then drink with great gravity. Certainly many of the customs of the South-Sea islanders, which strike us the most, are less ludicrous. It is esteemed a civility to challenge any body in this way to drink; and a messenger is often sent from one end of the table to the other, to announce to B. that A. wishes to take wine with him: where-upon each, sometimes with considerable trouble, catches the other's eye, and goes through the ceremony of the prescribed nod with great formality, looking at the moment very like a Chinese mandarin. . . . Glass jugs filled with water happily enable *foreigners* to temper the brandy which forms so large a component part of English wines."

"Professor Raumer says of an English dinner,—

'Though I passed all the strong wines, and

drank but few of the healths or toasts, I yet drank too much. This was almost inevitable from the want of any drink for quenching thirst.'

"The Saxon exclamation, 'Weaheil!' 'Mayest thou be in health!' is said to be the origin of the wassail bowl of the north of England. Roxana administered the sup to Vortigern with 'Waes heil hlaforð Cyning!' 'Health to thee, my lord king.'

"The following English drinking words of the twelfth century, are given by Wace, when he describes the drinking bout in the English camp during the night which preceded the battle of Hastings:—

"Tout nuit mangierent et burent
Unkes la nuit el lit ne jurent
Mult les veissiez demener
Treper et saillir e chanter
'Lublie' erient, et 'weissel'
E' laticome' e' drincheheil'
'Drinc hindrewart' e' drintome'
'Drinc helf' e' drinctome'."

"Perhaps the custom of health-drinking originated in the practice of offering libations at feasts to the gods or chiefs; or of pledging in ancient feudal times, when, at a mingled feast of friends and foes, one guaranteed his neighbours throat while drinking. Barbarous usages should cease with barbarous ages. At a time when the commons of France seemed drawing to a taste for ardent spirits, Louis XIV. had the good sense to perceive the effect that the drinking of healths, and other complimentary modes among the higher circles, produced upon the nation at large; and he disused the custom in his own case, and abrogated the former wine courtesies at his court. The Church of Scotland, wisely remarking the dangerous tendency of 'health drinking,' forbids the ceremony among its members: it is pity that this prudent and christian caution should everywhere be rebelled against in Scotland.* A great authority in this church, Mr. Durham, observes, 'that it is an uncouth and strange thing, and even unnatural, that neither a man's appetite, nor his health, nor the time of the day, nor his ordinary diet, shall be the reason or occasion of a man's drinking, or the rule whereby to try the convenient *when or season* of it; but whenever a man shall make such and such a bargain with me, or pay me for, or get payment from me of, such and such things, *that* must be the rule of my eating and drinking! What beast would be thus dealt with? There is a drinking of healths—by this means forcing, tempting, or occasioning drinking in others; this is one of the highest provocations to drunkenness. What can be the use of drinking healths? It was a

* Act of General Assembly, 13th June, 1646, No. XI.

notable saying of a great man, solicited to drink the king's health, 'By your leave, I will pray for the king's health, and drink for my own.' This practice will probably be found to have arisen from heathen idolaters, who used *libamen Jovi, Baccho, &c.*: it is certain there is no vestige for it in Christianity, nor any reason for it.* There are other examples of men of eminence objecting to the practice of health drinking.

"It happened," says Dr. Williams, "about the year 1692, when Sir Matthew Hale was a young man, and previous to his call to the bar, having joined some young men in a convivial party out of town, one of their number, notwithstanding all Hale's efforts to prevent it, indulged in wine to such a degree as to become insensible, and at length apparently dead. Hale retired to another room, and having shut the door, prayed to Him 'who seeth in secret,' that his friend might be restored, and that the countenance given by himself to such excess, might be pardoned. He vowed also against the indulgence in such companionship for the future, and that he would not even drink a health if his friend recovered. And the vow was performed, occasionally to the inconvenience and reproach of its framer; for, in after days, when drinking the *King's health* was deemed a distinguishing mark of loyalty, Hale was sometimes uncivilly treated, because of his refusal to observe the ceremony."

"It would be desirable that influential men should consider of some more appropriate entertainment, at which to disseminate patriotic and political truth. Heavy eating is indubitably unfavourable to the exercise of reason or of fancy. How men gorged with mutton and punch, and with a fermenting conglomeration of omnigenous food, should be the better fitted for the peculiar exercise of mental energy, is an enigma, which puts reason to a stand; and which can principally be solved by the British, who seem to delight in nothing more than in its gross experience.

"When a gentleman in Scotland, on receiving a visit from a friend, thinks it proper to drink a tumbler of 'toddy,' or perhaps two, before his face, in order not to appear to discourage his guest from taking what pleases him—this is clearly in the nature of artificial usage; and it is hard that a man should not only be obliged to provide food and accommodation for his visitor, but that he must also injure himself, perhaps, in a useless display of false courtesy. Indeed, it seems of the utmost importance to society that it should be generally known, and intently noted, that all eating and drinking in *mere courtesy*, is the remnant of Gothic and worthless custom, that

ought to be utterly banished the realm, if it were for nothing else than to unchain us from the thralldom in which it involves society. To drink when we are thirsty only, and eat when nature directs, is a maxim of a benevolent friend of temperance, fraught with the soundest sense. That our etiquettes impose any compulsion against this rule, is worse than slavery. But when to this is added, that a poison is thus forced upon social life, which has nearly ruined the population, surely it is high time that we should pause, and by a resolute effort rid ourselves of the moral pest."

In taking our leave of this excellent and useful essay, we cannot forbear expressing our opinion, that every young man in Great Britain should be master of its important contents.

USE OF HABITS OF INDUSTRY.—Let none who would seek a restoration of their peace ever voluntarily indulge in idleness, or in that slight and trifling employment which forms only its excuse. On the contrary, let them draw out for themselves (if neither necessity nor duty impose it) a plan of constant occupation that must be followed steadily, regularly in its recurrence. It may be irksome at first, it may in the commencement be fruitless, but perseverance will have its perfect work at last; the attention will become arrested, thoughts will cease to wander, habits will become fixed, and the mind will at length find that it receives invigorated health as gradually but as surely as the continued but imperceptible breathings of a pure and invigorating atmosphere restore to the wasted body, after fever, that strength which has been prostrated by a destructive armour during its burning course. Impassioned persons, more than all others, need this discipline; it forms the moral government that every mind so constituted owes to itself, and which nought but itself can carry on. Persons of high capacities, of more than ordinary powers and affections, draw round them like the magnet, many and complicated connexions in the social circle, wherein they move as in a sphere; and they must necessarily find themselves frequently crossed by contending obligations, by opposing duties or feelings, by painful claims, by many temptations. With such, disappointment, mental anguish, are at all times a certain portion of their lot, a part of their compact with life what they are to receive as the very consequence or result of what they possess; and act how they may, though they may rarely deviate from what is just, yet with them, even to do right, in this imperfect state of things, must frequently be to suffer, to sorrow, to offend. With such, to overcome pain depends not so much on any sudden efforts, as on the predominant and fixed habits of their lives; for neither man nor woman, having a determined object of pursuit, that calls forth the active energies of the mind, can ever sink under calamity, unless that calamity has its barb envenomed with the poison of remorse; for if there be remorse in affliction, there the spirit becomes wounded indeed, and of such a spirit well may it be said, "Who shall hear it?"

* The Rev. Mr. Durham on the Ten Commandments.

POETRY.

EVENING REFLECTIONS.

How sweet to retire from the town's ceaseless din ;
 From the toilsome engagements by duty required :
 To still every feeling that ruffles within,
 With the heart-soothing pleasure by nature inspired.

The sun now descending the arch of the west,
 His burning car rolls down the road of the sky ;
 And the clouds that surround him, so gorgeously drest,
 Reflect on the landscape his own crimson die.

He seems on the distant horizon to stand,
 And casts his eye over the works of the day ;
 With level glance spreads o'er the far smiling land,
 His beamy farewell as he hastens away.

Now quickly advances the season of rest,
 As time's ceaseless current steals silent along ;
 The minstrels of evening are hush'd in the nest—
 The woodlands no longer resound with their song.

Now deepen the shades on the night's dusky brow—
 The blue mists slow rising glide over the farm,
 Where, with clamour remote, in the valley below,
 The mastiff re-echoes the note of alarm.

The moon her pale crescent unveils to the sight,
 Illumes the dark earth with ner silv'ry ray,
 And in borrow'd effulgence, as lovely as bright,
 Rejoicingly travels the star-spangled way.

Ah ! why should the votaries of riot and noise,
 For tumult this sweet hour of quiet forego ?
 How rich are the pleasures, how pure are the joys,
 That peace and retirement in silence bestow !

Where mirth, all deceitful, and feasting preside,
 And the high flavour'd wine sparkles clear in the bowl—
 It taints with its venom the hearts vital tide,
 And kindles a burning that drinks up the soul !

The pensive mind sooth'd by this quiet profound,
 In hope sees its sins and its follies forgiv'n—
 Religion her light sheds on all things around,
 And the scarce breathing breeze seems the whisper of heaven.

Then here let me wander in evenings decline,
 And the flame of devotion in solitude fan—
 Contemplate the works of the Author divine,
 And sigh for the guilt and the sorrows of man.

R. A.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

THE number and importance of the various temperance movements during the past month, has been such as literary efforts must, in a measure, fail to keep up with. Never was there a period when the friends of true temperance had more reason to congratulate themselves on the triumphant progress of their valuable principles. Influence, talent, and zeal, have at length united, and the moral reformation so humbly, but so honourably and sincerely commenced, bids fair to spread with unquenchable ardour over the length and breadth of the land.

It is doubtful whether any other society could possibly have made the splendid display of strength, both as regards numbers and talent, as the metropolitan tee-totalers witnessed at the two annual meetings, held on successive evenings, at Exeter-hall.

We feel there is no necessity for offering any apology to our readers for curtailing our usual portion of miscellaneous intelligence. The great annual meeting of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society presents such paramount claims to attention, that we cannot fail to present it to our readers, *verbatim*, from the very full and accurate report of "*The Journal of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society.*"

THE FOURTH GENERAL MEETING of this Society was held in the large room, Exeter-hall, on Friday evening, the 15th of May. The chair was taken at six o'clock by WM. JANSON, Esq. The hall was densely crowded. A large number of the Society of Friends were present, and among the audience were several soldiers, some of whom wore both the Waterloo and Temperance medals.

The CHAIRMAN, who was received with immense applause, rose and said,—My temperance friends, as you have imposed on me the very serious duty of taking the chair on the present occasion, it can hardly be expected that I should add to that responsibility by making a long speech. One thing only I am anxious to say, that although the meeting held last evening was in relation to the promotion of the objects of temperance, this meeting was not appointed in reference to that. I, for one, rather rejoice in the fact, that there have been, this year, two temperance meetings instead of one (hear, hear), in as much as more individuals in that way have been brought under the sound of our principles. It will be recollected by our friends present last year, that much difficulty and confusion arose as to what should be the principles and practice recommended by this society. I, as an individual, took a part in the recommendation of the adoption of what is called the American pledge, as a pledge or declaration specifying what we believe to be a consistent practice in reference to the principles we were prepared to advocate, and as that is the case I am not at all disposed to flinch from the duty imposed on me. (Cheers.) I am not in the least degree anxious to make anything like a party in relation to this question. (Hear, hear.) I would leave the temperance field to-morrow, if I believed my continuing any longer in connexion with it injured it; and as soon as I am so convinced, I shall leave it, but not till then. (Cheers.)

I will now call on the secretary to read a short extract from the report. (Cries of "a hymn.") Some of our friends call for a hymn—I have no objection. I would just say that we have not yet a hymn, or a piece of music which I should like to see in connexion with this institution. I merely throw out this hint that our rhyming friends may be prepared to produce something very excellent in that way before next year.

A temperance hymn was then sung by the meeting.

The SECRETARY (Mr. Baker) then read the report, which announced the great prosperity of the society during the past year, far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. In one district alone, 100 drunkards had been reclaimed, forty-five of whom had joined different churches. The society's agents had travelled all over the country, and had met with astonishing success; not only had the moral habits and social comforts of the people been improved, but their religious welfare had been greatly promoted. Many instances were given from clergymen and other ministers in proof of this and other benefits arising from this institution. The society's publications had also proved of great utility. The funds had nearly trebled those of the preceding year. The amount received for temperance objects being about 2400*l.*; the expenditure about 2500*l.*, including the tract depot and the agency part of the establishment.

G. S. KENRICK, Esq., in rising to move the first resolution said, that he considered it an honour to occupy any station in the tee-total force (cheers); and whether in the front or in the rear, there would he always bear the colours of tee totalism boldly while he lived, and they should float over his grave when he died. (Cheers.) It was suggested by a tee-total advocate, that it would be very desirable if some statistics of drunkenness could be

obtained; now he (Mr. K.) had already obtained these for his own district in Wales, and he thought the facts might be useful to the meeting, and the more useful, because he came from that part that had had the name of "the disturbed districts of Monmouthshire." (Hear, hear.) He was an iron-master, employing about 1500 hands; there was a population, therefore, of about 3500, dependant on him for daily bread. Under these circumstances, his attention was called strongly to the subject of tee-totalism, because he imagined that it must be a very important thing for that class of people in whom he felt a very deep interest, and by whom he was surrounded. (Cheers.) He attended several tee-total meetings, at one of which were a number of colliers. He said to one, "will you sign the pledge?" the answer was, "I don't know. I have not made up my mind; do you think it is a good thing?" He said "yes; I think it is." The collier replied, "well then, if you will sign I will." (Laughter and cheers.) He took him at his word and signed: the collier also signed. Unfortunately, the collier had not kept his pledge; but he (Mr. K.) was happy to say he had kept his, and ever intended to keep it.—(Cheers.) The parish in which he resided consisted of 17,100 souls. In consequence of the use of intoxicating drinks, ten constables and five policemen were obliged to be employed to keep the drunkards in order, and the money so employed was taken from the pockets of the quiet and orderly part of the population, which he considered a great shame; drunkards ought to pay it themselves. (Laughter.) A magistrate's clerk and three sons were also maintained by the population of Pontypool, entirely for writing out summonses and afterwards commitments, and receiving fines from the drunkards constantly brought before them (Hear, hear.) The people in that part were not addicted to theft, and almost all the business of the magistrate, policemen, and clerks, was keeping the drunkards in order; if there were no drunkards, they need not have a single police-officer, nor indeed scarcely even a magistrate in the neighbourhood (hear, hear): but drunkenness hardened the hearts of the people. (Hear, hear.) He would give them an instance. A man whose wife was about to become a mother, went to a public-house and spent forty-eight hours there, wasting his money in a state of beastliness, while his poor wife had but a couple of cold potatoes to sustain her during that time of trial. (Hear, hear.) What but drunkenness could produce such an effect upon the heart of man? he knew nothing else that could produce it. There was also a poor woman who was obliged, when her husband went out drinking, to place her chair close against the door, so that the moment he opened it she might not go to welcome him, but rush past him as quickly as possible to escape from the violence of that man who had sworn to love, and honour, and cherish her. (Hear, hear.) A great number of husbands had left their wives and ran away, owing to intoxicating drinks; and many persons had been driven mad and

sent to lunatic asylums from that cause alone. He could mention many instances which had come under his own notice, where he had, as a poor law guardian, been instrumental in sending those persons to a lunatic asylum. If there was no other reason than those he had already mentioned, it would be quite sufficient to make him a tee-totaler, and ought to be sufficient to make any man so. But there were other reasons: drunkenness kept the people poor. In his parish, the wages of the working classes had been very high during the last four years; they had from 18s. to 70s. a week, and all that they had earned beyond what was just necessary to sustain their families had been spent in public-houses. He had calculated for the advantage of his people what they had spent within the last twelve months in intoxicating drinks. It was no less than 12,000*l.* in a population of 17,000 persons (loud cries of hear, hear); and on looking at the reports of the savings' bank, he had found that out of that number, only twenty had laid up any money there: men earning too, on an average, 25s. a week. But some might say it might be laid by in houses, or something else; he would say that the furniture was a little better than it used to be, but only seventy houses had been built by working men in twenty years. He had lately attended a meeting of his people in a small room, which held about 350, about 150 of that number were now tee-totalers. (Loud cheers.) He proved to them that if they would leave off intoxicating drinks, and supposing they put their savings every week in the savings' bank, as soon as they got sufficient to build a house, to build it, and then another, and so on, that in nine years they would obtain money enough to live without any further labour, their rents would bring them in 30s. a week. (Cheers.) Startling as this fact might seem, he could give a pretty good proof that it was true, for out of the 200 persons there who were not tee-totalers, 102 signed the pledge after he had given them that information. (Loud cheers.) But some persons said, what was to become of the poor unfortunate public-house keepers. (Laughter.) That was all nonsense, for no one would wish to be hanged on purpose to find the hangman in work; but they need not disturb themselves about the public-house keepers, it was the worst trade a man could follow, not only as respected morals, but money, for in his (Mr. K.) neighbourhood there were five public-houses which had, in the last five years, had no less than twenty-four tenants. (Laughter and cheers.) If that was the case they need not be under any apprehension that if a publican changed his business he would not only do better, but be a better man. It had been asserted, that the number of drunkards in this country was 600,000. He would venture to say that the persons who made that statement did so without any grounds, without taking the trouble to ascertain whether it was a fact. In his parish, out of the 17,000 inhabitants, 1863 were drunkards. (Hear, hear.) If that was taken to be the case throughout the kingdom, what an awful number should they have—upwards of two millions of drunkards! (Hear,

hear.) It might be said, how could he ascertain the number in his neighbourhood, that he could not ascertain the private history of every individual. He would tell them how he ascertained it—by sending round to every house and enquiring, "How many drunkards are there belonging to your family," (loud laughter,) and they told him. (Continued laughter.) He told some friends of his how he intended to acquire his information; they said it would be very good evidence if he could get it, but how could it be got? Now he (Mr. K.) had tried, and he had got it (cheers), and most valuable information it was, and no one would deny but that it was fairly and legitimately obtained. He would give them an instance of the people's readiness to communicate the fact. In one house, a collier was asked, "How many drunkards are there belonging to your family?" "Well," he said, "I don't know, you put them down, and I will tell you. (Laughter.) There's my son Jem, and there's John, then there's Joe, and Will, and Andrew, (continued laughter,) then there's myself, and the old woman, you may put her down too, for she gets drunk as well as the best of us." (Roars of laughter.) It had been calculated that one-tenth of the drunkards die every year: he meant to ascertain whether that were so, but if it were, 196 persons in his parish die every year from drunkenness, 400 had died altogether in the last year, and if 196 died of drunkenness, nearly half the people did not die a natural death, but committed suicide. (Hear, hear.) That fact alone would be enough to make him a tee-totaler, and do all he could to make the rest of the world so. (Cheers.) There was another very important consideration, and that was the beneficial effect that tee-totalism would have on the morals of the people. (Hear, hear.) They had heard it said that tee-totalism kept people from the house of God. In his parish there were 5565 persons who attended places of worship, and 5311 who never did. He had inquired into the histories of many of the latter, and had invariably found that they were drunkards. (Cheers.) It was a usual thing for numbers to be turned out of the public-house just at eleven o'clock, before service, in a state of drunkenness. They could not go to a place of worship—they could not worship that Being who says, "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven;" but they wandered about the place till the legal time for getting drunk arrived. He blushed to say that there was a legal time for getting drunk on Sunday. (Hear, hear.) Some very good men had said that they did not like the principle on which this society proceeded, they would rather reclaim them in their own way, by preaching and telling them what to do: they did not like the principle of signing. He (Mr. K.) had made a calculation with regard to what those persons did do, and he had found that instead of reclaiming drunkards they could not keep their own congregations from becoming drunkards. (Hear, hear!) In one church in his district sixteen members had fallen away within the last three years, and become drunkards and reprobates, whom they had been compelled to remove from com-

munion. In every church the same principle existed, they fell away because they could not keep them. A very important principle principle which this society had to proceed upon, was the faculty of imitation, a faculty which developed itself exceedingly strong in the human race, and which an infant would begin to show, a few days after its birth. It was a principle which God had implanted in their nature for wise and beneficent purposes, but it might be employed either for good or evil, (Hear, hear,) either to teach people to become drunkards, or to abstain from that which makes them drunk. At a chapel where the minister was an opponent to tee-totalism, and a very violent one, he himself was in the habit of going to public-houses and drinking in them. He, (Mr. K.) need not say that the deacon of this chapel was a drunkard, that followed as a matter of course; if the minister set the example, how could the deacon avoid following it. But a great deal had been said about tee-totalism, and people did not like to get drunk so publicly as formerly. The landlady of the public-house, therefore, to which that minister resorted said to her daughter, "Now, Mary, you must not let people have drink when they have had enough." One day, the girl came to her mother and said, "mother, here is the minister wants more beer, he has had five pints already; am I to fetch it him?" (laughter and cries of "shame.") A child of fifteen years old correcting the minister who was directing her what she ought to do. Now came the principle of imitation. What effect had such conduct on the church? Why, many had become drunkards among them, and only one person had joined the tee-total society. (Hear, hear.) To show the virulence of this minister, that one person who had become a tee-totaler, and who was a member of the church, was refused permission by the minister to join in the Holy Sacrament because he was a tee-totaler, because he would not take intoxicating drinks, (loud cries of hear, hear, and groans) if he had been a drunkard he would have given him the bread and wine, but because he would not drink intoxicating liquors, he was refused. (cries of name, name.)

THE CHAIRMAN.—We are here for the advocacy of great principles, not to bring people's names before the public. (Hear, hear,) I trust our friend will be excused naming this individual. (Cheers.) Mr. Kemrick had but one more remark to make. As there was such a quantity of misery, vice, and wretchedness arising from drunkenness, what had been done in his neighbourhood to remedy the evil. Something had been done since last Christmas. They had obtained 1200 signatures to the tee-total pledge (loud cheers); they had established five new societies; and in a letter which he had received that day, from a person named Parry, whom he had left advocating tee-totalism, he was told that on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, ninety fresh signatures had been obtained. (Cheers.) So that not only had they been going on, but they were still going on, and still meant to go on till there was not a beer shop left in the neighbourhood.

RICHARD DYKES ALEXANDER, Esq., would not, in zeal for this cause, give way to

any present. He was not accustomed to speak to a large meeting like that he now addressed. although the week rarely passed that he did not speak to a small one. They were all alive to tee-totalism in Suffolk; they held their public meetings every week, and their members' meetings every alternate week; they were not satisfied with having tee-totalism in their county town, but were endeavouring to engraft it into the market towns and villages throughout the county. (Cheers.) Independent of the society's general agent, they had a walking agent who went about from town to town, and from village to village, taking tracts with him, and going to all the lounging places in the different villages, getting into arguments and explaining the principles of the society to the working men. In Ipswich there was a population of about 24,000 persons; about 1,000 were tee-totalers, (loud cheers,) and a great many were practising the principle who had not yet come forward. The other day, a young man was challenged to come forward as a tee-totaler,—he could not be induced,—he said he had no influence. It was put to him, if another individual could be got to join him, would he do so, but he could not be moved. He was in an influential situation in the custom house, and was thought to be a desirable ally. He was asked if half a dozen could be got to join him, would he become a tee-totaler; he was still unmoved, till they came to a score. "Well," he at length said, "if you can get a score I will join you;" and when he (Mr. A.) left Ipswich, he understood seventeen were coming forward to sign the pledge, in order to induce that young man to do likewise. (Cheers.) At their members' meeting, perhaps not more than seventy or 100 persons were present; there, their maiden speeches were made (laughter); there, many timid individuals, for the first time, were induced to come forward, and thus were prepared to speak in public afterwards, and he believed that there were not less than sixty-five individuals upon whom they could depend, to speak at their meetings for ten minutes at an average. They were from every grade in life; and though their talent was not great, and there was an admixture, a variety, and a variety which was pleasing. (Cheers.) Throughout the winter they had obtained the mechanics' institute, the largest room in the town, which was crowded to excess, and so great was the interest excited, that they could scarcely be prevailed upon to leave the meeting; they were continually waiting behind, to see how many would pledge themselves, and hear if some little anecdote might not come out, and this interest was constantly kept up; instances were occurring almost every day, of individuals who had been complete pests to society, and had been drunkards for many years, and had been sent to prison for not supporting their families, are now coming forward as ornaments to the station in which they were placed. (Cheers.) And in consequence of the great desire at Ipswich to attend their meetings, and the great difficulty in obtaining a comfortable situation, a plan had been proposed and carried into effect for raising a large building on

purpose to hold those meetings, in (loud cheers); that building was now roofed in, and in a few weeks would be finished, and would be capable of containing not less than 1000 individuals. (Cheers.) He had no doubt the building, large as it was, would be very generally filled; for not a week passed without a considerable augmentation to their numbers. (Cheers.) He cordially seconded the resolution.

Mr. WILLIS, from Dunstable, in supporting the resolution, said, that he had been a total abstainer for three years, and he was able to attest in his own experience and the experience of those in his employ, that they had enjoyed better health, and had been more capable of performing their respective duties, since they became tee-totalers, than they ever were before. (Cheers.) He had formerly employed many who regularly took intoxicating drinks; he now employed thirty who did not, and he was sure that two of them were equal to three of the former. The report had demonstrated that intoxicating drinks did not enable men the better to perform their work. But the question was whether total abstinence would accomplish what they had in view, namely, the annihilation of intemperance in England? He would answer that it had done it to a great extent; that it would do it; they had not gone to those who were a little diseased, but to the very worst of drunkards. It had cured the greatest pests to society, and converted lions into lambs. (Cheers.) Enough had never yet been said in favour of total abstinence, and enough never could be said in its favour (Cheers); and the reason why so much was said against it was, because people blocked up their minds and would not let the truth beam on them—if they did they could no longer hold out. They would never hear of such appalling facts as they had to-night about ministers of the gospel, if they would but come to their meetings and hear the statements made by their reformed drunkards; for while he bore his humble testimony to the agents of the society, and felt the utmost gratitude and respect for their efforts, he would not forget our once degraded but now reformed drunkards (cheers), those men who were bound in slavery to intoxicating drinks, who turned their wives and children into the street, and disposed of all their earnings to disgrace themselves and to bring misery on their families, those men were the most efficient agents they possessed in their auxiliaries. (Cheers.) When he thought, with their aid, and with what they brought to bear on the subject, how much was effected he could not but be thankful. In the small place he came from, which could only boast of 3000 inhabitants, each neighbour was known to the others, and if a man was reclaimed by their society, every person knew him. It was only the other day that a reclaimed drunkard, who perhaps was present, was coming up to London with a beautiful new cart, painted blue and red wheels (laughter), an old drunken acquaintance who happened to meet him, exclaimed, "Eh, what, got a

new cart?" "Yes," said the man, "a new tee-total cart." (Cheers.) When they saw the vacant places in chapels filled by reformed drunkards, and when they heard from ministers of the gospel that reformed drunkards were coming forward at their church meetings, and telling them in the face of the church, and in the face of those who were opposed to this society, that total abstinence was the means which God had blessed to their conversion, they could not fail to acknowledge that truth was mighty and must prevail. (Loud cheers.) He was happy to say that their society was still progressing, that it was still firmly attached to its principles, and determined to do all it could to slay the monster of intemperance which so long had cursed the land, and never would they cease until they had driven him out of their village never to return. (Cheers.) He trusted that was the feeling which animated every breast present, and that they were all determined to go back to their different spheres, and wage war against their enemy till they banished him entirely from the land, and then indeed, they might say, England would be free. (Cheers.) England had been the admiration and the envy of all the nations of the world for her commerce, her agriculture and her beauty; he trusted that she would soon take her stand in that elevated position of the world as a sober nation, (hear, hear,) and that while sending the blessed truths of the everlasting gospel to the heathen abroad, she would not send the contaminating influence of intoxicating drinks. (Cheers.) They had plans formed like the Wesleys, for taking turns in different villages, and he never felt so happy as when he met that band who were waging war against the national enemy. He was happy to say that they had a number of reformed drunkards, and they made them all talk.—Yes, and the women did not fail to talk either, (laughter and cheers.) They had a ladies' society at Dunstable, consisting of between 100 and 200 who first attended a prayer meeting, then a business meeting, and then went to distribute tracts to every house, not forgetting to call at the brewers'. (Laughter.) One simple-hearted female, but one bold and courageous in this cause, called at the brewers' house to leave a tract, the servant sent her away but the master called her back and requested her to leave a tract that he might read it. (Hear, hear.) One friend had gone to a place almost at the risk of his life to leave a tract, and that tract had been the means of converting a poor drunkard. Let them not then despise means, however humble; if they went forward with a pure motive, and a single eye they must do good. Tee-totalism would accomplish all they wished. Talk about opposition! if they had not had opposition they might have sunk down into coldness and indifference. Opposition, indeed; there never was a society without it, and the greater the boon to the people, the greater the opposition, the greater the energy and courage should and would be put forth by the friends of this society. (Cheers.) He took fresh courage from the sight he saw

before him, his heart was gladdened the moment he saw some of the warriors' faces. The time was now come for them to go forth. Sympathy would not accomplish their end, but it must be action, action, action, (cheers,) and confident was he, that if they fought manfully, the victory would be theirs. (Loud cheers.) But some people told them they were going too fast; he (Mr. W.) could not see how that was possible; he could not see how they could go too fast in making use of those means which had always proved efficacious and never-failing in saving poor drunkards, and preventing people from becoming drunkards. (Hear, hear.) A person had called on him at Dunstable, ten years ago, and asked him to join a moderation society. He (Mr. W.) said, he did not see the use of it, a man might get drunk on wine or beer as well as spirits, (hear, hear,) and he would make use of the best means, which was total abstinence, nothing could save the drunkard but that. (Cheers.) Mr. Kenrick might rest assured, that nothing but total abstinence would cure the drunkard of his place, or prevent others from becoming drunkards. A great many persons admired the spirit of the great Howard in visiting our prisons, and alleviating the sufferings of their miserable inhabitants, but he (Mr. W.) would say, that it was much better to prevent the people from getting there. (Cheers.) Total abstinence was the two-edged sword which destroyed intemperance, and produced temperance. Some persons said, "make use of the gospel," but those persons did not make use of it themselves; if they did not like the means adopted by this society, why not preach the gospel at ale-houses and gin-palaces, that was what was required, and that was what this society did; it took men, as it were, by the collars and brought them to a place where they must hear and listen to reason. It might truly be said, that upon this society the sun of righteousness had arisen with healing on his wings. How was it that such was not the case with the moderation society? because it drank the drink that upheld drunkenness—how absurd!—drunkenness could never be eradicated but by tearing it up by the roots, (cheers,) and they would tear it up, and this society would do it entirely and for ever. (Loud cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN.—I see we shall get on better without resolutions, this has been completely lost, (laughter,) or, rather, lost sight of, as neither of the gentlemen have put it, perhaps we had better go on as we have begun, and call on our friends to support our principles as we proceed.

Rev. JAMES SHERMAN on presenting himself to the meeting, was received with repeated acclamations; upon the subsidence of which, he spoke to the following effect:—My dear tee-total friends, I came here to day as a spy, not as a speaker. I am very much surprised to find myself on my legs addressing you. I was almost afraid that my friend in the chair, and those around me, would hardly think me fit, as I have not united exactly with your society, to stand before you; and therefore I certainly feel very thankful to them for the

kindness they have done me, in thus giving me an opportunity of saying how very happy I feel in seeing such a meeting as this, for the high and important purpose of carrying forward the doctrines of total abstinence. (Cheers.) If I have not got quite so much light as some of my friends present,—Rome was not built in a day.—the light must advance, some say, you have got to the perfect day. I hope, if that perfect day arrives, it will be my happiness to unite with you to the fullest extent my conscience will permit me; at the same time I am one with you in effort and desire, to promulgate these sentiments, and to diffuse the doctrine of total abstinence, which, as our friend who has just sat down observed, will root up drunken practices from the country entirely, and for ever. (Cheers.) The principles of this society have ever had my warmest support, and I wish every tee-totaler present to feel, that as far as I can do anything, he has a friend in me, who will be ready at all times, and on every occasion, to assist in the promotion of this great cause. (Cheers.) I was lately at Scarborough advocating the principles of this society; (for the good tee-totalers call me out in various parts of the kingdom to speak a word to them now and then,) and it was my pleasure, before I left, to see one of the ministers' wives sign the pledge; and I am always very glad when I can get wives to sign, for, as I truly believe, we have no such opponents as wives; so I believe that there are no such friends to tee-totalism as wives, when they do sign; (therefore, I am exceedingly anxious to get them to do so, especially ministers' wives, because, although they may not have the logic of their husbands, they have a more powerful hold of his heart than he can imagine; and when the heart, the great citadel, is obtained, the understanding will speedily follow. I fully entered into the sentiments of Mr. Kenrick, with respect to individuals not applying their minds to the principles of the society. It is a most lamentable fact that you cannot get individuals to read on this subject—to study the statistics of drunkenness; and, I may now happily add, the statistics of tee-totalism. Cheers.) I met a young member of the Society of Friends to day, and said, "Well, I suppose you are going to the meeting to-night, where so many friends are going." "No," said he, "I very much dislike it." I asked him why; he replied, "If the gospel will not make people sober, I am sure nothing else will." "But, said I, facts are very much in favour of the adoption of this principle." "Indeed," said he, "I have not heard of them;" "I will tell you then;" I said, "the first or second report of this society tells you that 2,637 drunkards have been reclaimed by the various auxiliaries in union with it, in the course of a single year; of that number nearly all attend public worship; and 500 of that number have become members of Christian churches,—what do you, as a lover of the gospel, say to that fact. This society has been instrumental in raising, in one year, from the vortex of misery and dissipation, nearly 3,000 individuals, and placing them in comfort and happi-

ness, and within the sound of the gospel!" He seemed surprised, and said, "Is it so?" I asked, "Have you never read it?" He said "No, certainly I have not read any accounts of it." And this is the way with thousands, their opposition arises from some fancy, some imagination they possess, of certain principles connected with the society; they never give themselves the trouble to read or examine, but rise up as enemies to it, really without knowing why. (Cheers.) I am exceedingly anxious that the principles which Mr. Alexander has presented to your attention to-night should be carried out in London, as well as in the country. (Hear, hear.) I am quite sure, if places of resort could be obtained, and individuals of the working class, men in whom the working men have confidence; (hear, hear,) could go out with tracts in their hand, get a few people together, and illustrate to them the principles and effects of total abstinence, hundreds and thousands in London might be obtained. I do very sincerely hope, that as far as possible, this plan will be adopted by this excellent society. If tee-totalism had only been the means of converting one individual, I should have been exceedingly happy in belonging to it. (Cheers.) I see a dear friend of mine here from Bristol, and I am about to speak of a "dear friend" of his, in whose conversion I sincerely rejoice. Many present have perhaps heard of Mary O'Brien, a very celebrated woman I assure you. She was nine months out of every twelve in prison; she was a great trouble to the magistrates of Bristol, and had an unlucky facility of giving a blow to a policeman, passing her hand through a pane of glass when the mood seized her, and a variety of other little exhibitions of a like description. (Great laughter.) A good member of the society of friends, after having endeavoured to improve her again and again to no purpose, thought if tee-totalism laid hold of this wretched woman it might cure her. To give you an idea of her character; on one occasion one of the magistrates had sent her to prison: she had a spite against him, because she thought he had very improperly done it; she therefore watched him into the commercial rooms, went and rolled herself in the dirtiest puddle she could find, entered the commercial rooms, and gave him a very affectionate embrace, (laughter) to the great sport of the persons present, who of course admired the poor magistrate's appearance, and congratulated him on the friendship of this lady. A friend also told me that she was once subpoenaed on a trial in London, and two of the magistrates of Bristol had come up also; she one day saw them coming down the strand, she concealed her face till they approached, and as soon as they came within arm's length she stretched out her arms, collared them both, and said, "Now, gentlemen, half-a-crown a piece for you, or a kiss;" (loud laughter,) of course they preferred the half-crown, and thus procured their liberty. Such was the desperate character of this woman. I have, however, received information respecting her from a minister, who tells me that for the last six months she has been an attendant on

his ministry, and that she has been reclaimed by tee-totalism for now nearly three years, (cheers); during that period she has been one of his most attentive hearers, and he really believes that a good work of grace is begun on her heart. (Continued cheers.) If such triumphs as these arise from the principles which we advocate, and from the gospel of Christ in connexion and operation with them, I am proud, and shall ever be proud to be a tee-totaler. (Cheers.) There are some individuals who assert, (but I cannot help thinking that they know better, and I feel a little blood rise when any individual says so to me,) that we put total abstinence in the place of the gospel of Christ. Put it in the place of the gospel of Christ! Never, as long as memory has a hold of divine truth, we will never put anything in the place of the blood of Christ, (loud cheers,) or the agency of the Spirit of God. (Continued cheers.) Why, the gospel has been the means of enlightening our judgments, sanctifying our affections, comforting our hearts in sorrow, and opening a vista through distant ages into the eternal world, and letting us see our relatives and friends saved by its power "new with the Son of God, redeemed from every land;" and shall we put anything in the place of that gospel? Never, never. (Immense applause.) But if there is any means which will, better than another, induce individuals to hear the gospel, and come under its influence, as a minister of the gospel I am bound to use those means. (Hear, hear.) Is it a fact then that hundreds and thousands have been raised from poverty, woe, vice, and misery, by total abstinence, and brought under the sound of the gospel? It is a fact, which no individual, unless he belies the plainest facts of evidence, can dispute. (Cheers.) And if that is the fact, I am only surprised at my brethren keeping aloof from that cause which would fill their churches. (Loud cheers.) At the same time, I believe, that in dealing with my brethren, it is of no use to knock a man on the head because he cannot see, I believe you must enlighten his eyes and get at his understanding by his affections; that you may win him and follow him up. (Cheers.) Why, some of our tee-total friends are like little birds that have just jumped out of their eggs, and begin to fly about and find the beauty of the air, and they wonder that the others are not out of their eggs too. (Laughter and cheers.) If, dear friends, we only go to work with the arrow of love, there is no arrow that will so effectually enter the heart:—let me recommend it. (Hear, hear.) God is love—the Spirit is the spirit of love—Christians are bound together by love; and if there be any cement in tee-totalism, it is the cement of love. (Cheers.) Brethren love one another. I like hard arguments, and soft words, (cheers); I like arguments dipped in oil, that will insinuate themselves into the heart, and force the man to bow to their truth, and if these are used, tee-totalism will prevail. May I say to you then, dear brethren, whom I sincerely love, and whose prosperity I earnestly desire, do not utter hard things—may I say to you, as one ready at

any time to serve you, if you want this cause to progress and to fill the whole world, as I hope it speedily will, one way to accomplish it is in the spirit and in the temper of the gospel of Christ, and if that temper and spirit prevail among us, we shall succeed beyond our expectations, and certainly beyond our deserts. I wish you the greatest possible success in this cause, and if at any time my poor services, when I can spare them from my public duties, can be of any service to aid you in forwarding this good work, you may command them. (Continued cheering.)

REV. THOS. SPENCER.—I agree with my reverend brother who spoke last, in regretting that ministers of religion do not more generally come forward and help this cause. I wish there were many clergymen on this platform; but I am glad to see, though perhaps he is unknown, a Bath Clergyman here, who has given £5 to this society. (Cheers.) I suppose I must not draw him out of his hiding-place, though he is not far off. I agree with Mr. Sherman, that the best way to proceed with human nature, is with hard arguments, and soft words. I do think we must first convince men's understanding, and then, if there be any that interrupt us in the path of duty, we must bring them before the power of the law, but still we shall gain no end whatever by savage tongues or savage words. I have been considering the many uses which this large and noble room is put to. If we could but know all the sentiments which have been expressed in it within the last fortnight, we should be astonished. There have been many societies advocated here, and in every instance, perhaps, the hearer supposed each to be the one grand thing that was needed; but I tell you they all have an imperfection. They are machines and coaches, badly manufactured; they have a great deal of friction and cannot go as well as they might, but if they will put them on our rail-road, they will go on well enough. (Cheers.) The bible society has been recently advocated in my own parish, and Mr. Bonne, the agent stated, that in travelling through this kingdom as agent to the bible society, he was literally compelled to become a tee-totaler from the good he saw produced by it, (cheers,) and he confessed that the bible society had gained £100 by tee-totalism. (Loud cheers.) Again, look at the Missionary society, and see what effect we should have on that. That venerated man, Mr. Williams, who has lately departed as a martyr from this world, tells us that he has seen the fruit of his labor in islands which he visited, in all the people becoming christians. When he went away for a short time, an English ship touched there and brought strong drinks on shore, and when he came again, with the exception of a very few, they had all become drunkards. What does he say, (and no one will doubt his respect for the gospel, or suppose that he would put temperance in the place of christianity)? What does he say—he consulted with his brother missionaries what to do, and they instituted a tee-total society. (Loud cheers.) And I would ask any clergyman, any minister of any

denomination, any gentleman, or any man of feeling who advocates moderate drinking, whether, if they were to go to that place, which is now brought back to christianity, and were strong drink is banished the community, they would be so destitute of feeling as to drink in presence of those people, and thus again give them a taste for what was well nigh their ruin. (Cheers.) There are other institutions pleaded within these walls for education; but who does not know that in country villages, and in large towns too, boys of twelve or fourteen years of age, who might be in schools, learning to read and write, and other things, are to be found with pipes in their mouths and glasses in their hands, endeavouring to ape the men, and to become men before their time. (Hear, hear.) These boys, as long as they are smokers, and drinkers, and frequenters of beer-shops, can never be made to profit by education. Therefore, I say, we assist education by our tee-totalism. Mr. Sherman has said we must not use hard words. The hardest word I ever wish to use is, that it is my determination, to the best of my ability, to advocate, as long as I live, this one principle—that there shall be no intoxicating drink any longer bought or sold or made in this land. (Cheers.) and I never shall think that the time of action is gone by as long as any malt is made, or any beer brewed, or any spirits distilled in the United Kingdom, or in the known world. (Loud cheers.) I know that we are smiled and laughed at, and looked upon with detestation and scorn by many good and learned men, also by men engaged in this unholy traffic, who say that it is not even worth their while to oppose us, for it is a foolish thing that will soon come to naught. But wait awhile, and he who enabled the twelve apostles to overcome the world, shall enable the tee-totalers, if they do not quarrel among themselves, (hear, hear,) if they do not divide, if they have no party animosities, but use the spirit of love, powerful argument, and host of facts, to accomplish their desired end. (Cheers.) But say some, what is the need of our endeavours? I cannot help thinking that some people go through the world without ever using their eyes; and if a man asks me what is the need of tee-totalism, I would recommend him to go for a few hours to a court of justice, to a police office, to a lunatic asylum, to a gaol, or to Van Dieman's Land, and enquire into the particulars of every murder, and robbery, and see if no fetching porter or spirits, or opening of the area doors to drunkards at night, or no drunkards within, had to do with it. (Hear, hear.) Read the newspapers carefully for one month, and then see if there is not need of our endeavours. Then, if the state of things be so, what is the society doing? Are we so presumptuous as to say that we alone have ever had the kindness and the sense to see this evil? Ministers of religion have endeavoured to do away with this crime, but they have preached in churches and chapels to men who were in public-houses. (Hear, hear.) They have as it were fished with a hook too short to reach the fish—they have cast a net which would only

catch a few, and which was not suited to the fish they had to catch. We have a tee-total net, in the which to catch the drunkard, and when we have caught him in our net, we will give him over to them and let them take care to keep them in their net. (Cheers.) But it is said, does the scripture sanction this, are not these things the good things of God, and would not God be angry if we were to despise his blessings. If he were angry, how awful must have been his anger against the sons of Jonadab, the sons of Rechab, who, in the face of their God, when the prophet poured out wine and said, "drink ye every man," said, "we will not drink wine, neither we or our children, in consequence of the command of Jonadab, the son of Rechab." Was the anger of the Lord kindled against them for despising his gift? On the contrary, it is said, "Jonadab the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." (Loud cheers.) And Wolf, the Jewish missionary, has found that the Rechabites are still in existence; and they have never tasted wine, (cheers,) and that that family does not want a man, even now, to stand before God. (Continued cheers.) We read in the Scriptures, (and it is an argument which is used very much against us, but in my opinion, it is in our favour,) that St. Paul told Timothy to take a little wine. But what does he say? that from a child he had known the holy scriptures, which were able to make him wise unto salvation; that he had an excellent mother and grandmother who, from his earliest age, told him what he ought to be. What was he then according to this general education? The apostle tells us that he had been, up to that time, a water-drinker. (Laughter and cheers.) It is quite clear that Timothy had never understood the scriptures to recommend wine, because we find up to that time, he was a water-drinker. (Hear, hear.) And when St. Paul recommended wine to him, it was only for his stomach's sake, and his often infirmities,—having injured himself, perhaps, by over exertion in his duties. I know also, that many people recommend the use of wine from the example of the marriage supper of Cana. I shall not now say anything upon that subject further than this,—at all events, it was only sanctioned at a wedding feast and not on any other or every occasion. It might as well be said that a man should wear his wedding garments every day and do his common work in them. We know that on all ordinary occasions our Saviour, who had the power to turn water into wine, did not use it—when he fed the 5,000, though able to give them what he pleased, he did not give them wine. I really do not see that this is any argument at all, and it has no right to be used except as applicable to a wedding feast. But what says philosophy to this. Some philosophers smile at us, and say, tee-totalism is a very strange kind of thing. What says Paley? that "many a man will abstain from a thing when he makes a rule, which otherwise he has no power whatever to do—he will do it for the rule's sake." And it is well for every man previously to make a rule, and then he can afterwards sell himself if

"this or that accords with his rule, and it prevents him being taken off his guard—his rule is a sufficient answer. At Cambridge, it is considered a sufficient answer, if a young man is asked to go out to hunt, to fish, or so on, to say, "I am a reading man." He is no more molested. If a man asks me to drink wine, I say, "I am a tee-totaler," and I should be ashamed of that man's friendship did he ask me to break my word, (cheers,) he would not be worthy of being my associate if he did so, and therefore this is a very valuable pledge to stand between me and the world. What said Dr. Johnson? a sound philosopher, and a man of powerful understanding, when asked, "why do you not drink wine, don't you like it?" "Yes," he said, "it is because I like it, I will not take it. (Cheers.) Is that philosophy? (cheers) and if it was philosophy in Dr. Johnson, is it not equally so with us? Then, with respect to ministers of religion? we have not many with us now. But what says John Wesley, a host in himself (cheers), a man that lived a hundred lives in one, who wrote more books, spoke more words, preached more sermons, and gave more advice than any other individual that ever lived; when he travelled about the country, and saw the evils which intoxicating drink had produced, he asked his preachers what was to be done, and said, "first, let no preacher taste a drop on any account whatever (cheers); and next, let every preacher preach on the subject occasionally." (Cheers.) Why, this is the very thing we are now doing, we do not certainly call our speeches, sermons; but we, after the manner of the apostles, speak from the seaside, or wherever we can get an audience; we first abstain ourselves, and then say to others, "do you abstain, for it will do you good;" and if you ask me what other means we can use to promote this cause, I would say, remember the penny post. (Hear, hear.) Let every man and woman in this assembly send one tract a day on tee-totalism to some distant friend, and it is astonishing what good you would do; and if Wesley had been alive he would have said, "first, abstain, then preach, then send by the post." (Laughter and cheers.) I heard it said a few days ago, when sitting in this hall, that one person ruled this land, and he pulled the puppets that governed the nation; but I think if any one rules this land, it is Bacchus. (Laughter.) It appears to me that the keepers of public-houses and gin-shops have it all their own way. After a certain time the place is given up to them, and these are the only houses that look grand and gay. "The power we have to fight against is the power of strong drink," a gentleman has said, and I have endeavoured to make the gentleman who used those words fight the battle himself, for I have sent three of his tracts by the post in the last three days. But why should not moderate men join this society? If none but drunken men join it, we shall be called a drunken society (laughter); but if moderate men, and men of religion join it, and become all things to all men, that they might win some, then people might see there is no brotherly love in this joining. Surely that man who says he will not join us, because he

is a moderate drinker, has no brotherly love to his neighbour. It appears to me one of the best things a man can do; if he says it is a hard thing, I would ask him, if religion is not a hard thing. I have heard many people say, "I am with you,—I am convinced by your arguments, but I am too great a coward, I dare not leave it off, I have not spirit enough." I can hardly help saying, has that man spirit enough to take up his cross, to be crucified to the world, to come out from the evil and be separate, to walk in the straight and narrow way, to set at defiance the smiles and the frowns of the world, and to deny himself daily. I do believe if he cannot deny himself strong drink, he cannot deny himself those other things which the christian religion require; and therefore his argument, if good for anything, is against his own final salvation. Surely, then, every man who has the spirit of a man, and is determined not to do harm to others, but to set an example to his servants and people, and not to put those in jeopardy who have already become sober, such a man will say, "I and my house will join this body of men, let the rest of the world drink if they will, we at least will not participate in their cruelty, and in their guilt. (Cheers.)

RICHARD WALKDEN, Esq.—We are told that when the Duke of Wellington was fighting the battle of Waterloo, he took out his watch, and said to his troops, "one minute more, then up my lads and at 'em." I would endeavour in these impressive words to unload my heart of that subject so dear to me, and say to every tee-totaler in this room, "up with those beautiful sentiments which have been brought before you—up with that brotherly love which you profess, and at this devastating custom which is overrunning our land." (Cheers.) I rejoice in the spread which our glorious reformation is making, in witnessing this room as crowded last night as it is to-night; for although it was not the society to which I belong, yet I consider it as helping on our cause. (Hear, hear.) I look on every total abstinence as an assistant in this great work. When I think of the numbers who were present last night, and the numbers now present, and when I remember that last year we had not a single clergyman of the Church of England on the platform; and when I can now hear our principles advocated as they have been by a clergyman; and when I hear of others being present, if say we are doing great and glorious things; and I say that next year you will not have to appeal to Durham, or Newcastle, or Cumberland, or Ireland, or any other place for the glorious results of our society, but it shall be to London and its immediate vicinity. What, Mr. Chairman, is doing in the town to which you are neighbour, and where your relatives dwell? A great movement has taken place there, and now the head master of the school, the churchwarden, the physician, and the parson of Walthamstow are, I believe, tee-totalers. (Cheers.) We may hope great things from this; and your working men have worked in this cause nobly, and credit will ever be due to you for having made this impression on the higher classes; nor have I any doubt or fear

as to the success of your efforts: they shall and must be triumphant. But there must be union of effort, brotherly love, and sound arguments, and we must be steadily pressing forward, for those who are against us are mighty. The devil and all his agents are against us; those who differ from us determine not to look at us; and there are many good people who dare not come to our platform lest they should see the beauty of our cause. Why are these things so? You know better than I do. The devil is trembling lest his foundations should fall. But we are to show that we are working in brotherly love; we have our example to set to the world, and to let them see how determined we are to go on in every lawful exertion, trusting in the Lord, who is mighty to help us, and who will help us as long as we continue steadfast in him, and with a single eye to his honour and glory. This, I believe, is the only way in which our cause can prosper. We shall soon see the great ones of the earth rallying round us in such great numbers that we shall have nothing to fear. It is the example and custom of the world which is endeavouring to beat us down, and causes us to have such work and heavy labour. Allusion has been made to Cambridge. When I think of Cambridge and of the combination-rooms there, and the intemperance and indecency I have there witnessed, I have felt the blush of shame upon my cheek. I shall never forget the sermon preached at Cambridge, by an old divine of the name of Dodd, at the request of some intoxicated students, who gave him the word—"Malt," for his text, and from which he preached the following sermon, which confounded the whole of them:—

"Beloved, let me crave your attention, I am a little man—come at a short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. (This was a hollow tree, which stood by the road side.) Beloved, my text is,—"Malt." I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—M.A.L.T.

M—is Moral. A—is Allegorical. L—is Literal. T—is Theological.

"The Moral is, to teach you rusticks good manners; therefore, M—my masters, A—All of you, L—Leave off, T—Tippling.

"The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of, and another meant. The thing spoken of is Malt. The thing meant is the spirit of Malt, which you rusticks make, M—your Meat, A—your Apparel, L—your Liberty, and T—your trust.

"The Literal is, according to the letters, M—Much, A—Ale, L—Little, T—Trust.

"The Theological is, according to the effects it works,—in some M—Murder,—in others, A—Adultery,—in all, L—Looseness of Life, and in many, T—Treachery.

"I shall conclude the subject, First, by way of Exhortation. M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Listen, T—To my Text. Second, by way of caution. M—my masters, A—All of you, L—Look for, T—the Truth. Third, by

way of communicating the Truth, which is this:—A Drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the alehouse's benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbour's scoff; a walking swill bowl; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man."

Are we to leave this poor degraded race or no? The drunkard is one, for whom Jesus Christ has shed his precious blood; therefore, Christians, come forward, and enjoy the comforts of helping us on in this reformation of drunken England. Have not our principles triumphed? Does not youthful India now acknowledge that our principles are good? Has not New South Wales come forward nobly? and is there not a petition now in England from New South Wales that they may not be permitted to distil grain in that country? Then, I say, onward with this great and glorious work. Time is short, you may not have another opportunity; this night go from hence convinced that we are right, and determine that you will help us; and if you go on in the strength of the Lord, what a shower of tee-totalers shall we send into society. (Cheers.) If government thought we were assembled for any political purpose this night, how would they tremble lest our principles should become universal; then let the community of London tremble to know that 3000 or 4000 individuals have assembled in Exeter-hall for the annihilation of drunkenness, and the establishment of this great cause. (Cheers.)

Mr. GREIG, from Leeds, who was received with considerable applause, spoke as follows:—"The great bearings of this important question have been so frequently, so fully, and so ably discussed, and perhaps never more ably than they have been this evening, that very little occasion is left for a person like myself to enter into a defence of principles so well known, or to make any appeals in addition to those which have been so heartily recognised and cheered by those who have heard them; but I must confess that there is a silent monitor within, which tells me that I may yet look for you to join in one cheer more in behalf of those great principles which we are met here this night to defend, as great in their nature and their object, as triumphant in their success, as beneficial in their application, as any principles, which ever yet had caused a cheer to sound from honest mouths and honest hearts of honest men in this metropolis. Some of you have heard, perhaps, within the last fortnight, appeals made on behalf of the slaves on behalf of the brute creation, on behalf of many objects, each, in their turn, important; but I give not the first place to any. I demand the first place for that object which we are met this night, if possible, to accelerate the emancipation of our fellow-men from the thralldom of intemperance (cheers), and to place them in such a situation as sobriety and religion will give them. (Cheers.) It is quite evident that our chairman is no preacher, or else he never would have taken the unwarrantable step of robbing those who are to speak of the most important part of their

discourse, their text. (Laughter.) A great many preachers if, when they came into their pulpit they found their text gone, their sermons would go after them; but, nevertheless, my friend the secretary has kindly furnished me with another, and although it may not elicit so lengthy a sermon as the other would have done, I do hope the question I have put to you will be sufficient to extract from you a hearty and cheerful reply. But although perfectly persuaded that were I not to venture one single appeal in support of this simple text, yet I feel that something ought to be said because we have no right to ask you to buy a "pig in a poke" (laughter), nor any right to place our hands in your pockets without telling you what has already been done, and what has been given, with what remains to be done, and what is to be given, and showing you the magnitude of the object, to induce you to give as largely and liberally as a patriotic public ought to do. It remains to ask what has been done? But where are the tongues, eloquent as hundreds are; nay, where the accumulation of tongues that can tell what temperance has already done. It would need the bright tongue of an archangel to describe the great, glorious, and lasting benefits which have accrued to individuals and to society from the adoption of our heaven-born and heaven-bound principles. (Cheers.) It is not for me to tell, angels must reveal the truth, and although we delight in being made instruments in effecting this reformation, we leave it to a happier and brighter day to proclaim the great and vast realities of those advantages which have followed from the adoption of our principles. But it must be borne in mind, that although all that has been done would have been great and stupendous if there were no objections in the way, if every possible human and moral invention had been at work to further our principles, we should still have reason to be thankful; but when it is recollected that objections almost insurmountable, and difficulties well nigh overwhelming to all but cold water men (cheers), that the passions and customs, wedded and bedded, and riveted in the hearts and affections of the vast community of this great land, have been opposed to us, the very press of the day, depending chiefly, if not entirely, on the preservation of strong drink, when we have instances "like angels visits, few and far between," among ministers of religion, the medical profession, with a few bright and glorious exceptions, almost to a man against us; the cellar and the garret, the cottage and the mansion, the house and the palace, the legislature and the people, having each alike been leagued in an unholy, but firm and almost impenetrable phalanx against us, it is then, when we look at what has been done, that we give the praise to Him to whom alone it is due, and without whom it never could have been accomplished. (Cheers.) What then has been done? Friends, we found the drunkard emaciated in his body, and debilitated in his mind, impoverished in his purse, degraded and blackened in his character, brutalised and hardened in his moral sensibility, a fiend, a monster, a savage, in-

stead of a human being; but in this condition, below which there cannot be a deeper depth, lowered as he had been by his own brutal passions, kept down as he was by the follies and customs of society, hardened, though he were in crime, to the simple, salutary, efficacious, and powerful principles of truth, the only lever by which we have effected this almost miraculous change, found him even in that condition; it restored his emaciated body to the fullness and vigour of health—it restored his impoverished condition to that of competence and affluence—it restored his blackened, and degraded, and debased character to that of an honest, upright citizen—it restored his hardened and brutalised heart to the fond and affectionate lover of his wife and children—it restored the blackened imp-foul centre of a circle of mischief and desolation to the happy distribution of bliss to all around him. (Loud applause.) We found him, "like moody madness, laughing wild amidst extremest woe;" and the simple application of our delightful principle, like the riding on the wing of the great angel of mercy, silenced the ruffled motions of his soul; and what do you find him now? You will find him surrounded, if not by all, by much that is blissful, breathing an atmosphere that is pure, with bodily health and moral happiness, you find him where

"Joy like morning dew distills
And all inhaled in love."—(Cheers.)

These are among the many changes which the almost magic influence of our principles have wrought, not in units, in units of cases it were miraculous, in tens of cases it were almost incomprehensible, but tens have become hundreds, hundreds have become thousands, and the thousands bid fair to become millions, until the great object of our society is accomplished. (Cheers.) It has been said by a former speaker, that the time will come when we shall not have to go to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, to bring forth these instances. It is not so very long since, that at meetings like the present, we were obliged to traverse oceans to tell what had been done in America, and what might be done here. But you have witnesses among yourselves—witnesses which can be "known and read of all men" in every city, town, and hamlet in our land—in England, Wales, and Scotland, and last, though not least, ten thousand times ten thousand blessed in Ireland. (Loud and long continued cheering.) Those cheers encourage me to draw once more on your sympathies and affections for poor, benighted, and hitherto unhappy Ireland. There are some, perhaps, of her sons and daughters here, whose very life's blood is mixed up with all that tends to promote the glory of their own father-land, to whom, perhaps, the rugged accents which I may bring forth, may still appear charming and eloquent, if they but speak of their own nation's regeneration. I but alluded yesterday evening, at a meeting at Kennington, in a few scattered remarks, to Ireland; and as I left the meeting, an old man covered with rage, seized and shook me by the hand, (there was honesty in the very corns which made that hand hard,) and he said with glistening

eyes, "may God bless you for ever, sir, for giving a good word to poor ould Ireland." (Cheers.) I hope the day will never come when Ireland will be without a good word, not only from me, but from every true and honest Englishman, and though all others were to turn recreants to their principles, though every other Englishman were to be a foul disgrace to his name, and were to look with scorn or contumely on Ireland, I would love her still. (Cheers.) If Ireland has done nothing more, she has taken the lead of us who have gone on at a snail's pace, with sluggish walk in this great cause, while she has started forward with giant strides, and tens of thousands have rallied round the standard of temperance there. (Loud cheers.) Happy in the enjoyment of personal, domestic, and national advantages, which tee-totalism places at her command, conscious of the proud position she begins to occupy in the scale of nations, her happy, emancipated sons and daughters call aloud on us to go and do likewise. They call aloud on ministers of religion to clothe themselves with the garments of Christ's righteousness, to break the fetters of self-indulgence, to take on themselves the cross of self-denial, and to scatter abroad the blessings which God places at their disposal, as well as at the disposal of Father Mathew. (Cheers.) We may then say, without the poet's panegyric, without the slightest desire to flatter those who are far beyond all human flattery, without wishing to *succumb* and to gain the golden opinion of any Irishman here, I say we do now see the period when Ireland bids fair, by the simple adaptation of our principle, (and proud are we of having given birth to it,) to realize the boast of one of her poets, and to become as she ought to be,

"Great, glorious, and free,

First flower of the land, first gem of the sea,"
(Great cheering.)

Then, my friends, as the first ground of that appeal which I intend to make, both to your hearts and to your pockets, before I conclude, I will tell you what we have done—we have raised thousands of drunkards to a proud position among their fellow-men. We have stopped the harrowing cause of heart-broken tears which made the wretched wife of the poor drunkard mad. We have clothed and fed myriads of starving and beggared babes; we have cleansed foul polluted neighbourhoods; we have washed out, in a small degree, the foul spot which has stained the escutcheon of our land; we have shown what can be done when there is unity of effort and principle working together; we have gone to the senate-house, and to the cellar; to the palace, and to the cottage; to the bar, and to the workshop; to the pulpit, and to the closet; wherever a human form is to be found in our country, whether among the most wretched, or the most exalted, we have gone with the right hand of fellowship, urged on by the pure principles of our institutions. We have united in one holy and unconquerable phalanx of honest hearts, warm devoted bodies, and sound well-wishers to the cause of humanity, and now proclaim to the world at large, what we have done and what we may

do; and by what we have done we call on you to come forward and do likewise. (Cheers.) I stated that whilst what had been done would form one part of my appeal, what remained to be done would necessarily form another. We must not yet rejoice so much as to think of taking off our armour. I have been a soldier in this mighty moral conflict nearly six years. I have worn my armour and kept it bright in the face of an always standing foe. I have gone into the strongholds of the enemy, and have borne, in union with others by whom I am surrounded, the heat and burden of the day; my arm flags not yet, my tongue has not grown cold, my eyes sink not yet in their sockets, my heart is not yet callous, and while one drop of blood remains about this heart, so long I hope to be instrumental in raising my fellow-men from this their moral degradation. (Immense applause.) I have said that much remains to be done. Oh, yes! proud as are our boasts, bright as are our prospects, happy as are our means by which we are surrounded, glorious as is the standard under which we fight, and numerous and hardy as are the hosts with whom we are united, yet is our enemy as legion—yet is our position but scarcely approached. It is true, we have planted out batteries, and made fast our artillery; we have battered many breaches in the hardened walls of our enemies' bulwarks; we have gathered many in the sallies they have made against us, and rallied many stragglers and volunteers in the skirmishing in which we have been engaged; our batteries are planted, our guns are loaded, our captains are at their posts, and (turning to the soldiers present) our soldiers you see are ranked side by side with us (deafening applause for several minutes), but the victory is not yet gained; we have to ply shell after shell, blow after blow, to plant battery after battery, to scale turret after turret, to pull down wall after wall, until even the topmost bulwark is laid straight, until the fortress of intemperance is entirely demolished, and its defenders either destroyed or made soldiers in a better fight, until we have around us "all good men and true," until drunkenness is entirely abandoned, and its agents forgotten or destroyed, and until we are enabled, without a single foe before, behind, or in ambush, with all those who have gone before, and all who are then with us, to raise one proud and joyful shout which shall rend the very vaults of heaven, and the angels join their voices in singing the happy jubilee of freedom to those who had been led captive by this great destroyer. (Loud cheers.) The drunkard must be reclaimed! Will you help us to reclaim him? Their wives shall be made happy; and whether you will or not join in that career of usefulness and happiness, there are those who will without your help, but who will point the finger of scorn at you, if you decline to help them. Their children must be fed and clothed!—will you help to do this for them? Their homes must be made comfortable!—will you endeavour to make them comfortable? The nation must be purged from this stain!—will you unite in purging it? The country must be freed from

this dishonour?—will you, who boast of patriotism, raise your country? Religion must triumph!—will you assist in removing that which impedes and clogs its progress? (Hear, hear.) That great curse of our country, and dishonour of our common humanity, personal torture, and the moral degradation inflicted by lacerating the backs of our fellow-men by the inhuman cat-o-nine-tails, must be removed; urged by strong drink, the men violate their obligations and forget the laws which they, as soldiers, are called upon to obey. I speak as a soldier, who, though not having felt on my back, have felt deeply in my heart, the scars made on the backs of men as good as myself; free them from the use of strong drink, and you relieve them from the terror of the inhuman lash. (Cheers.) But though these evils have been already pointed out, they yet remain in all their frightful reality. There are poor-houses, whose unfortunate inmates may be made more happy by the adoption of our principles. There are gaols, whose crowded occupants might indeed be sent to happier places, if you will lend us the means to emancipate them. There are clanking chains which yet proclaim the felons' destiny, which may clank no more, if you will enable them to keep their homes as honest men. I implore you as men, I entreat you as human beings, I exhort you as parents, I supplicate you as members of moral and religious communities, to come forward to our help. We might urge personal pleas—we might point to the personal danger you stand in—men of as pure practice as any of you have become victims to this baneful evil; but I wish not so much to harrow up the feelings of your souls as to call forth the feelings of an extended benevolence. There is no cause in which you can better exert your benevolence, or which will more repay you for its exercise, which will more add to your consciousness of doing good, than the fact of your being constantly surrounded by the objects of your sympathy and enjoying the blessed results of your kind-hearted generosity. I ask you not to send money to Africa to evangelize the Hottentots; I ask you not to send money to China to prevent the Chinese from eating opium; I ask you not to send money beyond the Atlantic, where it will still carry its heaven-born message of mercy, but I ask you to look at home. (Hear, hear.) There is much to be done at home—ours is a home-mission. (Cheers.) Your own towns, your own streets and lanes, some of your own houses and rooms, contain the miserable objects of our compassion, and will you not help us? will you not help them? I need not ask the question, you have answered it before; £2000 or £3000 has been subscribed and spent within the last year. The report has told you that more than that number of miserable drunkards have been made happy by the application of that miserable pittance, £1 for his body and soul,—who, that has the means of raising this, will not try in the course of the next year, to raise at least one poor drunkard to equal happiness with himself. There are thousands here, who, if they would pledge themselves, to this, might, by

this time next year, fill this spacious place with beings whom they have reclaimed. (Cheers.) There is much more to be done. Mr. Sherman has very properly said, that light must be made to shine. I am one of those unfortunate individuals who, by some strange constitution or temperament, am somewhat in the habit of using hard words. Now, in all my hard words, I mean nought but honesty of purpose, I would not hurt the most tender conscience the mind of man possessed, by any language I could employ, (cheers,) but I would not bate one jot or tittle of those principles which I hold sacred as my life, for the fear or favour of any man. (Cheers.) We call robbery theft; we call murder a crime, and whether it is committed by the steel, or by the rope, by gunpowder, by opium, or by alcohol, it is murder still. It is a hard thing to say, that there would be no selling if there were no buying, that there would be no making if there were no taking, that there would be no brewing if there were no drinking, that there would be no strong drink if there were none to take it, (cheers,) then am I going too far in saying, that this also has to be done, that a sound, honest, pure, perfect, and thorough-going principle must, and shall be proclaimed, that unconditional enmity, not to strong-drinkers, but to strong drink, not to publicans, but to dishonest principles, not to the people engaged in the traffic, but to the traffic itself, must indeed be proclaimed; and that inasmuch as the traffic depends on the consumer, whether consumed by ourselves, or taken by ourselves for the consumption of others, it matters not, we are, just so far as we support the traffic, accountable for the consequences which that traffic originates. (Cheers.) This, then, has also to be done. We might perhaps reform drunkards by the simple expression of our wishes to abstain. But we have a host of moderate drinkers to persuade, (hear, hear,) a still more numerous host, who form, as it were, a army of reserve, and who are continually rallying round the bulwarks which we are pulling down; they positively stop our bomb-shells, and deaden our fire, they form a seven-fold battery and barrier against the progress of our artillery, and we must either bring them out of the way or bring them over to our side. If we ever hope to bring the ponderous machine to bear by which this fabric is to be overturned, we must bring the moderate drinkers with us, and in addition to that we must place our society on the highest, most moral, and least easily overturned principle. Shew me any principle higher than the tasting not, touching not, drinking not, making not principle, and I will take that ground. (A man in the meeting, "that is the motto") (Cheers.) The motto is but the sign of the thing signified; you may take this part of my speech as the motto, the remainder must be partly from myself, but more from yourselves, the thing signified. Our friend, Mr. Baker, gave you the motto, and it was the collection. I have a right to presume from the cordial and hearty manner in which you have been clapping your hands, so cheering to myself, and

so delightful when considered in relation to the principles to which they have been applied, you will at least be as ready, from your means, to contribute as largely as those means will allow, and the warmth of your hearts, direct to the object we have in view. There is a paltry debt of £140 due to the treasurer of this society. Now, I have heard of such things in the north, as ten times that amount being gathered in this room at one meeting. I cannot say that my expectations, however sanguine, lead me quite so far as that (laughter); however, this I will say, that we have done much more than could be expected with the limited means placed at our command, yet infinitely more remains to be done, and that cannot be done unless our means are approximated to the ends we have in view. How is it to be done? Is it by honest, sound, well-wishers to their fellow-men? There is a numerous host here who will leave their own homes and face all difficulties and dangers to raise their fellow-men. Is it by the distribution of tracts. There are those who ask you to contribute, and will furnish you with those winged messengers of conviction, and will employ persons to distribute these tracts if you will but place it within their power. But I will not study the cold phrase of argument or logic—the idea of using argument to elicit money from the pockets of a philanthropic community is most absurd and paradoxical, and would rather induce you to keep it in your pockets, but I will ask you if the drunkard shall be reclaimed? Lend us your money, and we will pay it a hundred-fold in the reclaiming of these drunkards, I will ask you if the poor shall be made happy?—their blessings shall repay you a thousand-fold. I speak to you for the poor babes—shall they be fed, shall they be clothed, and made more happy than their parents have been? I ask you for the love of those babes, for the sake of those parents, for the recovery of those drunkards, to deal liberally with us. I ask you, for the honour of that country you call your own, to help us. Is there a patriot here who takes a delight in the name of his country from the goodness of its actions and the greatness of its virtues, then, unite with us to place her where she ought to be, first in the scale of surrounding nations. (Hear.) I ask you that boast of your philanthropy, and who are found first and foremost in all great and good works, I ask you by whose means the slave has been emancipated and the slave-trade pronounced a felony, by whose instrumentality bibles have been sent to every cottage in our land, by whose intervention the very brute animals have been preserved from much more brutal humanity. I ask you in a word, who are the philanthropists of the day, to aid us in our noble object—no one more philanthropic, no one which embraces more of that principle which is necessary to insure the happiness of the common family of man. I appeal to you, Christians, by a still more solemn obligation—by the duty you owe your God, by the profession which you make of obedience to him, by your common obligation to your fellow-men, by the bond and covenant which you have entered into, to be zealously

affected to every good work; ^{In a word,} implore you to prove your sincerity by the liberal manner in which you support this institution. Come, one and all, father and child, rich and poor, honest artisan and robust defender of his country, delicate female, nay, come grandmother and infant if possible, and throw your mite into this treasury, which is but to be made a fund of universal benevolence, to be applicable to the happiness of every creature within its reach. Come, and men will bless you—come, and angels will rejoice over you, the prattling tongues of lisping babes will thank you for the happiness which you have brought to their homes. Come, one and all, deal with us as you would be dealt by were you in the same extremity as the drunkard, and do for them as you would have done for yourselves, were you or those dear to you, in the same condition. Do this and the blessing of him that was ready to perish, will be upon your heads, and millions yet unborn will rise up and call you blessed. The Speaker sat down amidst the most general and enthusiastic cheering.

REVEREND MR. HAYES, of Bath.—I was called upon to attend this meeting from the interest I felt in this great cause, but with no expectation of being called upon to express my sentiments. It so happens, however, that my clerical brother and friend, has alluded to me, and if I did not now say a word or two, it would appear as if I was unwilling to bear my testimony, or as if I had come from mere curiosity, and to listen; but I might say, that if I had come merely from that, or from some less worthy motive, I should have been convinced by what I have heard. (Hear, hear.) However, I am happy to say, that I can speak from my own experience, as a parish minister, as a clergyman of the established church, in which situation I have been for nearly thirty years, in favour of this cause. I must say, that in the whole course of my ministry, I have never, with all my best endeavours, been able to make anything of a drunkard. (Hear, hear.) I have never been able to draw him to religion, to his Saviour, and to his God. I have found him, if not drunk, in that muddled state of mind that he was quite incapable of understanding spiritual things; indeed, we know from the scriptures that the carnal and spiritual mind are the direct opposites of each other, so says the apostle, and so say we from our own experience. I have known particular cases (and never till I heard of total abstinence did I ever know one), (cheers,) of habitual drunkards being reclaimed. I have tried by various means of persuasion, and never had the happiness to succeed. I have induced some to go to church, but they have gone from church to the ale-house, and any impression that may have been made there has vanished; they have, in short, been, if I may say so, non-recipients of religion, they have been as vessels that could hold no water, they could not contain spirituality. But since the formation of this society, I have had instances of the effect produced on drunkards almost miraculous. I know of one case in Bristol, but I don't like to mention names without a special permission, but I had that permission

in Bath, it was a man I employed myself, a little tradesman, a glazier; this man was always behind hand with his money, he always came to be paid in advance, and was always in ill health, brought on by drinking, and he declared himself to be in that unhappy state, that he was afraid he should close his life by some unlawful means, or end his days in the workhouse. He told me that when the tee-total societies commenced at Bristol, he used to go to their meetings, but only to scoff at, and ridicule them, until he heard a Mr. Teare, from Bristol. (Hear, hear.) He said, "When I heard that man, I felt that my conduct was wrong, and I was then induced to become a tee-totaller. (Cheers.) I have been for thirty years in the habit of drinking to excess, I can't say I was ever what people call drunk, but I was always in that muddled state that I did not know what I was doing, and my life became a burden to me, my family were brought to the greatest distress, but in November, 1836, I became a tee-totaller, and I thank my God that I have had strength to remain a strict tee-totaller ever since, (cheers,) and have enjoyed more happiness during the three years and four months I have been so, than in all the rest of my life. Through God's mercy, I am now brought into a state of independence and comfort, and my whole family are tee-totalers; and now if anybody comes to see us we tell them, they must do as we do, (loud cheering,) for never will I taste, touch, or handle, or will I suffer any intoxicating drink whatever to be brought within my premises as long as I live." (Cheers.) I am happy also to state, that other good effects have also accrued from this, and it is no more than one might expect. Everything must begin in self-denial. (Hear, hear.) Our blessed Lord said, "He that would come after me must deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." We are therefore prepared by the highest authority to say, and to expect that a man who is capable of doing his duty, of ceasing to do what is evil, will then try and learn to do what is well, and my experience in observing the effect of this society, has been, that not only have such men left off that bad habit, but they have left off other bad habits at the same time, and have learnt to do well, their ears have been opened to God's word, they have gone to places of worship, they have improved their spiritual as well as their temporal and bodily condition, and in every sense have become better men. I therefore having been thus called upon, though unexpectedly, should certainly have been ashamed if I had not responded to the call which my friend made on me, and most willingly have borne my testimony to the good effects of this society. (Cheers.) I only hope that you will keep your good resolutions, and that those who have not done so, will be disposed to follow your example; and may it please God to shed his blessing upon you, which I have no doubt will be the case, for whoever makes use of the powers which God has given him, for good purposes, (and I say, his reason, and his conscience, are alone sufficient to show what is evil in this respect, and what is good, and what he ought

to do,) we have every reason from scripture to believe, that to him shall be given more abundantly. (Cheers.)

REV. BENJAMIN PARSONS.—I might, perhaps, though the hour is late, claim a little of your indulgence this evening, because it is the first time I have ever spoken in Exeter Hall. It is customary in the House of Commons to bear a little with a new member, and I am happy to say, from all I have seen of what tee-totalism has done throughout the country, that there is, at the present time arising among the labouring classes that have become tee-totalers, quite as much politeness as we find among the higher classes of society. (Hear, hear.) I think you have fully demonstrated to-night, that it is not necessary people should partake of intoxicating drinks in order to be merry and cheerful. (Hear, hear.) Wherever we enter that text is constantly ringing in our ears. "Wine that maketh glad the heart of man," and there are numbers of people among us, who suppose that it is absolutely impossible for persons to thank each other, or even exercise the common kindnesses of our nature, or the duties of religion, without drinking—we must have drink everywhere. I have often thought that these people seemed to intimate that they kept their souls, their friendships, their intellects, their hearts, and their everything in the wine bottle, or in the beer-barrel, (laughter,) it is really amazing that they can do nothing without drinking. I believe that some of us were once to a certain degree in the same state, or at all events we supposed that wine or intoxicating drinks gave us some degree of energy and cheerfulness, which we had not otherwise enjoyed; but I have learnt from the experience of four long years that we do not want these drinks in order to be cheerful. I can say that I never enjoyed my life, that I never knew what it was to live till I became a tee-totaller. (Cheers.) Previous to that my life was a burden, but ever since I have been free from those nervous sensations, and from that lowness of spirits, which is connected with the disease brought on by the moderate use of intoxicating drinks; ever since that period I have enjoyed health and strength for every kind of labour, bodily and mental, such as I never enjoyed before; there passes not a day over my head but what I thank God for total abstinence. (Cheers.) We are now become more independent than our neighbours, many of those persons seem to keep all their talent and intellect under the lock and key of the landlady or the butler, so that they can do nothing without these drinks. (Laughter.) That is not the case with us, we have now our souls where they ought to be, in our bodies, (laughter,) we carry our intellects and our hearts about with us, not depending on other persons to stimulate us and excite us either to think or speak; but we have an energy arising from the fact that we are no longer dependents on a stimulating poison, which, in the end, invariably depresses more than it excites, and consequently must be more injurious than beneficial to the individual. I heard a new argument against our society as I was walking through the street to-day, and

it was this. an individual said to me—"I have heard you speak about tee-totalism, and many people approve of it, but I have discovered that it is opposed to the bible, for I find it is said in the word of God, that temperance is the fruit of the spirit, but you are promoting temperance without the spirit, and therefore it is opposed to the bible." (Laughter.) I should have every reason to think that that individual had not cut his connexion with intoxicating drink (laughter); there is a little muddiness which you often find in moderate people. They say, "you have not studied the proper meaning of the word temperance, it means self-government." Now self-government, I suppose, is that a man may use moderately what will do him good, but also, that he has self-government enough to abstain from what will injure him. (Hear, hear.) Some time ago, a gentleman who was carrying on a discussion with me in the newspaper, brought forward the latin dictionary against me, and quoted the word "*tempero*," whence comes the word "temperance," but he omitted one signification of the word, which is "to abstain." (Cheers.) In one of the most beautiful pathetic passages in Virgil, he introduces Eneas as saying, with reference to the siege of Troy: "When the soldiers of the hardy Ulysses narrate their sorrows, who can abstain from tears?" The word that is rendered "abstain" is "*temperate*," and therefore, this shows that as long ago as the time of Virgil, the word "temperance" often meant "total abstinence." (Loud cheers.) But if temperance, that temperance which is the fruit of the spirit, means that a man should use moderately what is good, and abstain altogether from that which is poisonous, which might and which does injure his intellect and his conscience, and indeed all his moral feelings, then I think I have the argument against my learned friend, who beset me to-day in the street, for I am afraid it would be proved, on his principle, that a great many people who say they are moved by the spirit, are after all, destitute of that grace of the spirit—temperance. (Hear, hear.) I have been frequently beset with another argument,—they say, we all look so thin (laughter); I am very sorry, for the sake of tee-totalism, to say that I am so thin myself, but I can only tell you this, that I was a great deal thinner before I was a tee-totaler. (Laughter and cheers.) I am several pounds heavier than I was before I adopted it, so I have not been injured at all in that respect, even if corpulency, which is not the case, were necessary to health; and I find, though sometimes exceedingly lame, that I can mount a hill with a great deal less perspiration, and not near so much puffing and blowing, as some of my moderation friends who are far more corpulent than I am (laughter); so that even on that score we have the better of it. At a meeting the other day, while an old friend of mine was speaking, who had a few wrinkles in his face certainly, a man got up and said: "Oh, but your tee-totalism has not fetched the wrinkles out of your face;" of course this caused a good deal of merriment, but when my friend sat down I saw the indi-

vidual who got up and made this speech, and positively his face seemed to be nothing but a mere skull with a skin drawn over it, I believe if he had been dissected, there would have been found little more on his face than skin and bone (laughter); he was a drinker, but it had not made him very corpulent at all events; and how do you think I frightened him away? why, I threatened if he ever came again, we would have his likeness taken, (laughter,) and hold him up as an example of moderation. Whether or not, the moderation people took fright at it, I know not, but he has never shown his face again at our meetings. (Laughter.) I have seen this hall filled repeatedly during the last week, and as this charge of leanness has been brought against us, I have looked round, and I find that we have as many fair, plump, healthy, ruddy faces here to-night, as I have seen at any other meeting which I have attended (laughter and cheers); and I am sure it would be found, if they were examined, that there was much more of the features of health on their countenances than on the countenances of an equal assembly of those who are only moderate drinkers. It is a very remarkable thing, but I find all these moderate people always ill, always ailing. I have passed through a great deal of England, and the universal cry is, "oh, we must take this drink, for we have got such a sinking in the stomach" (laughter); both gentlemen and ladies have it, and it seems to be a kind of periodical thing, it comes on, nearly all of them tell me, about eleven o'clock in the day. (Continued laughter.) It is very remarkable, that wherever I have conversed with tee-totalers, and I have conversed with a vast number, they have invariably told me that they once felt this sinking, and therefore they know how to sympathise with our sinking friends (laughter), but all the tee-totalers have lost it (cheers): so in this respect we have the advantage of them. But these people say that they generally take it as a medicine. A young man told me the other day, that his father was obliged to take half a glass of wine a day, for the last five months, or else he could not exist; he had striven to do without it, but he could not. "Well, I said, I think if I was your father I would change the medicine, it does not seem to me to be very good that he should have to take it so long;" and I very shrewdly suspect if the doctor had ordered him to take a dose of salts or a dose of rhubarb, he would have gone to him, not five months afterwards; but he would not, I am bold to say, have waited five days, and said, "doctor, I should be glad if you would change the medicine." (Laughter.) I am afraid he kept on taking it because he liked it, for instead of being better, he rather grew worse upon it. I was conversing with a brother minister the other day, who has adopted this principle. Some time ago he thought he was not quite well, and perhaps the people frightened him, for every one is trying to frighten ministers and others out of tee-totalism; but he had been under the care of the doctor. Previous to Easter Monday he had not signed the pledge, his friends met him, and all said, "dear sir, how well you are looking, we never

saw you looking so well in our lives." He did not tell them he had been practising total abstinence for some weeks. However, at a public meeting on Easter Monday, he came forward and signed the pledge; next day his friends, forgetting what they had said the day before, said to him, "dear me, how ill you are looking sir." (Loud laughter.) As soon as he signed the pledge their imagination began to work, and they thought him exceedingly ill. Whether he was frightened by the doctors, or whatever it was, at any rate he told me total abstinence did not agree with him, and he was obliged to take a glass of port wine every day. "And," he added, "I cannot but say, I am a little afraid of your principles (laughter); I think some men have lost their lives by having adopted it, and it is a very serious thing to a man's family for him to be taken away from this world in consequence of total abstinence." (Continued laughter.) My reply was this—"does alcohol kill any one? are there any persons die from moderate drinking? because allowing that to be the case, and I do not believe if there were a fair and impartial examination made of the body of every tee-totaler that has died since the principle has been adopted, one would be found to have died from that adoption. (Cheers.) But for the sake of argument, grant it, and grant at the same time that we are all as we profess to be, philanthropists and Christians, then we have two systems before us; we have alcohol killing people it seems; and according to the opinions of these men, we have total abstinence killing people. Which course are we to take? Why, as philanthropists, we adopt that principle which will kill the least.—(Loud cheers.) How many drunkards die annually? Sixty thousand. How many tee-totalers have died or die annually from total abstinence? One or two. (Loud cheers.) Then said I, though death be the consequence of total abstinence, yet seeing that fewer die on our principles than from the use of alcohol, we still continue to proclaim total abstinence. (Cheers.) But what a strange thing it is that persons who call themselves Christians, and who profess to have the spirit of Him who came into this world and actually died to save men's lives, that men in a great moral work, which is to bring domestic happiness where misery reigned, a principle that has dried up the tears of many wives and children, and which has brought forth the talent which has been exhibited to night, and which has repeatedly been exhibited in this society and in other parts of the country, which has added so many members to our churches, and has already conducted (indirectly, if not directly, by leading them to the house of God), many spirits to glory. (Cheers.) Are we, if we call ourselves Christians, to talk about consequences, are we to say,—"we would adopt it, but we are afraid we shall die, or I shall have a pain in my stomach or the headache." It would have been a strange thing if Wellington had said, "There are great enemies opposing England, and if I fight I shall perhaps be wounded," or if the apostles of our Lord had said they were afraid of hunger and thirst, or disease or death, where would

Christianity have been now? (Hear, hear.) The man who is an upright philanthropic Christian, has not to take consequences into consideration,—to die in the cause of one's country, in the cause of humanity, in the cause of God, is to die gloriously. (Cheers.) These gentlemen, remind me of a passage which you have, perhaps, often heard quoted: a dandy is introduced on the stage, and talks a great deal about war, and arms, and so on, and he says, "were it not for those vile guns, I myself would have been a soldier." Laughter.) So we have these people saying, if it were not for a little head-ache, (though I believe they would not have it except in imagination), they would become tee-totalers. I say, we are not to take these things into consideration; but seeing what tee-totalism has done already for our country, what is has done for men's health, for their domestic comfort, what it has done for men's health, for their domestic comfort, what it has done for their bodies and souls, it is our duty to proceed in it, and by the help of God we will proceed, though we die in the cause. (Cheers.) I will not further trespass on your time, though I could easily keep talking till twelve o'clock. (Laughter.) I congratulate you on this very interesting meeting to-night, and on the progress your society has made and is making, and in seeing such an attentive audience who have shown that they can be happy and delighted, and have all the life and pleasures necessary for human beings, without the use of intoxicating drinks. The rev. gentleman sat down amidst protracted cheering.

REV. MR. HORSALL.—I was forcibly struck the other day, when attending a meeting in this hall, with reference to protestantism, by one eloquent speaker, who spoke with very great effect, particularly in reference to the repeal of a certain enactment, and the word "repeal" was taken hold of by the meeting, or rather it took hold of them, and it was reiterated again and again, "repeal." Now, I will take up the word, but it shall be, repeal those laws which license men to be drunk on the premises. (Cheers.) I say, repeal. (Cheers.) But how shall we do it, say you? I have a plan here, which I beg leave to suggest, which will materially assist in carrying out that great and important word in all its meaning. Some friends, who perhaps are rather sanguine in their temperament, thought that it was a great work to raise £1000 last year for the agency fund, and I feel thankful to God that we have had such men on whom to spend that £1000 (hear, hear); but I am of opinion that we can raise £4000. (Loud cheers, and cries of "we will.") And the plan for doing it is simply this: Your very indefatigable superintendent of the tract depot, is the originator of the plan, that certain cards like this, which I hold in my hand, be circulated among the gentlemen, or rather the ladies, we must perhaps put them first. Dr. Adam Clark said that one female is worth seven men and a half, (laughter), and I am confident the appeal will not be made in vain, that it will not only be responded to by hearty cheers, but by diligent labour in calling on friends wherever they are, to fill up these cards. I am of opinion that if

every lady and gentlemen will do as I am prepared to do, (and as they say, precept and example should go together, I will begin and fill up mine) (Cheers). I am the humble representative of the Buckingham Auxiliary, consisting of about 200 staunch tee-totalers, a small number, I admit, but I am prepared to pledge myself with reference to that Auxiliary, that we will raise, as I think will be our portion, £5 towards this £4000, and as a deposit, I place in the Chairman's hands, 25 per cent. (Cheers), and in connection with that, although perhaps it may not be considered to have a direct bearing on this subject, I beg to relate one little anecdote which shows what great things may be done, even under discouraging circumstances. A certain aged widow who had one only son, a boy nine years old, was placed in very peculiar circumstances in consequence of some step she had taken, which offended a certain individual who held a responsible situation under a certain duke, and he consequently resolved to deprive her of her little cottage, and the land attached to it, which was the sole support of herself and son; one day as she sat weeping, and contemplating what would be the result, the child anxiously inquired into the reason of her tears, she told him that the steward was going to turn them out of their house, "but he shan't said the little fellow," "oh but my dear, said the poor woman, he will," "but I tell you he shan't," "What can we do to prevent it?" "Do," said the child, "I will go to the duke." (Laughter.) "You go the duke," said his mother, "what can you do?" However, he was determined to go to the duke, and consequently he embraced the earliest opportunity, and so he did, with a great deal to do, he got to the door. The servant came. "What do you want?" "I want to see the duke." "Why, what can you have to do with the duke?"—"That is no business of yours. I want to see the duke," (Laughter.) "But suppose you were to see the duke, you would not know how to talk to him?" "Well," he said, "I can try." "Well," said the servant, "I will go and tell his grace; but mind, when you speak to him, you must say, Your Grace." The servant went to the duke, and said a little boy wished to see him. "Oh tell him to come up," said the duke. The little fellow was ushered in. "What do you want my boy?" He put his little hands together, and very devoutly said, "For what I am going to receive, the Lord make me truly thankful." (Great laughter and applause.) "Well, my boy, what of that?" "They tell me that you are going to take our little bit of land from me and mother, and if you do we shall be starved to death." "Who told you so," said the duke. "It is said so," and he then in his artless way, told the distress his mother was in. "Well," said the duke, "you may go back and tell your mother that the cottage and land shall not be taken away from her while I live." The little fellow again placed his hands together, and said "For what I have received the Lord make me truly thankful." (Roars of laughter and cheers.) It may be thought by many that this raising of £4000, and £1000 to be paid in three months from the present date, is a wild

scheme; but let us take up the little child's motto, and in the face of difficulty say, "I can try." (Cheers)

MR. HIGGINBOTHAM said that in Nottingham, he believed he was called a most notorious tee-totaler (laughter); and he had been a tee-totaler in practice for thirty years, and it had been the greatest temporal blessing of his life. He did not think he had allowed strong drink, even as a medicine, more than five times in four years, whereas he formerly prescribed that number in one year, and in most cases it was prescribed to ladies. He had never known a single instance where the leaving off intoxicating drinks had caused mischief, and he would be content to lose his head for the very first person who died from leaving them off, (Cheers,) the idea was altogether preposterous—strong drinks produce innumerable disorders in the human frame, and he knew nothing more likely to produce apoplexy, palsy, &c. than the "Nottingham good ale," as it was termed. (Hear, hear.) He had been present at several operations where no strong drink were required to support the patient; where not even sal volatile was used, cold water had been found quite sufficient. (Hear, hear.)

MR. RICHARDS, of Guernsey, addressed the meeting, and urged upon the attention of the meeting, the importance of perseverance.

MR. GREIG, of Leeds, supported the motion of Mr. Horsell, and took a card and pledged himself to fill it up within the given time.

UNITED PROCESSION

Of the "New British and Foreign Temperance Society," and the "British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance."

After several conferences between a deputation of the procession committee of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, and a deputation of the Procession Committee, it was mutually agreed that a united procession of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, and the British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, take place on Whit Monday, June 8, 1840; but as the arrangements of each society are nearly complete, they preserve their distinctness, only forming one general line.

The following arrangements are to be observed by the auxiliaries of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society:—

1.—The West London and St. Mary-le-bone auxiliaries to be in waiting in Bedford-square.

2.—The North and East to be in waiting in Guildford-street, Russell-square.

3.—The South to be in waiting in Bloomsbury-square, precisely at ten o'clock.

4.—That each division do wait in the above places until they receive orders from the general directors of the procession.

5.—That Messrs. Inwards and Davis be the general directors.

6.—That the procession do start from Russell-square at eleven o'clock precisely.

7.—The following to be the order of the procession as balloted for:—

1. West.	3. South.
2. North.	4. East.

8.—The following to be the route:—Russell-

square, Kepple-street, Store-street, Tottenham-court-road, George-street, Charles-street, Mortimer-street, Portman-street, Regent-street, Hanover-street, Bond-street, St. James' street, Pall-mall, Charing-cross, Whitehall, Parliament-street, Westminster-bridge York-road, Stamford-street, Blackfriar's-road.

9.—That the decoration of this society consist of a blue and white rosette and white gloves.

10.—That any society near the Metropolis desirous of joining in the procession, are requested to communicate immediately with Messrs. INWARDS and DAVIS, 80, Theobald's-road.

BAZAAR AND SOIREE.

It is impossible to imagine a more interesting demonstration than that afforded by the female friends of tee-totalism at the London Tavern, on the 18th and 19th ultimo. A great assortment and variety of very beautiful articles were offered for sale, many of them evidencing great taste as well as zeal in the contributors; and we were happy to see numerous purchasers, anxious to possess some memento of this the first sale in aid of the funds required to carry on this great work.

No cause can ultimately triumph unless it have the cordial co-operation of women. The greatest of all causes owes its almost universal diffusion to the energy and zeal of women; and though we are repeatedly hearing that women are too often the enemies of tee-totalism, we think the display at the Bazaar contradicted that assertion.

The scene was very animated when the whole splendid suit of rooms was thrown open; and after the refreshments had been discussed, R. Walkden, Esq., of Pinner Park, was called to the chair. Animated and eloquent addresses were delivered during the evening by the following tried friends of true temperance:—Mr. D. Alexander; Mr. T. A. Smith; J. Eaton, Esq.; Mr. Greig; Mr. Gibbs, of Cork; Rev. F. Beardsall; W. Janson, Esq.; Mr. Whittaker; Mr. Higginbottom; Mr. Coleman; and J. Dunlop, Esq.

The most intense interest was manifested throughout the evening; and after singing the doxology the audience separated, expressing the highest gratification at the intellectual treat they had enjoyed.

LISSON GROVE AND PADDINGTON BRANCH.

EASTER FESTIVAL.

A MOST interesting meeting was held at Aeon Chapel school-rooms, on Easter Monday, when between eighty or ninety persons sat down to tea. After ample justice had been done to the abundance of tea, cake, and hot tea cakes, the public were admitted to the meeting by the payment of three-pence. The school was soon filled with very attentive listeners. After which the Rev. Jabez Burns occupied the chair, who, after a suitable hymn had been sung and the Divine blessing implored, commenced the meeting by observing that tee-totalism was like a large tree that had spread its branches over the four quarters of

the world and were dropping its fruit in those different quarters. He referred to the cheering reports we have had from Ireland, India, America, &c. The worthy chairman also referred to the opposition of the religious world, and clearly proved that their opposition, on scriptural ground, was without foundation; there was more probability of persons becoming Christians, persons who were tee-totalers, than those who were not. He had no opinion of those wine-drinking ministers, deacons, and professors. In America it was considered a disgrace to a female to be seen going to a grog-shop to fetch intoxicating drinks; he sincerely trusted that would soon be the feeling manifested here. In this, our country, he affectionately advised the tee-totalers not to rest at tee-totalism but to allow it to be only a stepping stone to a higher and more noble attainment. He concluded by exhorting the members to unity and sobriety of spirit. The rev. chairman was listened to throughout with the most intense interest.

Mr. Balfour, from Chelsea, represented himself as a brand plucked from the burning. He referred to his younger days; had suffered through the intemperance of his father, both in circumstances and education. He referred to life on board ship; he received his first education from a one eyed carpenter on board of ship. He referred to his abstinence for two years and a half at one time, and during that time had purchased himself a whole library, and then clothed himself comfortable, and was, to all appearance, likely to do well; but, alas! he fell. He referred to his indescribable misery, for eight years, as a drunkard; and had it not been for his beloved, talented wife, his home and family would have gone to ruin. He had been nine months in a debtor's prison through his drink; but, he thanked God, tee-totalism had saved him. He referred to the kindness of his friends, his pupils in presenting him with a medal, which he exhibited. He observed that tee-totalism was second to none save the gospel. He observed it had been bad work for the publicans in Chelsea since the establishment of the hall, though it was much better than the few should suffer than the multitudes. He referred to the great increase of trade there would be even if the produce of one brewery was expended in a proper manner in trade. It was calculated that Barclay and Co. sent out 1,000 barrels per day at £1 per barrel. He referred to the paralyzing effects that these drinks had had upon the greatest geniuses of our country. He concluded by making a powerful address to the working classes present.

At this period our much respected chairman vacated the chair, when it was ably filled by Mr. Bowson, of this branch.

Mr. Wilde, (the Welshman) of the Horse Guards Blue, had had the honor of attending persons at the helm of affairs, but had never heard such unvarnished eloquence as he had heard that night among the tee-totalers. He had been a drunkard fourteen years; had, by his conduct, lost the confidence of his friends, and through his conduct it conducted him into the army. He had been an inmate of the Millbank Penitentiary through drunkenness;

he had been laid up with severe illness through the same cause; he had now been a tee-totaler nine months; was now a happy man; was a brand plucked from the burning. His father, mother, brothers, and sisters, were all, through his instrumentality, tee-totalers. He referred to his labour in the cause; the amount of good that had been effected, particularly at Starch Green. He hoped he should live to be a blessing to his fellow men who are still in the same way as he formerly was.

Mr. Tilley, of Chelsea, was not a reclaimed drunkard, but had been a moderation man; he led a pious life from the age of nine years to twenty. He was always engaged in works calculated to benefit the rising generation and those of mature age around him. He dated the commencement of taking his moderation drops from the example and the persuasions of the ministers of the church he was connected with, who persuaded him, if he wished to make any proficiency in life, he must launch out into the world and take his glass with other tradesmen, but with extreme moderation. Mr. T. then referred to his gradual downfall, both spiritual and temporal, through such a course. Through launching out into the world he had left the fold of Christ, and had turned a confirmed infidel; he had attended those bad scenes, the Sabbath evening Infidel's lecturing rooms, for the express purpose of advocating those principles. He had been in prison for debt, but a brighter day had now arisen; he had, through the mercy of God, adopted the principles of this society two years and a half; and it was with feelings of pleasure he referred to his bright prospects in this life, and his hope in eternity. He concluded by making a powerful appeal to moderators by reciting a piece of poetry of his own composition.

Mr. Johnson, a Wesleyan and a school-master, here stepped forward to sign the pledge. He briefly stated his reasons for doing so: he had for some time acted upon the principle; was convinced he was better in health by totally abstaining; was previously subject to the head-ache, it had now entirely left him. He also came forward publicly, in order that he might promote the glory of God, and for improving his usefulness in his various duties. He did not consider that moderators did promote the glory of God by their course; he referred to the passage of Holy writ: "what ever we eat or drink, do all to the glory of God." He felt it his duty to make a public stand against the drinking customs of our land, he then signed the pledge.

Mr. Williams, Sen., felt great pleasure in addressing this audience, as there were so many females present whose sex suffer so much through intemperance. He observed that a drunkard was a pest to society, he robbed himself, wife, and family, of all the comforts in this world, and, perhaps, to all eternity. He observed that it was the God of Heaven that planted the tee-total tree: it was the same God that watered it. He referred to his younger drinking propensities; he was in affluent circumstances, and he spent one guinea a day, for some time, in intoxicating drinks. He also referred to his tee-total use-

fulness, he had been a member between four and five years. He made a powerful appeal to the working classes, and pointed out to them the delusion they were labouring under. He exposed the abominable practice of adulterating these drinks.

After a few words of exhortation from Mr. Bowson, the chairman, the meeting, after singing a parting hymn, dissolved, when twenty three signed the pledge highly delighted with the evening's entertainment.

I am, yours sincerely,

Paddington.

J. JONES, Secretary.

UXBRIDGE.

ON Tuesday, the 5th of May, the tee-totalers of this town held their Anniversary Festival as early as six o'clock in the morning; many of the members met at one of the school rooms for the purpose of supplicating the Divine blessing on the labours of the day.

At noon a public meeting was held in the large room belonging to the Literary Institution; when the chair was occupied by John Trotter, Esq., of Durham Park, near Barnet, who addressed the company in a most interesting manner; detailing his reasons for joining a society which had for its object the recovery of the drunkard, and the prevention of drunkenness. As an officer in the army, the chairman of the board of guardians in his locality, and a magistrate, he had had repeated evidence that to the sin of drunkenness, might be imputed by far the greatest part of the insubordination, the destitution, and crime, of the people of this nation. He appealed to the good sense of his auditors, and requested an impartial investigation of the principles of tee-totalism. His account of the good effects produced by the adoption of the plan in many cases in his own neighbourhood, was most gratifying and encouraging. The unaffected and simple style of his address, breathing throughout a spirit of true benevolence and philanthropy, made many regret when he resumed his seat. May the period soon arrive when his wish, and that of all true hearted tee-totalers, may be realised, that intemperance shall no longer dwell in the land.

The president of the auxiliary, our true and tried friend, R. Walkden, Esq., followed in his usually energetic and persuasive manner.

The Rev. J. F. Witty then rose and entered on a full explanation of the views entertained by the society, as to the religious, moral, and physical effects likely to be produced by the adoption of the great principles advocated by their friends and agents. We were surprised, and truly grieved, to hear him say that he stood alone in the metropolis amongst the ministers of the establishment, as an advocate and member of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society.

A working farmer, from Barnet, (whose name we could not hear) then gave his testimony to the good effects produced on himself and family by his entire renunciation of alcoholic drinks. He spoke well and feelingly, and made a good impression, we doubt not, on many hearts present.

Benjamin Rotch of Lowlands, related some interesting circumstances that had come under his notice, as a magistrate, in connexion with the drinking propensities of the land. He also gave us a rather humorous account of a speech he had heard the day previous at the meeting of the old Temperance or Moderation Society, and which he proved to be a thorough tee-total speech.

The Rev. Jabez Burns was then announced, and, as heretofore, received with great pleasure. His address was forcible, and argumentative, and was listened to with deep interest; and we trust the impression made on the minds of some present will not pass away, but produce good fruits to the cause he so unflinchingly advocates.

John Cluer, an agent of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, was the last speaker called upon, and interested us much by his earnest and powerful advocacy. The time was too far spent to allow him to address the meeting in his usual manner. The tee-total band in the orchestra finished, as it began, with an appropriate air.

The members of the benefit club, in connexion with the auxiliary, provided a dinner at Darvill's coffee-house, which we are glad to find was conducted to their satisfaction and comfort. It was with no small delight we observed these men (many of them reclaimed from the depths of drunkenness) making rather a conspicuous figure at the meeting, with their badge of membership, a beautiful white rose, fastened on their coats. It is true we cannot number on our list the ministers of religion, the medical men, or the gentry of our town; but we can, amongst our members, point to fifty of our poor brethren, and saying, "Whence came these?" hear the joyful tidings: "from the paths of inebriety and vice, to occupy their places in the house of prayer, and to listen to the blissful message of salvation."

At five o'clock the large room was again the scene of enjoyment, for then nearly four hundred of our friends (amongst whom we noticed several from Chelsea, Windsor, Barnes, and other places adjacent) met with grateful hearts to partake of the pleasures of the tea table; it was truly a bright and happy time.

On the clearing away of the tea equipages, &c., the chair was again occupied by our excellent friend, J. Trotter, Esq., who had now a very large auditory, the room becoming densely filled. The principal speakers at this meeting, after the opening address from the chair, were working men; and their simple tales of former misery and present happiness, were very interesting. We do not like to occupy too much room in your columns, or would give a more detailed account of their addresses; as well as of John Cluer's, which was truly heart stirring and convincing; such a one is but seldom heard. The Rev. J. F. Witty also spoke most suitably; and, at a late hour, the meeting separated, after obtaining many fresh names to the pledge.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me, through the medium of your valuable periodical, to introduce to the attention of my tee-total brethren in London, a society, whose object is suitably to occupy a leisure hour and to assist in the cultivation of a scientific and refined pursuit, the establishment of which, if more generally made known, would, I doubt not, secure for it more extensive patronage and support, as well as induce the formation of others on similar principles in connection with temperance societies in different parts of the metropolis—I refer to the West London Temperance Philharmonic Society, Treasurer, and Secretary, Mr. Davis, 39, Hart Street, Bloomsbury; Conductor, Teacher, and Composer, Mr. J. King, Beresford Terrace, Walworth; Leader, Mr. Beale. It has been instituted about three months. The services of its officers are perfectly gratuitous. A spirit of union and kindly feeling prevails amongst its members; and the progress of the class under the able superintendence of Mr. King is encouraging. Its rules, which are few in number and simple in their character, I take leave to subjoin, as they may be useful in the formation of similar institutions.*

Having been much accustomed to musical association in early life, and having witnessed many of the evils resulting from the almost invariable use of intoxicating drinks in such associations, I rejoice that the period has arrived in which the cultivation and practice of sacred music especially, can be pursued entirely free from their insidious and pernicious influence; and I shall feel exceedingly gratified if, in bringing this society before your numerous readers, the subject should elicit further observation and remark from a more able pen; and still more if it should tend to concentrate and unite the musical talent of our tee-total friends, so that societies like the present may be extensively formed; an additional source of innocent, rational, and scientific gratification be opened to our members; and their united talent be made available in the furtherance of the temperance societies' objects, by their gratuitous services at our public festivals and soirées.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

Westminster.

W. BEALE.

* Want of space precludes us this month from giving the Rules of this instructive, amusing, and useful society, but we hope to be able to do it in our next number.



THE
LONDON
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AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

No. 5.]

JULY.

[Vol. I.

CONSISTANCY.

LOOKING through the works of nature, and through the sciences that have arrived at any degree of perfection, we perceive a wonderful series of combinations; an adaptation of parts to the whole; a fitness, that is both the cause of their excellence and of our admiration. In the science of morals this is particularly the case; here harmony and proportion, or, in one word, consistency, is a primary necessity. Hence, principle is requisite to consolidate what mere virtuous impulses and good feeling may indeed suggest; but certainly cannot carry out into any uniform and practical whole, without consistency.

The great change now taking place in the habits of society through the operation of the total abstinence principle, is fraught with incalculable moral results. We have as yet but beheld

the faint dawning of a glorious day, and we can form, at present, no conception of what has been, or will be, done. Certainly, society has, through a long series of ages, had an opportunity of perceiving the crime and misery, the deterioration of individual character, and the collective amount of degradation and suffering, which intemperance has introduced among mankind; it is something surely worthy of the efforts of the philanthropist and Christian, if he can check and dam up, by certain unerring principles, so mighty a torrent of evil as this polluted spring has ever poured forth. We can judge, by the evil cured, and the ill prevented, in part of the value of the system, but only in part. Much of the good effected can never be known in this world, and much remains yet to be seen. A total change of personal habits, in a matter which

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involves, (relatively) companionship, amusements, time, health, and pecuniary circumstances, must effect a wonderful change in the character of the individual; and as nothing is ever stationary, surely it is but rational to suppose that no mind restored to the power of exercising its reasoning faculties, will be content merely to cease to do evil—certainly it will learn to do well. A system of moral and spiritual education will commence which cannot fail to benefit society, quite as much as it benefits individuals. "Custom is the magistrate of men's lives, and therefore it is necessary to get good customs," says Lord Bacon. We have seen what mankind have been, under the influence of pernicious customs; what they will be, when sobriety universally prevails, remains to be seen: meanwhile attention is now thoroughly aroused, and the splendid experiment, introduced by the zealous and intelligent working men, "fit, though few," only eight short years ago, is now triumphantly before the world, arrayed in all the strength of wisdom, and in all the brightness of truth.

Unprecedented as has been the success of the total abstinence principles; large as is the number of those who are openly with us, and of those who are privately adopting our system, yet our very success must teach us vigilance, and make us watchful to escape inconsistency. Many a cause has been truly great while struggling for success, and has sunk into supineness when that success was obtained—a false cry of victory on the battle field has changed the issue of many a contest. While so much remains to be done, we must not allow ourselves to think we have done much; means must be taken to discipline and train the numbers now with us, as well as to gain fresh accessions to our ranks.

Coming before the world as the advocates of a great moral reform, it is imperative that every total abstainer should aim at a general consistency of conduct; ever bearing in mind that the deadliest injuries to a cause are not inflicted by open enemies, but by insidious or ill-judging friends. Christianity has suffered more by the palpable inconsistency of many of its professed friends, than by all the attacks which infidels have made on it.

Consistency is not unfrequently the test of sincerity; a severe and tolerably accurate test, which all can judge of, and which both friends and enemies are apt to apply.

There are peculiar tempers of mind and ebullitions of feeling, which have ever been associated with a love of strong drink. Anger, brawling, uncharitableness, envy, scoffing, tattling—these are the drunkard's familiar spirits; starting up at his slightest call, possessing and swaying his ill-regulated and weakened mind: the individual is not half an abstainer. He has not penetrated in the slightest degree below the surface of our principle, who does not strive to extinguish all these unworthy and inconsistent passions, the moment he enters our ranks. Evil mental spirits are the fit companions of evil physical spirit; they should be banished together; and serenity, peace, good will, and harmony, should dwell in the mind of those who drink the grateful fluid prepared by Almighty wisdom for the refreshment of man. The feeling of brotherly love and friendliness, both as a duty in accordance with the solemn teachings of our religion, and as peculiarly consistent with our profession as total abstainers, should manifest itself in our conduct to each other, and be also manifest to the observations of the world. If a contrary feeling is apparent, our enemies will not fail to take advantage of it, and draw inferences unfavourable to our consistency.

Another point on which we should be strictly zealous to keep free from a charge of inconsistency, is any weak yielding up of principle in accordance with the prejudices of others; striking at the root of the evil of intemperance, we should make no pause and allow no compromise; for, by so doing, we should but furnish our opponents with arguments against us. Our principle is either right, or it is wrong; if right, as we know it to be, let us be firm and consistent in carrying it out; let neither fear or favour deter us from doing our duty. This may awaken persecution for a time, but it eventually obtains both consideration and respect; while, if we yield the minutest particle of genuine principle from fancied expediency or weakness, we give people

room to doubt, not merely the efficacy of our whole system, but even our sincerity.

The eyes of the world are on our members, all observing, and many criticising their conduct—this is a fact that should be constantly borne in mind—and if they would possess the approbation of their own conscience, the respect

of others, and, above all, if they would serve and assist the onward progress of the great cause which they have espoused, they will be particularly watchful to regulate their tempers, feelings, and actions, so as to display, on all occasions the possession of a high degree of moral consistency.

THE CONFESSION.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

IN one of the loneliest and loveliest spots in that region of the picturesque—the Isle of Wight, stood a humble yet comfortable cottage—not a dwelling so called from a love of the romantic, or from

"The pride that apes humility;"

but an actual lowly habitation, situated on what, in the language of the district, is termed a land-slip—a sort of terrace or belt of verdure running around the bosom of one of the high white cliffs from which the island received its name; where the cottage, with its little patch of garden ground, rich in flowers that the soft and genial climate gave unusual luxuriance to, stood secure and sheltered by the soaring peak that high above had "reared its awful form," and looking out upon the dazzling and ever agitated waves that broke upon its base, like sparkling human hopes, bursting, as empty bubbles, against the flinty realities of the world.

The inhabitants of this cottage were three in number—a widow and her son, who, following the dangerous calling which had proved fatal to his father, was a fisherman, and a lodger—a man apparently in the decline of life. The cottage, though as we have stated a humble dwelling, was the very first of its class in neatness and comfort; and both the widow and her son were people respectable, and respected in their station. It had been for many years the custom of Dame Etherege, during the summer months, to let her pretty parlour, with its magnificent prospect, and

the equally pleasant best bed-room over it, to any of that numerous class of tourists whose means were too limited to seek for more expensive, though perhaps less comfortable, accommodation in the more frequented parts of the island. The lodger who now occupied her apartments was not a mere bird of passage—he had resided two years in her pleasant abode, and was a source of considerable profit, though of great trouble and anxiety, to Dame Etherege, who often bewailed his coming, and though conscientious in the discharge of her duty, frequently wished for the period when the agreement for her services and apartments would cease.

Her complaints were not unfounded. Her lodger had been placed with her by a relation who stated that the unfortunate man had been for some years an inmate of a private madhouse, but being restored, at least in a great measure, to reason; his relations, from motives of tenderness, and also in compliance with his wishes, decided on placing him in a private habitation, where quiet, domestic attention, seclusion from society, and a view of nature in one of her loveliest haunts, would restore his mind to its original tune. Mr. Heath, the gentleman in question, was described as having been perfectly mild and harmless, even when mad, and therefore the widow willingly undertook to receive him as an inmate, and to watch over him with careful solicitude. She, however, had soon ample room to regret her precipitancy, for the melancholy of

her lodger was so profound, his sullenness or reserve so great, that the simple-hearted inhabitants of the cottage felt as if a dark shadow had spread over their tranquil home; and the gloomy stern despondency so constantly witnessed, seemed to reflect itself on both mother and son, and to banish smiles, cheerfulness, and serenity from their dwelling. When time had in some measure reconciled them to the stranger's demeanour, a new feeling arose in the mind of the hostess—a sensation of dread, which almost absorbed compassion; and, as she sat during the long winter evenings waiting her son's return from his perilous occupation, she would listen to her lodger's monotonous tread, as he paced, with untiring regularity, up and down his room, heaving, at intervals, sighs that, in the stillness of the house, echoed with startling vehemence through the lonely dwelling.

"Lord grant," the poor woman would exclaim in her terror, "that I have not brought a curse upon my house by letting this terrible man come here. He must have done something very bad, I'm sure he must, or he'd never take on so." Then, as if the charity of her nature repressed her suspicions, she would say: "To be sure there's terrible troubles that may happen people. Ah! who should know that better than me!—that lost my husband in a moment,—had him snatched away from me without a parting word or look: I ought to feel for another. Perhaps, I should have gone melancholy, if it had not been for William." The mention of her son's name usually directed her anxieties into a different channel, for, looking abroad upon the night, prayers for his safe return banished all minor cares.

In spite of all her endeavours to the contrary, the suspicions of Dame Etheridge, regarding her lodger, gained strength with time; for rest, or release from sorrow, the wretched man never knew; his language seemed to be sighs, and his "drink, tears." The pillow on which he rested his aching head told, by its wetness, of floods of grief, poured forth in the silent watches of the night. While the countenance of the man, actually white with extreme paleness, his thin and bloodless lips,

his large mournful eyes, bright with the scarcely extinguished light of insanity, his hair, white as silver before its time, and the excessive thinness of an attenuated and slightly stooping form, bowed with grief more than years, presented a picture of mental suffering no one could behold without emotion. He seldom spoke—never unless appealed to, and then in as few words as possible. He had no books but one, all others he constantly refused; and that one was all sufficient for his sorrow, if he could have read it patiently. It was a small pocket bible—he never for a moment parted from it—wearing it usually in his bosom; once, however, his landlady had an opportunity of looking at it, and she saw written in the fly leaf, "Maria Heath, the gift of her anxious and affectionate father." The unfortunate man's melancholy and reserve were not his only peculiarities; he was so sparing and obstinate about his diet, that great difficulty was experienced in getting him to take sufficient to sustain life; he seemed to make a point of depriving himself of every thing but the merest necessities, and these he chose coarse in quality, and scarce in quantity. There was no doubt but his health was falling under such mental sufferings, and so severe a self-inflicted regimen; but no complaint ever escaped him, and his decline was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible. His conduct during thunder storms, was the most unaccountable; he invariably went out of the house to some distance and seated himself on the cliff till the tempest passed. When Dame Etheridge entreated him not to act so incautiously, he once made her a reply she never forgot.

"I leave your house," he said, "to save you from injury on my account."

Once the widow and her son followed him to bring him in, when, in a voice that was heard even above the tumult of the elements, he commanded them, on "the peril of their lives, not to come near him;" a command which, in their terror, they obeyed, and never after, at such periods, did they interfere with him.

To add to the vexation of Dame Etheridge, her son's distaste to her lodger was so great, that he preferred going down to the village, as the few

fishermen's huts were called, and spending his evenings there at a singing club, held at the little ale-house, which, like an unsightly tumour on the human form, absorbed all the real nourishment and comfort of the humble neighbourhood, and gave them nothing but weakness, poverty, and discontent in return. This habit of her son's was a sore blow to Dame Etheredge. The house she knew was the resort of smugglers, and she feared also that habits of intemperance might seize on her son, change his affectionate nature, and wither his good name. It was in vain she expostulated; William always asserted "he did not drink; he cared nothing at all for drink; he liked singing, and it was hard to be cooped up in a lonely house with an old man who was always sighing and groaning enough to make any one miserable." With these, and similar excuses, the poor mother's sorrows were silenced, but not soothed; once her melancholy lodger surprised her in tears; an expression of sympathy crossed his stern features, taking the hand of Dame Etheridge, he kindly asked the cause of her grief: it was the first question he had ever asked, and the poor woman, in broken accents, told her anxiety; relieved at having some one to speak to, though conscious that he was powerless to assist her.

Her simple statement of her son's newly formed amusements was listened to with more patience and attention than she expected; when she concluded, he sighed deeply, exclaiming:—

"Ah! poor youth, he has opened the principle gate of the road to ruin!" And without further comment he left her.

The widow observed that her lodger watched for her son's return for several evenings, and on some errand or other generally entered the kitchen after William came in, looking fixedly at him, without, however, making any observation. At length all Dame Etheridge's fears were sadly realised, when, after waiting uncertain whether her son was necessarily absent in his occupation, or whether he was wasting his time at the ale-house, the sound of many feet were heard coming up the steep and circuitous path that led to her dwelling. The heart of the widowed mother died within her, for memory

was busy with the sound of those feet that had borne home the lifeless body of her husband. The voice of laughter and rude revelry told, however, that it was not death that was about to enter her dwelling, but sin and shame in the form of her son, helpless through intemperance, and affording, in his degradation, amusement for his reckless companions.

Who can tell how painful it is to look, for the first time, on the countenances of those we love, distorted and brutalised with the national vice?—the mother turned away her eyes, crying, in her agony: "Oh! that I should be afraid to look upon the face of my boy—my own dear boy!"

After assisting him into the house, the noisy revellers left the widow's home, and departed for scenes more congenial to their habits.

They had scarcely departed, when Mr. Heath, with a countenance more ghastly than usual, from excessive excitement, entered the kitchen, and gazing, in mournful silence, on mother and son, stood apparently absorbed in the train of thought to which the spectacle before him seemingly gave rise.

"My good woman," he said slowly, as he turned to depart, "this is but the beginning of evil; it must be checked in time, ere worse come. It will be a dreadful task to me, but if I can serve you in this matter I will. Keep your son with you to-morrow, and, at this hour at night, I will come and talk to him and you." The door closed after him as he ceased speaking, and Dame Etheridge heard him enter his bed room: and long after the thoughtless young man had sunk into the troubled sleep of intoxication, the watchful mother heard her lodger's measured, and melancholy tread, as he paced his room the whole night through, occasionally falling on his knees, and uttering mournful exclamations of remorse or sorrow.

On the following day William was suffering the just and salutary punishment of his fault, from nature, (who always warns her children) in a violent head-ache, and all its train of ills. He was both unable, and unwilling, to quit the house, though his mother attached so little importance to the incoherent remarks of her eccentric lodger, that

in the keenness of her sorrow, she omitted to mention his observations to her son. She observed that Mr. Heath had sent back his food untasted during the day, and occasionally a thought glanced across her mind that there might be a hidden meaning in the words he had uttered. When, however, the evening wore away, and he did not leave his sitting room, the good Dame busied herself with preparing some gruel for her son's supper, and advising him to go to bed, she, with true maternal indulgence, carried up his evening meal to his bed side; and feeling the necessity of giving some admonition, she opened the book that supplied her both with consolation and reproof, and commenced reading: "Woe unto the drunkards of Ephraim," when both herself, and her, perhaps, somewhat unwilling auditor, were startled by the abrupt opening of the door, and the appearance of their lodger who entered, and drawing a chair, seated himself at the foot of the bed exactly opposite both mother and son. There was a concentrated expression of determination in his countenance, different from the melancholy wildness usually apparent in his looks and demeanour.

Before either the startled mother or son had sufficiently recovered their surprise to utter a word, the unceremonious visitor commenced speaking, in a firm, though somewhat hollow tone, and if we except a certain tremulousness about his withered hands which clasped the pocket bible before alluded to, his whole manner was earnest and collected.

"I come to redeem my promise," he said, "to try to do you good,—listen to what I have to tell you young man, for it concerns you to know and remember it, as long as you live. I do not ask you to pity me, or to think charitably of me; you do not do the latter now, and when you have heard the source of the misery you have witnessed; I am sure you will not do the former. You see before you a wretch who has lost all claim to the sympathy of humanity. Yes! you have judged me rightly, as a man stained with deadliest crime. I was once virtuous, and happy, and one fatal vice, with its enchanting allurements, plunged me into the foulest depths of guilt. I entered

life with bright prospects; respectably connected, my business, that of a bookseller, was thriving and prosperous. My wife and only daughter were all that I could wish; I was blessed far, far, beyond my deserts, and I rashly, in the insolence of my prosperity, trifled with my mercies. I had been remarked in my neighbourhood as a man fond of home, and seldom seen out of it. Indeed I had so many sources of happiness there, that I felt no disposition ever to leave it. But one failing, engendered by easy circumstances, had beset me. I had become fond of the 'pleasures of the table,' as epicurism is called, consequently, when I was elected to an office in the parish in which I was a householder, and compelled to leave my beloved home on the business it enjoined, I carried with me the germ of an evil which, companionship with others, soon ripened into fearful magnitude. I have neither time or strength to tell you by what imperceptible degrees my habit gained such powerful ascendancy, as to arouse the attention of friends and awaken sorrow in the heart of one whose married life had, previously, been a scene of uninterrupted happiness. Expostulation made me angry and wayward, I refused to be 'schooled,' as I termed it: a sort of coldness sprang up between me and my wife.

"I soon found that the seat in the tavern-parlour, carefully, at certain hours every evening set apart for my sole use, was more pleasant than the seat at my own fire-side, now rendered doubly dull by the absence of my daughter, who had been sent to school in the country, by her mother, to save her from witnessing the degradation of her unworthy father. However my heart had changed with regard to others, for that dear child I still entertained a fondness that might be termed adoration; it seemed as if she was the only creature my hard heart could love. Just God, that she should have been made my punishment! I drove down every week to see her, and on that day I always returned home sober; invariably making promises of amendment,—promises which I never kept more than twelve hours. I found plenty of false or foolish friends, ready at all times to excuse me to my face,

by saying that, at all events, I was 'an enemy to no one but myself.' The 'father of lies' could not possibly invent a more specious falsehood; I neglected my home, my business, and my family; as a natural consequence, all went wrong in a few years. I became embarrassed; my wife's little property was all sold or mortgaged, to keep up my credit; and, to add to my difficulties, my confidential shopman left my employment, and established himself in business in my immediate neighbourhood, to my serious injury. I was no longer able to return to habits of regularity, and compete with my rival. I was still proud; and so great was the opinion entertained of my business and resources, that though my failing was 'known to all men,' few believed that ruin was actually staring me in the face. I, however, knew the startling fact; a fiend like resolution arose in my mind; I determined not to be a poor man, however great the crimes I committed; I resolved to retain my station in society by some effort, no matter how desperate.

"My daughter had now left school, and her influence over me had 'grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength;' dearly as I loved her, I felt her presence a restraint; I could not bear the scrutiny of her clear dark eye, so open and candid in its gentle expression, still less could I endure to look upon her—so innocent, beautiful, and accomplished, and think of her dawning womanhood being passed in poverty, and that too of my producing! The tumult of my thoughts kept me in constant misery; I became as ill as I was unhappy. My affectionate child was not slow to perceive my mental sufferings, and she strove to soothe me with attentions that alternately gratified and agonised me.

"My stock had become greatly reduced, though this fact was not yet perceptible to others; and whether the wish was 'father to the thought' I know not; but I dreamed a tempting fatal dream, that my house had been burned down, during the absence of my family, and the large sum for which I was insured, enabled me to go with increased means into business. From that time I had but one thought, one demoniac desire; and the spirit of evil, when he has

once caused a wicked thought to enter a man's mind, never leaves him long without opportunity of accomplishing it. It was summer, and my wife wished for her usual trip to a watering place, I acquiesced so readily to her desire, that I thought she looked suspiciously at me, and exchanged glances with my daughter. Preparations were speedily made for their departure. Alas! my wife's suspicions were aroused that all was not right, that my mind was wandering; and it seems, as I learned many years after, she took her daughter into her confidence, and they arranged they would leave home, as if to take the steam boat to Ramsgate; that instead of embarking on that same day, my wife should remain at a friend's in the city, and that my daughter should return in the evening at the time when I was known to be absent, let herself in with the latch key at the back entrance, and observe if all was right, remain in her own room to sleep, and join her mother early in the morning, when, if her report was favourable, they were to proceed. My wife's anxiety was so great she could not think of going without these precautions, and they both knew, if I discovered the unexpected return, I should not be angry at what was, in fact, only the overweening solicitude of affection, rendered zealous by my reserve and strange manner.

"I purchased this little book that I hold in my hand, for my poor child, as a present, on her departure; she took it from me with a sorrowful look, as if the shadow of coming ill had dimmed the brightness of her young spirit, and her tears fell fast when I kissed her cheek. Oh! how often have I, with agonizing tenacity of remembrance, recalled that parting! seen my child's fair up-turned face, and felt the warm tears gushing over my rugged cheek!

"They left, and I, like a spirit of evil, commenced my diabolical work. My plan was soon arranged, for I feared to lose time; the ferment of my mind kept me in constant activity. Circumstances greatly favoured me; for my female servant had accompanied my wife; and the shop boy, who caused me the greatest perplexity, was sent for suddenly, in consequence of the illness of his mother. The person hired to wait on me, in the place of the ser-

vant, was to come only daily. Every time during that fearful day when my heart failed me, I applied for courage to ardent spirits. It was therefore with no want of the sin and sorrow dealing potion, that I went to my old haunt at night. Gladly would I have stayed away, but, with the cunning of crime, I knew that every thing depended on my acting in accordance with my usual habits; any peculiarity I knew would be commented on. I therefore compelled myself to remain in my shop, until the usual hour for closing arrived, and after seeing the shop carefully closed, I busied myself in laying light, combustible things about the shop; turned the gas, which I had extinguished, on, so that it should escape from all the burners; closed up every aperture which might diffuse it, and took my departure to the tavern. A fire already consuming my own heart, which has remained unquenched, to this day, I stayed two hours at the rendezvous, and then hastened home. In the dead of the night, wrapped only in a loose dressing gown, that my escape might appear sudden and perilous, I found means to introduce a light into the shop, by removing the plug with which I had stopped the key hole, and, as I expected, from the quantity of gas that had escaped, I perceived a bright sheet of flame filling the whole space. I fled to my room, and threw myself into bed, almost determined, in my misery, to allow myself to perish. A space that seemed to me like an age, elapsed, and then I heard the crackling of wood, as if the shop door, communicating with the passage, was on fire, and I distinctly heard the roaring of the flames. In a few moments there was a dashing against the front door, and bursting of the shutters, when the pent up flames rushed wildly forth, defying all controul; in an incredible small space of time, the stair case was on fire, and I threw up my window and looked forth on the sea of heads that a few moments had collected together. The multitude with one voice, called to me to escape, while I, in the excitement of the moment, and actually feeling a diabolical delight in the work of destruction, threw myself into frantic postures, which were mistaken by the humane for the gestures of despair. I scarcely know how

I escaped, but a strong arm impelled me forward, and I recovered from a partial delirium on finding myself in the open air.

"From some cause there was great delay in getting water, and the house was in flames from one end to another, before any measures could be taken to check the progress of the devouring element.

"Mine was a corner house, and a friendly neighbour in the narrow street that opened at the side of my shop, dragged me through the crowd into their dwelling. I looked through their drawing room windows, now fast cracking with the heat from my premises, when my eye alighted on one window of a back room, that looked into the side street, and immediately faced me. My daughter's beautiful geraniums stood there, in their lattice-work stand. The thought of her brought tears to my eyes. I dared, in my impiety, mentally to thank God for her safety. My impious prayer was speedily confounded, for, as if to sear my eye-balls with horror, I beheld the window open, and the imploring face of my precious child present itself to my distracted gaze. Her arms were stretched out, and the flames from the window below spreading upwards, seemed to leap towards her; a sudden gust of wind blowing them aside, enabled her to look out again, and then her eyes met mine. I saw that the book I had given her was in her hand. She looked mournfully at me and shook her head in despair; suddenly she made an effort, leaned over the row of flowers, and threw the bible towards me; impelled by the strength of despair, it fell at my feet. She stood with her hands clasped, as if in prayer, for a moment, and then the volumes of smoke hid her from my sight for ever; meanwhile I was restrained by force from throwing myself out of window. I foamed, and raved, and yelled in agony. Young man! I cannot tell you what followed. It was found necessary to set me apart from my fellow beings, though one strong sentiment of bitter unextinguishable remorse haunted me ever. One sweet face was ever looking imploringly on me. I seemed to try incessantly to reach her, but yawning chasms, emitting sulphurous smoke, and torrents of blood and flame, ever

obstructed my course. My share in the crime, it seems, was unsuspected; if my wife entertained suspicions, she never uttered them, and she explained satisfactorily, the circumstance of her daughter's return. You say, perhaps, that I thus escaped the vengeance of the law,—vengeance of the law indeed! Oh! what is that to the vengeance of an offended God? Alas! alas! what it is possible for frail humanity to suffer, and still live on! God mercifully took my poor wife to himself, but I was not permitted to die. After years of frantic visions, a more exquisite agony was sent. My reason returned, and with it the recollection of my fearful crime, stamped with terrible distinctness on my tortured mind. I cannot rest, I cannot sleep, I cannot read, I cannot pray. Remember young man, and tremble! **INTEMPERANCE** caused my crime! my sufferings! as if no aggravation of my remorse should be wanting, a relative died in India, and left me a handsome fortune; the news arrived only six months after the dreadful catastrophe related. Oh what to me is wealth? Will it cleanse my guilty conscience? Will it restore my murdered child? Only in one instance has it served me; it enabled me to restore, anonymously, and in enlarged amount, the insurance money so fraudulently, and fatally obtained. Yes, rash youth! I can re-echo, with all the intensity of suffering, the prophet's denunciation: "Wo! wo! to the drunkards of Ephraim!"

The agitated narrator rose from his seat before his horror-stricken auditors had recovered from their shock, at his terrible recital. He was leaving the room with trembling step, when he sunk down, exhausted with his emotions, on the floor. Dame Etheredge ran, with tearful eyes, to his assistance; a little water, on his sunken temples, soon revived him, but the expression of his eyes was strangely altered; their unnatural brightness had fled, and a dull film seemed gathering over them. He refused all further assistance, and went alone to his chamber for the night. An undefinable feeling of anxiety and dread, caused the widow and her son to decide upon sitting up to listen to the movements of their wretched inmate. It is not discreditable to their

hearts to say, that they passed the night in fervent prayer, and deep contrition, undisturbed by any sound from their inmate. When the usual hour arrived for calling him, Dame Etheredge received no answer; she entered hastily, and there, seated in his chair, dressed as he left them on the preceding night, his bible clasped in his hand, was the unfortunate man. **DEATH!** had come at last to release him from his weary load of "regret, remorse, and sin!" He had been dead some hours. The excitement and humiliation of his confession had been more than his enfeebled frame could bear. An ink stand was before him, and on looking into the pocket bible, the name of William Etheredge was written with the appropriate text: "Wo unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink."

A tedious litigation about his property ensued among his relatives, and perhaps, the only persons who ultimately benefited by his money were the lawyers.

William Etheredge never forgot the dreadful narrative he had listened to; and never ceased to value the little book to which such a terrible interest was attached. He, and his good mother also, formed a resolution to abstain from the deadly potions of strong drink; and, if at any time, allurements of company, or jests of would-be wits, caused him for a moment to waver, one glance at the line, traced in the agonies of death upon the sacred page, re-assured him and bade him persevere. William's improved moral and religious habits, combined with industry, to lead him into a more safe occupation than that he followed at the commencement of our narrative. The pocket bible was of infinitely more value, as a legacy, than the money which was so keenly contended for. It is hardly necessary to say that, when the brave working men of Preston, to their eternal honour, planted the firm standard of total abstinence, and shouted, "Freedom from England's curse," when at length their voice had rebounded to the 'sweet south' of Britain, William Etheredge gladly hailed the sound, and hastened to sign the pledge, feeling that though the island is bad, a comparatively temperate reputation, safety only was to be found in **ENTIRE ABSTINENCE!**

THE TRUE SOURCE OF INTEMPERANCE.

HE who ponders, habitually, the realities of life which pass before him, if his creed include the doctrine that intemperance is an acquired,—an unnatural habit, is apt to fall into great perplexity when he observes that, notwithstanding the deep abhorrence in which, so called, moderate drinkers of intoxicating liquors hold intemperate practices, and their oft boasted intellectual superiority to any thing so debasing:—that, notwithstanding all this, as fast as death thins the ranks of immoderate drinkers, others step forward to occupy the places of those who fall, and thus perpetuate intemperance. The only conclusion which a sound and unprejudiced mind can, in view of these considerations, form, is that intoxicating liquors contain some principle possessing a tendency, naturally, when used, to induce immoderation in that use. Such a principle all intoxicating liquors do, without question, contain; and, further, it is no other than the very principle of intoxication in those liquors, viz.,—alcohol. There is abundant reason for regarding it as a demonstrable proposition that, “the moderate use of intoxicating liquors” is the legitimate parent of intemperate habits. We do not, however, suppose that all who use, moderately, intoxicating liquors, inevitably fall into the immoderate use of them. Numerous principles, of a character diametrical to that of the principle of intoxicating liquors, operate actively, and extensively in human society, and neutralize, in various degrees, the tendency which alcohol possesses to implant habits of intemperance. That alcohol, and consequently those liquids also which contain it, possess this tendency, would not be so disputed as it is, were all to observe, closely, the steps by which their relatives and acquaintance, many of them, forsake the path of sobriety; or were they, at least the majority of them, even to observe, carefully, the influence of alcoholic liquors upon themselves.

An attempt to discover the origin of the before mentioned tendency in alcohol, supposing its existence to be an

established point, may not be fruitless. We therefore make it. Experience teaches us that between the human mind and body, there exists a strong sympathy, insomuch that one cannot be affected alone, but must, by virtue of its mysterious union with it, communicate its affections to the other. Disordered bodily functions enervate the mind, while the mind, in a higher degree, affects the bodily functions. We find that mental depression is ever attended by conscious prostration of physical strength, which, if our experience teach us rightly, partly originates, and partly by reaction of the mind upon the body arises from, depression of mind. Physical strength, the conscious prostration of which is the concomitant of depression, or languor of mind, seems to rise with the vigour to which the mind, from various causes, may rise. For this reason the mind no sooner rises into vigour, whether directly, by the operation of some passion, or indirectly, by any thing tending to quicken the sanguineous circulation, than the bodily vigour rises with it, or apparently so. Alcohol, however diluted, and with whatever combined, produces an accelerated sanguineous circulation, and, by it, an invigoration of mind, and its consequent increase of bodily strength; which invigoration and increase are, however, of but short continuance. Hence, we may, in passing, observe, arises that monstrous delusion, that “intoxicating liquors contribute, in a considerable degree, to physical strength.” Alcohol, and all alcoholic liquors, being known, after this manner, to create an artificial strength, (for it is but artificial after all, as is manifest from its sudden production), men are apt, when fatigued, to use them.

There is a certain level, at which the mental vigour, or “spirits,” as we generally call it, is natural, and healthful. This level varies, of course, with age, constitution, and habit: but we are supposing that there is, at every period, some level of natural, and healthful mental vigour. It seems natural to suppose that if the mental

vigour be, under any circumstances, and from any cause, raised, to any elevation above its natural level, it must, on the suspension, or expansion of the cause of its elevation, suffer a corresponding depression below the said natural level: experience tells us that this is the case. Fright, for example, raises both mental and bodily vigour, but, as soon as the fright has ceased, the mind and body do not sink down to a naturally vigorous state, merely, but to a condition of mental depression, and bodily exhaustion. The same may be said of unnatural excitement of any kind, whether it arise from pleasure or from pain, but particularly if from pleasurable causes: among which we may rank alcoholic stimulation. Agreeably to the foregoing considerations, it appears very evident that alcoholic stimulation produces, subsequently, an aggravated depression. Now, unless the subject of this depression be aware of this tendency in the stimulation

which he is employing, he flies to it, again and again, increasing his supposed need of it, until, in many cases, he creates, in himself, an actual need of it. Many, alas! are correct when they tell us that they cannot live without alcoholic liquors, inasmuch as the depression, under which, but for them, they would labour, would be intolerable.* This habit of stimulation established, passes, almost imperceptibly, into intemperance. Stimulation becomes a fixed habit, and requires habitual increase, until, at length, its required increase produces habitual intoxication. The origin of the tendency of the, so called, moderate use of intoxicating liquors, to produce immoderation in the use of them, is thus, in our opinion, sufficiently obvious.

J. C. W.

* The use of a bitter tonic—such as an infusion of gentian root, for instance, has been found infallible in removing the morbid craving and depression, the writer refers to.—En.

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF MEN OF GENIUS.

It is everywhere evident in the annals of humanity, that the unmerited trials and disappointments to which sterling genius is ever subjected, have their origin in the worst feelings which can convulse the heart, although wearing outwardly an appearance of profound concern for the advancement of mankind. No sooner does a man signalize himself by a certain fecility of invention or intellectual superiority, than he is at once thrown into a position which calls upon his best energies to bear him up against the malignity of the masses from which he separates himself. If he be the member of a profession, he is frequently rejected by the duller track-plodding brethren of his craft, in consequence of his daring innovations. From these he is cast forth, and he finds no sympathy with the rest of the world, because he is in advance of it; however, the want of charity with the latter is a supine persecution, because to use a very brief scholium of Paley, "man is a bundle of habits," and the mind rejects a sudden change of diet after having been accustomed to a set fare. But the

hostility of the former is active, because interested, and very often violent from weakness and ignorance. Many of the greatest discoveries that ever broke upon man; even many whereby the human race has been most singularly benefitted, have had to combat that kind of determined hostility which knows of no truce, and from which no temporary cessation can ever be hoped, until it is at length out-braved by popular applause; we mean the adverse array of vain empiricism backed by rooted prejudice.

It cannot be that we already know so much of ourselves and the things around us, as to forbid our entertaining justly a report of the labours of those whose reason is racked, during a life-time, in search of ore in which they themselves, though the discoverers, never participate. A man may be a member of a society or of a profession, and as long as he remains what is termed a *fellow* or a *brother*, the hearts of his compeers are yet unclosed against him; but let him shoot from the crowd, and he at once throws himself into an arena around which the world stands spectator of the

reiteration of the spectacle of one contending against thousands.

The man of genius on first declaring himself, stands alone until he is developed to the tardy sense of the community, as he cannot apply to himself the

"Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris ;"

that last balm of the wretched when not too far gone to philosophise a little. Great discoveries, which have suffered the longest suspension from popularity, are necessarily those which demand for their appreciation a certain degree of knowledge of the science in which they have been made ; consequently the reputation of the discoverers is at first entirely in the hands of competitors, jealous of his penetration, and arrogating to themselves the office of reporting upon his merits. Thus, as usual, we accept without question the false report of an interested few, who discuss but reject everything surpassing their own low per centage of ability, until the public instinct has discovered much rationality on the one hand, and much falsehood and distortion on the other.

All those discoveries which mark distinct epochs in the history of our species have been met by an insane and virulent opposition from men, of whom it would be charity to suppose that their scoffing malignity was founded on conviction. But unfortunately for themselves, amid the prostrate writhings of defeat, their nature can be no longer concealed, for in their agony they tear the veil which they had worn over it.*

If we desire to poise the scales with the hand of justice, we can judge better of men who are co-existent with ourselves than of character which has preceded us, and for an estimate of which we are thrown upon the discretion of others. On looking round among even the greatest men now living, if opportunity be afforded of perusing their characters through their actions, there will be found not some small defect—some venial insufficiency, but some great and headlong weakness, some absolute *carex* in the map of the mind,—

"A sinking power for ever working downwards:" and to afford a uniform support to the weak side is what the most eminent men have not succeeded in doing. We are now speaking of those gifted with en-

dowments of the first order, to which they have superadded the soundest accomplishment attainable by human capacity. In the absence of bad feeling, it is something of this kind that hurries certain men on to throw themselves in the way of others, in their forced comparison with whom they lose that respectable standard which they otherwise would have retained. The names of some of these are known to us only through a certain false polish which they have derived from long friction against reputations of the first water, and but for which they had never been heard of.

We have alluded to the failing of all greatness, and if with the utmost vigilance this cannot be veiled, how much more abject is the state of those who voluntarily precipitate themselves without knowing it until the final shock brings them some consciousness of their fall. It is obvious that the most active opponents of every great improvement, although ranking high in the supposed acquisition of worldly wisdom, have, according to the simplest policy of life, shown themselves the least wise of all those to whom the new system has been announced, since generally they and their modicum of reputation are crushed by their vain opposition to that which they either did not comprehend, or were too disingenuous to admit. The learning of the facetious Rabelais excited much apprehension among his fellow clerks, who very reasonably accused him of sorcery, because he understood Greek.

If we examine into our modern selves our astonishment grows, that the manna of wisdom has not been showered upon us from the examples of our forefathers. We are grateful for the benefits they have left us, in proportion as we profit by them, without being desirous of learning their merits or origin, while we would impeach all those who would add to the stock, as *studiosi rerum novarum*, and even to the full measure has been the punishment that has awaited such. The credulity of mankind has always been a favourite subject with the pseudo-sapient; yet however extravagant may be human credulity, it is nevertheless surpassed by human incredulity; for, while the most absurd charlatanism gains credit in the world, a miracle is demanded in support of a thesis based upon truth.

* This remark applies in the present day to Tee-totalism. [Ed.]

In considering any of the innumerable controversies that have ensued upon valuable discoveries, it will be found that opposition has been offered principally by persons and parties whose interest would suffer by the establishment of a change. Declining influence, and wounded reputation, constitute together a lever of excitement, which have driven men to every extremity; and such it is said to have been that killed Leibnitz, in the very heat of the controversy arising from the discoveries of Newton.

If the merits of the persecuted Columbus be justly appreciated, it must be admitted that his genius and enterprise exceeded all similar qualifications possessed by those who have followed him in the path of discovery. Eight years of his valuable life were trifled away in patient endurance of the alternate favour and discountenance of the court of Spain; yet so confident was he of the existence of a great western world, that he met patiently the sneers of those who treated his proposition as a wild chimera. The mere circumstance of his traversing, with ships manned with mutinous and reluctant crews, latitudes to which the most adventurous navigator of his time had never dreamt of penetrating, was an undertaking, at which, well known as those seas now are, a modern navigator would quail. It has fallen to him to realize the prediction of Seneca in the chorus of the *Medea*; for this old Spanish Roman was one of those who have cast off the film that blinds other men, in order to look through and through our nature. He says—"Late posterity shall see the time when the western ocean shall not be the bound of all things; but a vast continent shall appear, a new world shall be discovered, nor shall Thule be any longer the remotest region of the earth." Seneca lived in the first century, but who will deny that he was in advance of the savans of the fifteenth?

No sooner did Columbus distinguish himself by his genius and penetration, than his subsequent life became one uninterrupted term of persecution. While soliciting a favourable consideration of his proposals, he was represented to the world as a designing impostor; and even when his discoveries were effected, this brought no change of for-

tune, for he was then more than ever the victim of the foulest calumny, and most specious misrepresentations. In a letter addressed to Ferdinand his involuntary patron, after speaking modestly of his own discoveries, he continues—"Let it not be a further injury to the Castilian name, nor let ages to come know that there were wretches so vile as to think of recommending themselves to your majesty, by destroying the unfortunate and miserable Christopher Columbus, not for his crimes, but for giving Spain a new world."

As in the case of Galileo, this unfortunate man's enemies succeeded but too well, as is known from the circumstance of his having been brought back to Spain, disgraced and ignominiously ironed; where he suffered an imprisonment of four years under accusations which could never be substantiated against him. At the expiration of this period he was again released and sent out to prosecute further discoveries, which he undertook cheerfully. He was interred at Seville with great funeral pomp, and followed to the tomb by a numerous train of attendants. These could not have been his friends, for they were few, while his enemies were many; therefore the ceremony must have been one rather of rejoicing than of mourning.

It is one of the leading curiosities of popular inconsistency to receive and cling to the grossest deception, while the most important truths demonstrable by incontrovertible philosophical positions are attacked by arguments the most futile and contemptible. Of this description were the objections urged by the contemporaries of Copernicus against his disposition of the solar system; and to do otherwise than to give the authors of them credit for a turn for sarcasm, would be to raise the standard of men of mind those hireling jesuitical drivellers, who have ever been ready to throw their obscure names and valueless reputations into the scale against those of others who have been destined "to set up the lights in the temples."

As it is a quality of genius to be confident of its own powers, so it is also a characteristic of the same to be liberal in the highest degree to the merits of others. Thus Copernicus, so far from

claiming for himself the praise of having been the first to bring forward the arrangement associated with his name, he declared that his earliest idea on the subject he derived from Plutarch, who says that "Philolaus and other Pythagoreans placed the sun as a centre, round which the earth was made to revolve."

Galileo acknowledged at once the Copernicus system; and so subjected himself to a course of persecution which ended only with his life. Before his time the new theory had made little progress in Italy; and no sooner did he proclaim his adhesion to it, than the jesuits rose against him on the plea that he was attempting to subvert established opinions, and introduce heresy. Amid his distresses he had recourse for protection to his professedly warm patrons, the family of the Medici; but they also abandoned him. His opinions were pronounced highly dangerous, and he was summoned in 1615 before the Inquisition, by which tribunal he was condemned to imprisonment for life, to afford him leisure for timely recantation of his monstrous and incomprehensible doctrines. This decree was, however, revoked afterwards, from apprehension of the scandal occasioned by it.

The opinions of Galileo were accounted heretical, because they tended to show in a new light the inscrutable wisdom of the Deity; and his discoveries were deemed infamous because the knowledge which led to them incomparably exceeded that of his persecutors, who had not religion enough to confess that they had taught in vain the extravagant fable which makes myriads of worlds wait upon the sun, and reduces inexpressible distance to the point comprehended within the orbit of even the most remote of our planetary neighbours.

The Italian priesthood were implacable, because *they* had received without question, and taught without examination, what had been transmitted to them through a long series of centuries; and they could not have been less tolerant of a spoliation of their possessions, than they proved themselves of the infliction suffered by their false reputation from the fearless adhesion of the "starry Galileo" to a compendium of beautiful truths, which, on consideration, must

have struck the most ordinary understanding.

Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was an era in medical science which, like other threatening revolutions, was not unaccompanied by its convulsions. Like a true philosopher, this patient and searching pathologist resisted the duction of his discovery until he had prepared himself to subdue the scruples of the most hardy sceptics, and to exhibit, by reasonable demonstration, the fact which he announced, and of which he had already convinced himself. On the promulgation of this discovery it was immediately attacked by many obscure practitioners, but especially by Æmilius Parisanus, a Venetian physician. To this opponent Harvey found it difficult to reply; not from any power of argument on the part of the other, but from the impossibility of treating reasonably matter thrown together in a style so ingeniously conglomerated.

This was succeeded by innumerable treatises put forth by members of almost every medical school in Europe, wherein the discovery was attacked rather in a spirit of abuse than in a tangible style of reasoning; and even as late as the beginning of the last century essay after essay was put forth and lecture upon lecture delivered, in order to disprove the circulation of the blood. Dr. Harvey is said to have declared that he never could induce any of his medical brethren past the meridian of life even to entertain the subject with him; but had the good man studied a little more of the *morale* of his species his wonderment at this would not have been expressed in a manner so single-minded as to be remarkable.

As the theory made progress the tone of its opponents began to change. They were compelled to admit the truth, but strove to deprive the discoverer of his due merits; some by claiming the discovery themselves, and others by attributing a knowledge of the fact to various individuals.

In 1669 a pamphlet appeared, containing an attempt to show that the action of the heart on the mass of blood was known to King Solomon. Again by means of a similar *brochure* the distinction was claimed for one Father Paul, who, it was stated, being already

too much suspected of *heresies*, dared not published his discovery for fear of the vengeance of the Inquisition.

Van der Linden also attempted to prove that the circulation of the blood was known to Hippocrates. However, notwithstanding the most violent hostility, the unadvocated fact made proslaves, and Harvey lived to see his discovery appreciated; "and he," says significantly the author of the *Biographia Medica*, "was the only person who had that happiness, as he outlived those who assented to his theory on its first announcement."

It might be hoped that in examining, in its results or its professed object, every active or protracted opposition to the supersedence of rooted fallacies, that some creditable sentiment might be discovered at the bottom, as a fragment of an apology for a lost reputation, for this is the great stake played for on both sides; but if we consider the means and circumstances of the most remarkable discoveries, if we read the contemporary arguments held against them, they will be found to be urged in all cases on a principle exactly the reverse of Bacon's view, when he asks the question "if time alter things for the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them for the better, what shall be the end!"

The hostility of Leibnitz to the Newtonian theories carries upon the face of it the legerdmain of philosophical argumentation; and yet Leibnitz was a great man; but in his controversy with Newton he fell into the usual error of employing a self-adjusted standard in the estimation of the powers of another, forgetful of the difference between the natural force of intuitive faculty, and the power acquired from laborious cultivation.

Dr. Thomson, in his history of the Royal Society on the subject of the differential calculus, says—"Had Leibnitz behaved with tolerable candour and moderation, such was the mildness and unassuming modesty of Newton, that he might have passed off without question, at least in some measure, as the inventor of the differential method." It is, however, apparent throughout his writings that he had a tendency to claim discoveries which it is sufficiently evident have not been made by him. He

arrogated to himself other theories of Newton, and the controversy was carried on with much acrimony, and it was even said that the effect of his successive defeats was to kill him.

One of the most remarkable controversies that ever arose from Newton's views was that which was entertained on the theory of light. It was first attempted by the school of Descartes, and the defence of his position was an occupation which alone, for a time, diverted him from every other pursuit.

Among those who were desirous of distinguishing themselves as the opponents of Newton were many who were altogether ignorant of mathematics; and especially upon the continent, long after his death his discoveries were ineffectually attacked by wild and extravagant speculators, among whom were conspicuous the names of Gautier and Marat, who acquired afterwards an execrable notoriety for their share in the events of the French Revolution.

Fulton, who is called by the Americans the inventor of the steam-boat, was treated by his countrymen as an idle speculator when about to bring his favourite scheme before the world. When he built his first steam-boat at New York, his project was regarded either as visionary, or looked upon with total indifference. He was not supported with even a word of encouragement by those who professed themselves his friends; and on the day of the first experiment he was surrounded by thousands who expressed aloud their settled anticipation of the failure of this application of steam-power. The experiment proved highly satisfactory, but still Fulton was disappointed in the resolute incredulity of the public; for although it was seen that this trial was successful, it was still doubted whether it could be repeated.

Perhaps ameliorations in the practice of medicine are among those most difficult of estimation, since results cannot here be commanded, but must depend upon multifarious and ever-varying circumstances. Chance has often discovered to us what we never could discover for ourselves, and medicine is not less indebted to casualties than other sciences, although improvements here are much longer in making impression.

Abridged from the Polytechnic Journal.

PENCILINGS OF BACCHANALIANS,

BY QUIZZINA SKETCH.

No. 5.—THE MAN OF GENIUS.

"When I drink—I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal."

MOORE'S ANACREON.

FRANK Tippleton had the misfortune to be considered a genius even from his childhood. Of course when his friends made the discovery of his intellectual powers, they left off thinking about rearing him by any established rules; for what had genius to do with the ordinary trammels of education? All his little ebullitions of temper which, in an ordinary child, would have been pruned off as unsightly excrescences, were allowed full sway in Frank, because his genius must not be cramped. His waywardness was pronounced, originality; his indelence, intellectual abstraction; his mischievous pranks, high imagination; his departures from truth, active inventive powers; and his conceited pertness, a rich vein of comic humour: in short, he received just such a training as that unlucky child is sure to have, over whose cradle has been whispered, by fond relations, the talasmanic, fatal, and ill-applied word—genius!

With a host of faults, poor Frank was a generous and affectionate creature, full of noble impulses! Alas! that they were but *impulses*—not principles. He grew up the delight of every company. "His jests and jibes, his songs and flashes of merriment, were wont to set the table in a roar." His name was up as a humourist, and as that character supposed an inexhaustable fund of animal spirits, as well as intellectual capability, there was nothing Frank dreaded more than the fits of dejection that the re-action of his mind produced, after he had been delighting his admiring associates by the exercise of his "wit, and fun, and fire." He found out very early in life, that an artificial stimulant was just the thing to support his flagging energies. He fancied that, in his own case, he could demonstrate the truth of the pernicious and lying aphorism, which many literary men so fully believe, that

"wine whets the wit," and therefore he inured himself to taking as large a supply as he could obtain *credit* for from tradespeople, or receive from the mis-called hospitality of friends. Frank had great conversational powers, and a pen as ready as his tongue; and as *principle* never put a stumbling block in his path, he became speedily popular, and he might have become speedily rich, but for one reason—what was that? was he indolent? no man worked harder. He read every new book; talked on various subjects in as various companies; visited exhibitions, concerts, works of art; attended lectures; wrote letters innumerable to a host of correspondents; besides showering forth, in rich profusion, poems, epigrams, essays, tales, &c. &c. Was he profusely charitable? In inclination, and by impulse, he was. If by any lucky coincidence some money came into his possession that would just pay a long standing bill to a tradesman grown desperately pressing, and at that very time a tale of distress met his ear, or a miserable object crossed his path, away would go the money into this new channel without a moment's calculation or hesitation. It was his boast that he never did things by halves; and he has been known to be so struck by something venerable in the look, or picturesque in the attitude of an old street-sweeper, that he has given him a couple of guineas; and not content with that, has taken him to a tavern, given the astonished mendicant as much of his favourite liquor as he could drink, and then by way of a climax to this consistent act, put the old man (helpless with intemperance) and his broom, into a hackney coach and send him home. These sort of freaks Frank Tippleton styled "exercising an enlarged spirit of benevolence." Yet though such follies cost

him more than he could afford, yet they did not cause the straightened circumstances in which he was placed.

The reason, in short, was this—"he drank!" not exactly as those drink who fall into actual brutality. No! like most bacchanalians, Frank claimed the merit of good intentions and an amiable motive; he drank to stimulate his brain, and make himself agreeable; he gave his friends not only his conversation, but his constitution. One obvious consequence of this habit was want of regularity and punctuality—the man who spends his evenings in convivial circles cannot possibly go with a clear brain to his desk in the morning. He began to be noted for not keeping faith in literary engagements. Then came the necessity of occasional intense application to his pursuits: that was quite ruinous to health. Excitement had so unstrung his nerves that study was almost impossible. Then came the hectic cheek, the nervous headache, the morbid appetite, and all that melancholy class of complaints known as "desk disorders"—*decanter* should be substituted for *desk*, and then the maladies would be rightly named.

A female relative, whose admiring eyes were not quite so dazzled by Frank's splendid genius as to prevent her perceiving some spots on its brightness, determined to expostulate. She was, what is called, a strong minded (that is, a plain spoken) woman. A visit to London enabled her to see a great deal of her gifted relative's way of life; and her country simplicity was much outraged to perceive so little of the studious retirement, she had fancied necessary to mental excellence, in Frank's habits. The very first time she heard him complain of "headache and application," she exclaimed with more candour than courtesy, "Oh, you're killing yourself."

Frank who had been used to have this said in a complimentary way, took it so in the present case, heaved a slight sigh, passed his thin and trembling hand across his fine forehead, and said, "My literary labours are indeed very great, my good aunt."

"Oh, your labours! I don't think any thing of them—it's your pleasures that are killing you, Frank."

"I am singularly obliged to you for
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your complimentary opinion of my toils," replied the young man, with all the offended dignity of an author, a scornful smile curling his upper lip, "I have been writing for the last twenty hours, *sans* intermission, but of course that's nothing."

"I deal in truth, not compliments," rejoined the aunt, "and I must say, if you kept less company and drank no wine, your writing would have been completed a week back, at the time it was promised by; you would then have done justice to yourself and your subject—now I expect hurry will be apparent in every line, to me at least."

"The public will be more merciful in their judgment than my good aunt, Miss Critica Crab."

"I'm not jesting, Frank, so dub me with no nick-name if you please. If you want to achieve greatness, be as true to nature as nature has been to you. Give up wine and company, and take to water and study."

"Oh, monstrous heresy! Give up conviviality and comfort, and take to cold water, and mortification. Never! my dear aunt. Why, the muses would turn their backs on me; their smiles are for the jovial who pledge them in brimming measures—not for the tame, dull animals

"Whose hearts are just a standing pool—
Their lives a dyke."

Sheridan, and Burns, and Old Anacreon, and a host of other immortal names attest the truth of my assertion."

Nonsense! They attest nothing of the kind; the names you have mentioned are cases quite in point with my argument, for they prove that splendid abilities, without moral firmness, are injurious to the possessor, and to society. Anacreon's Odes contain exactly the sentiments which a vain, sensual, wine-bibbing, old debauchée, might be expected to utter; not one virtuous emotion did they ever produce or foster. And as to Sheridan, he was a libertine in private life, and a political renegade in his public career, utterly devoid of shame and consistency; he prostituted his great talents to the injury of himself and society. Poor Burns, with talents greater than either, lived not half his days, died a poor, broken-hearted, oppressed, worn-out man, at thirty-seven years of age. The fate of

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Burns should stand as an everlasting warning to all who claim kindred, however remotely, with his genius. I confess I am ashamed to hear literary people talk of the 'inspiration of wine,' it is lowering themselves to own or prize any such spurious inspiration, which, if it existed in wine, any fool might buy it. Depend on it, there was never any great man a drunkard, who might not have been a thousand times greater man if sober; what they did was in spite (and not in consequence) of the 'inspiration of wine;' and what they did, leaves society means of judging of how much they must have left undone. 'Inspiration of wine,' indeed! Burns's best poems were written long before his fatal devotion to the drink that destroyed him."

"Bravely argued, I must own," replied the incorrigible; "but I drink for three reasons—first, 'tis my habit, and habit, you know, is second nature; secondly, I like it; and, thirdly, to use the words of that same Burns you've been abusing, when I sip my glass

"The ready measure rins as fast
As Phoebus or the famous nine,
Were glowering o'er my pen."

Now all that is required, is, that I should give a *reason* 'for the faith that is in me,' and I have given you three. And thanking you for your admirable lecture, wishing you, at the same time,

more charity for those poor rogues—the poets, I bid you farewell."

With a profound bow of mock gravity, he hastened from his aunt's presence; not without feeling a share of mortification, that a woman, and that neither a young nor pretty one, should presume to instruct him!

Poor Frank Tiptleton! about a year after the conversation related, he was in circumstances of great embarrassment—hiding from justly incensed creditors, and steeped in poverty to the very lips. A friend compassionating his state, lent him a guinea; Frank embraced the first opportunity to steal to an obscure tavern, and never leave until the last shilling of it was spent; wandering then towards home with unsteady step, he chanced to fall into a sheet of water that lay beside his way. He was rescued, providentially, by a person passing; but the shock, the immersion, and fright, proved too much for a frame under the influence of intoxicating drink, and enervated with long indulged excess, an inflammatory fever proved fatal to him a few days after the accident. "Water and I never agreed in our lives, and you see what a sorry trick it has played me," were the last words uttered by poor Frank Tiptleton, who died leaving behind him only the blighted hopes of friends, and a tarnished name, as mementos of his undoubted genius.

BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT BURNS.

The poor inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name.

—Burns.

THE native poet of Scotland—the peasant whose genius carved out for itself a niche in the temple of immortality—holds too high a rank in the literature of our island to be dismissed with a very brief or hasty notice. His history also furnishes a memorable example of the miseries arising from the

possession of extraordinary talents, unaccompanied by habits of prudence and self-control. He was the son of William Burness, a gardener and small farmer, resident near the town of Ayr. The poet was born January 25, 1759.

In his sixth year Robert Burns began to attend a school at Alloway Mill,

about a mile distant; but the teacher being speedily preferred to a better situation, William Burness and a few of his neighbours adopted a measure which is not unusual in the country districts of Scotland; that is, they engaged a person to teach their children, upon condition that he should live in the houses of his employers alternately, and that they should afford him a salary to a small amount, providing the fees from his scholars did not extend to as much. The teacher's name on this occasion was Mr. Murdoch. With him our poet appears to have learned to read and write his own language grammatically. His master, in a letter upon this subject, published by Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, in his elegant and interesting history of the life of Robert Burns, gives the following account of Robert and his younger brother. "My pupil, Robert Burns, was then between six and seven years of age, his preceptor about eighteen. Robert and his younger brother Gilbert had been grounded a little in English before they were put under my care. They both made a rapid progress in reading, and a tolerable progress in writing. In reading, dividing words into syllables by rule, spelling without book, parsing sentences, &c., Robert and Gilbert were generally at the upper end of the class, even when ranged with boys by far seniors. The books most commonly used in the school were the "Spelling Book," the "New Testament," the "Bible," "Mason's Collection of Prose and Verse," and "Fisher's Grammar." They committed to memory the hymns and other poems of that collection with uncommon facility. This facility was partly owing to the method pursued by their father and me in instructing them, which was to make them thoroughly acquainted with the meaning of every word in each sentence that was to be committed to memory. Gilbert always appeared to me to possess a more lively imagination than Robert. I attempted to teach them a little church music. Here they were left far behind by all the rest of the school. Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull, and his voice untuneable. It was long before I could get them to distinguish one tune from another. Robert's countenance was generally grave, and expres-

sive of a serious, contemplative, and thoughtful mind. Gilbert's face said, *Mirth, with thee I mean to live!* And certainly, if any person who knew the two boys had been asked which of them was the most likely to court the muses, he would surely never have guessed that Robert had a propensity of that kind."

At thirteen years of age he assisted in thrashing the crop of corn; at fifteen he was his father's principal labourer; and in this situation he continued till his twenty-third year. His father was unprosperous in his affairs. He took advantage of a breach allowed by the lease of his first farm, which was of a poor and bad soil; and in 1777 he removed to another in Tarbolton parish, where he was not more prosperous. Continued anxiety appears to have weakened his constitution, and he died on the 13th of February, 1784; so that in his twenty-third year Robert Burns, finding that he had no capital to afford as a prospect of settling in life as a farmer, thought of turning flax dresser, and engaged for a time in that employment at Irvine; but he found the business unsuitable both to his health and inclination. It appears that, his flax having caught fire, his work-shop was burned, while he and a party of his companions were occupying themselves in gaily welcoming the new year, a circumstance which put an end to this enterprise.

Thus the early life of Burns was spent in poverty and severe toil, and was cheered by no happy prospects of future prosperity; but he seems to have enjoyed considerable advantages of a moral nature. The character of his father appears to have been highly respectable in his station, being a pious, upright, and deserving man. Our poet witnessed in his father's house domestic life in its happiest form; and the description in the "Cotter's Saturday Night" is considered as a faithful picture of it. Burns, from time to time, obtained the means of perusing a variety of books of merit in the English language, by means of which his taste was formed; and, along with some other peasants' sons, he formed two different clubs at Tarbolton and Mauchline, which held meetings for debating upon such general subjects as might appear instructive or entertaining to

the members. Thus he acquired a facility and a force of expression, without premeditation, much superior to what mere men of letters usually possess, and which excited some surprise when he was afterwards introduced into public life.

Burns began very early to exhibit specimens of his poetical talents, which attracted notice only among persons of his own rank in the neighbourhood; and many of his best efforts were in danger of being lost to the public. The energy of which could enable a man, with his hands at the plough and his spirits exhausted by labour and by coarse fare, to seize every opportunity of improving his best powers and to meditate on the beautiful and sublime of nature, necessarily implied the possession of acute feelings and a strong love of pleasure. This last, however, is the most dangerous rock which can come into the way of a poor man. Though in the circumstances under which he was placed, Burns must from necessity have lived with much sobriety, according to the meaning which persons in easy circumstances give to that word, yet he gradually was considered by persons of his own rank as a lover of a degree of social gaiety little suited to his station. Some of his poems which were first published occasioned much scandal to the graver part of the community, by their tendency to turn into ridicule the religious peculiarities of his countrymen. At this time, when twenty-three years of age, his affairs were so desperate that he found no resource, excepting that of an engagement to go to Jamaica in the station of a book-keeper, in one of the slave colonies. He was unable, however, to pay the expense of his passage, a difficulty which was surmounted by publishing in Ayr a first edition of his poems, that is, of those which were then written. He himself, in a letter, speaks thus upon the subject: "My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and, besides, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money, to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage

passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde; for

"Hungry ruin had me in the wind."

I had for some days been skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled all the unmerciless pack of the law at my heels,—I had taken the last farewell of my few friends,—my chest was on the road to Greenock,—I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, 'The gloomy night is gathering fast,'—when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition."

At the time when Burns, in consequence of Dr. Blacklock's suggestion, arrived in Edinburgh, his poems had attracted the notice of the gentlemen who were then publishing the periodical paper, entitled the "Lounger." Accordingly, the ninety-seventh number contains "An Account of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Ploughman, with Extracts from his Poems." This number was written by Mr. M'Kenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling." As the "Lounger" had an extensive circulation, Burns was thus introduced very advantageously to the notice of the world. The men of letters received him in the most flattering manner. As his talents for conversation were powerful and striking, he immediately became an acceptable guest in the most fashionable circles. This gave him currency among all orders of society, and all classes of persons were ambitious to be introduced to his society and acquaintance. Dr. Currie remarks, that "a taste for letters is not always conjoined with habits of temperance and regularity, and Edinburgh, at the period of which we speak, contained perhaps an uncommon proportion of men of considerable talents devoted to social excesses, in which their talents were wasted and debased.

"Burns entered into several parties of this description with the usual vehemence of his character. His generous affections, his ardent eloquence, his brilliant and daring imagination, fitted him to be the idol of such associations; and, accustoming himself to conversation of unlimited range, and to festive indulgences that scorned restraint, he gradually lost some portion of his relish for the more pure, but less poignant,

pleasures to be found in the circles of taste, elegance, and literature. The sudden alteration in his habits of life operated on him physically as well as morally. The humble fare of an Ayrshire peasant he had now exchanged for the luxuries of the Scottish metropolis, and the effects of this change on his ardent constitution could not be inconsiderable."

In the summer and autumn of 1787 Burns was enabled, by the profits arising from a new edition of his works, to make a tour to the south of Scotland, and afterwards to the north. Wherever he went he was treated with the most flattering attention, and received as a welcome guest by the noble, the learned, and the gay. In February 1788, when he settled with his bookseller, he found himself in possession of £500 after deducting all expenses incurred by his subsistence and journey. With this sum he returned to Ayrshire, and immediately lent £200 to his brother, to enable him to conduct with success his employment as a farmer. He himself immediately married the young woman whom he had formerly wished to marry, and with the sum of £300 was now to begin the world.

Mr. Graham, of Fintry, one of the commissioners of excise, readily gave him a promise of his patronage, and this promise was afterwards faithfully fulfilled. Burns immediately set about acquiring the arithmetical knowledge necessary to enable him to fulfil the duties of such an office. In the mean time, Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, had the generosity to send for Burns, and to offer him any farm, then out of lease, upon his estate, at such a rent as Burns or his friends should think proper. Burns chose a farm called Ellisland; but his spirit was too proud to allow him to take undue advantage of Mr. Miller's liberality. He consulted two persons skilled in the value of land about the rent which might be obtained by the proprietor for the farm. They fixed upon it such a rent as a man, with a suitable capital and skill, devoting himself to its cultivation, would be able to pay. This rent Burns offered to his landlord, and the offer was accepted. Soon after, by Mr. Graham's interest, Burns was appointed exciseman of the

district in which he lived. In this situation Burns did not, and scarcely could have been expected to, prosper.

When it was made known, in December, 1791, that Burns was about to relinquish the lease of Ellisland, his merits as a farmer were eagerly canvassed by the husbandmen around. One imputed his failure to the duties of the excise, to his being condemned to gallop 200 miles per week to inspect yeasty barrels, when his farm required his presence; another said that Mrs. Burns was intimate with a town life, but ignorant of the labours of barn and byre; a third observed that Ellisland was out of heart, and, in short, was the dearest farm in Nithsdale; while James Currie, a sagacious farmer, whose land lay contiguous, remarked, when I enquired the cause of the poet's failure, "Fail! how could he miss but fail when his servants ate the bread as fast as it was baked, and *drank the ale as fast as it was brewed?* Consider a little: at that time close economy was necessary to enable a farmer to clear twenty pounds a year by Ellisland. Now, Burns' handy-work was out of the question: he neither ploughed, nor sowed, nor reaped like a hard-working farmer; and then he had a bevy of idle servants from Ayrshire. The lasses were ay baking bread, and *the lads ay lying about the fireside eating it warm with ale.* Waste of time and consumption of food would soon reach to twenty pounds a-year."

We now come to the closing scene of the poet's life. Burns acknowledged that he owed some of his illness to folly; and, speaking of his besetting sin, he blames the spirit of evil for

"Showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses fair,
To put us daft."

This is honest, and may mark some feelings of repentance for his early follies; but what shall we say to the last perfect offering of his Muse, always bearing in mind that it was written to a young lady who, from the purest motives, was attending the sick-bed of the dying poet:—

"Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside."

Now, at the time the poet was bestowing these very questionable compliments on the lady, his own "sweet lovely

Jane," his long and devotedly attached wife, was struggling beneath the same roof to procure every comfort for their family, and to smooth the poet's death-couch.

Suffering from the most severe pecuniary embarrassments, Burns ultimately sunk under a complication of bodily infirmities, July 21, 1796, leaving behind him a reputation unsurpassed for genius, and, alas! for intemperance also.

Wordsworth's beautiful poem to the sons of Burns, on visiting the grave of their father, we insert as singularly appropriate.

TO THE SONS OF BURNS.

After visiting the grave of their Father.

'Mid crowded obelisks and urns
I sought the untimely grave of Burns:
Sons of the bard, my heart still mourns
With sorrow true;
And more would grieve but that it turns
Trembling to you.

Through twilight shades of good and ill
Ye now are panting up life's hill,
And more than common strength and skill
Must ye display,
If ye would give the better will
Its lawful sway.

Hath nature strung your nerves to bear
Intemperance with less harm? beware!
But if the poet's wit ye share,

Like him can speed
The social hour—for tenfold care
There will be need.

Even honest men delight will take
To spare your failings for his sake,
Will flatter you,—and fool and rake
Your steps pursue;
And of your Father's name will make
A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
And add your voices to the quire
That sanctify the cottage fire,
With service meet;
There seek the genius of your sire,
His spirit greet.

Or where 'mid "lonely heights and bows"
He paid to nature tuneful vows;
Or wiped his honorable brows
Bedewed with toil,
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
Upturned the soil.

His judgment with benignant ray
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
But ne'er to a seductive lay
Let faith be given;
Nor deem that "light which leads astray
Is light from Heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave,
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your father such example gave
And such revere;
But be admonished by his grave,
And think and fear!

LITERATURE.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. Part II. By
ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated by
HENRY REEVE. Vols. I. III. and IV.
Saunders and Otley.

THE number of works written about America and the Americans, sufficiently attests the deep interest felt by the nations of Europe in the development of the grand experiment of national self-government going on in America; and which, notwithstanding the carping of aristocratic and philosophising critics of other lands, appears to give every satisfaction to the Americans themselves.

A number of strong prejudices are apparent in this elaborate work. The sympathies of the writer are all in favour of aristocracy as producing splendid results in manners, morals, and even in poetry! A few extracts, however, will exhibit the peculiarities

of the author, and the spirit of unfairness which he displays in speaking of the people of the United States:—

"As soon as several of the inhabitants of the United States have taken up an opinion or a feeling which they wish to promote in the world, they look out for mutual assistance; and as soon as they have found each other out, they combine. From that moment they are no longer isolated men, but a power seen from afar, whose actions serve for an example, and whose language is listened to. The first time I heard in the United States that a hundred thousand men had bound themselves publicly to abstain from spirituous liquors, it appeared to me more like a joke than a serious engagement; and I did not at once perceive why these temperate citizens could not content themselves by drinking water by their own firesides. I at last understood that these hundred thousand Americans, alarmed by the progress around them, had made up their minds to patronize temperance. They acted

just in the same way as a man of high rank who should dress very plainly, in order to inspire the humbler orders with a contempt of luxury. It is probable, that if these hundred thousand men had lived in France, each of them would singly have memorialized the government to watch the public-houses all over the kingdom."

We believe our readers will cordially agree with us in thinking that there is infinitely more wisdom in the plan pursued by the Americans. They do the work *themselves*, and then it is sure to be well done—as the result has satisfactorily proved.

The remarks on the poetry of America, or rather the want of poetry, are curious, particularly as the author assumes, that democracy is the cause of this want. The history of poetry in almost every land denies any such assumption: the most eminent poets, of Britain particularly, have been far removed from aristocratic trainings and fosterings. And if specimens of weak, conceited, peurile writing, dignified by the name of poetry, were to be sought, they could no where, more readily and abundantly, be found, than in the pretty twaddle which lords and ladies frequently indite, much to their own gratification and the annoyance of other people.

After the many sweet snatches of song, true to nature, and beautiful as true, which from time to time have reached us from the poets of America, from Bryant, Percival, Peirrepoint, Willis, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, and many others, it is startling to read the following:—

"I readily admit that the Americans have no poets; I cannot allow that they have no poetic ideas. In Europe people talk a great deal of the wilds of America, but the Americans themselves never think about them: they are insensible to the wonders of inanimate nature, and they may be said not to perceive the mighty forests which surround them till they fall beneath the hatchet. Their eyes are fixed upon another sight: the American people views its own march across these wilds,—drying swamps, turning the course of rivers, peopling solitudes, and subduing nature. This magnificent image of themselves does not meet the gaze of the Americans at intervals only; it may be said to haunt every one of them in his least as well as in his most important actions, and to be always fitting before his mind. Nothing conceivable is so petty,

so insipid, so crowded with paltry interests, in one word, so anti-poetic, as the life of a man in the United States. But amongst the thoughts which it suggests, there is always one which is full of poetry, and that is the hidden nerve which gives vigour to the frame. In democratic ages, the extreme fluctuations of men and the impatience of their desires keep them perpetually on the move; so that the inhabitants of different countries intermingle, see, listen to, and borrow from each other's stores. It is not only then the members of the same community who grow more alike; communities are themselves assimilated to one another, and the whole assemblage presents to the eye of the spectator one vast democracy, each citizen of which is a people. This displays the aspect of mankind for the first time in the broadest light. All that belongs to the existence of the human race taken as a whole, to its vicissitudes and to its future, becomes an abundant mine of poetry. * * At that same time at which every man, raising his eyes above his country, begins at length to discern mankind at large, the Divinity is more and more manifest to the human mind in full and entire majesty. If in democratic ages faith in positive religions be often shaken, and the belief in intermediate agents, by whatever name they are called, be overcast; on the other hand men are disposed to conceive a far broader idea of Providence itself, and its interference in human affairs assumes a new and more imposing appearance to their eyes. Looking at the human race as one great whole, they easily conceive that its destinies are regulated by the same design; and in the actions of every individual they are led to acknowledge a trace of that universal and eternal plan on which God rules our race. This consideration may be taken as another prolific source of poetry which is opened in democratic ages. * * It may be foreseen in like manner that poets living in democratic ages will prefer the delineation of passions and ideas to that of persons and achievements. The language, the dress, and the daily actions of men in democracies are repugnant to ideal conceptions. These things are not poetical in themselves; and if it were otherwise, they would cease to be so, because they are too familiar to all those to whom the poet would speak of them. This forces the poet constantly to search below the external surface which is palpable to the senses, in order to read the inner soul: and nothing lends itself more to the delineation of the Ideal than the scrutiny of the hidden depths in the immaterial nature of man. * * * * *

"Amongst a democratic people, poetry will not be fed with legendary lays or the memorials of old traditions. The poet will not attempt to people the universe with supernatural beings

in whom his readers and his own fancy have ceased to believe; nor will he present virtues and vices in the mask of frigid personification, which are better received under their own features. All these resources fail him; but Man remains, and the poet needs no more. The destinies of mankind,—man himself, taken aloof from his age and his country, and standing in the presence of Nature and God, with his passions, his doubts, his rare prosperities and inconceivable wretchedness, will become the chief, if not the sole theme of poetry amongst these nations. Experience may confirm this assertion, if we consider the productions of the greatest poets who have appeared since the world has been turned to democracy. The authors of our age, who have so admirably delineated the features of [Faust,] Childe Harold, René, and Jocelyn, did not seek to record the actions of an individual, but to enlarge and to throw light on some of the obscurer recesses of the human heart. Such are the poems of democracy. The principle of equality does not then destroy all the subjects of poetry: it renders them less numerous, but more vast."

Travellers, of all opinions, agree in their admiration of the women of America; and the following is, no doubt, a true picture of their devotedness as wives:—

"But no American woman falls into the toils of matrimony as into a snare held out to her simplicity and ignorance. She has been taught beforehand what is expected of her, and voluntarily and freely does she enter upon this engagement. She supports her new condition with courage, because she chose it. As in America paternal discipline is very relaxed, and the conjugal tie very strict, a young woman does not contract the latter without considerable circumspection and apprehension. Precocious marriages are rare. Thus American women do not marry until their understandings are exercised and ripened; whereas, in other countries, most women generally only begin to exercise and to ripen their understandings after marriage. * * When the time for choosing a husband is arrived, that cold and stern reasoning power which has been educated and invigorated by the free observation of the world, teaches an American woman that a spirit of levity and independence in the bonds of marriage is a constant subject of annoyance, not of pleasure; it tells her that the amusements of the girl cannot become the recreations of the wife, and that the sources of a married woman's happiness are in the home of her husband. As she clearly discerns beforehand the only road which can lead to domestic happiness, she enters upon it at once, and follows it to the end without seeking to turn back. The same strength of purpose which the young

wives of America display, in bending themselves at once and without repining to the austere duties of their new condition, is no less manifest in all the great trials of their lives. In no country in the world are private fortunes more precarious than in the United States. It is not uncommon for the same man, in the course of his life, to rise and sink again through all the grades which lead from opulence to poverty. American women support these vicissitudes with calm and unquenchable energy: it would seem that their desires contract, as easily as they expand, with their fortunes. The greater part of the adventurers who migrate every year to people the western wilds, belong, as I observed in the former part of this work, to the old Anglo-American race of the Northern States. Many of these men, who rush so boldly onwards in pursuit of wealth, were already in the enjoyment of a competency in their own part of the country. They take their wives along with them, and make them share the countless perils and privations which always attend the commencement of these expeditions. I have often met, even on the verge of the wilderness, with young women, who, after having been brought up amidst all the comforts of the large towns of New England, had passed, almost without any intermediate stage, from the wealthy abode of their parents to a comfortless hovel in a forest. Fever, solitude, and a tedious life had not broken the springs of their courage. Their features were impaired and faded, but their looks were firm: they appeared to be at once sad and resolute."

There are of course a plentiful sprinkling of remarks on that constant theme of complaint—the national vanity and the manners of the Americans, which only prove two things—first, the Americans are naturally fond and proud of a country they have made so morally and politically great; and, secondly, they have not any of that grimace and coxcombry which distinguishes the aristocratic nation of dancing masters which M. de Tocqueville sprung from.

HINTS, MORAL AND MEDICAL, ON TEE-TOTALISM, TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES, GIN DRINKING, AND OPIUM EATING. By J. WHITE, *Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London.*

This little production has two merits, and as they are all it can boast, we will not omit to name them: the author has put his name to his work, and has written his opinions courteously. It is so much more agreeable to praise than to

blame, that we regret there is nothing beyond these two circumstances that we can, consistently with truth, approve.

The work has a frontispiece, Dr. Lettsome's moral and physical thermometer, which the temperance public have before seen in the pages of the old temperance societies magazine. In this, "water," and "milk and water," as beverages, are allowed to produce "health, wealth, and serenity of mind," we are quite satisfied with these primary blessings, knowing that innumerable streams of happiness flow from these sources. This acknowledgment contradicts all the reasonings or rather prejudices of the writer. The following extracts will show the lamentable weakness, not to call it folly, contained in these hints:—

"Let the temperance societies be founded on the following plan:—

That all persons joining them be called *novitiates* for the first year; and, during that year, let them abstain wholly from spirituous drinks, fermented or distilled. At the end of the first year let them be allowed to become *members*; and let the members drink temperately of wine and beer, and abstain from distilled spirits.

Any person desirous of continuing a novitiate for more than one year, or any member desirous of again becoming a novitiate, whether, because the moderate use of wine and spirits leads him to intemperance, or whether, because he desires to be an example to the intemperate, should be at liberty to do so."

The next "*hint*" is sheer quackery:—

"And now let the gin drinker pray, and strive for escape from his idol and curse. Let him join the temperance society, and the *tincture of hop* will aid in his cure: but if he will continue drinking gin, if he cannot resist the desire for it, let him drink a tea-spoonful of *tincture of hop* in every glass of gin he drinks; or if he drinks many glasses of gin let him take only half a tea-spoonful of the tincture of hop in each glass of gin. The hop is a tonic—that is, it gives tone or strength: it is a stimulant—that is, it excites the vital actions, and removes the weary flagging feelings which are often felt in the stomach: it is a narcotic—that is, it has power to lull the nervous system into repose, power to alleviate the gnawing pain of the stomach, and to assuage the mental desire for gin."

There's a remedy for gin drinking with a vengeance! It is not necessary to comment on anything so palpably

absurd. The following concluding admission is a proof of the author's consistency:—

"On reviewing what is here written, I think it advisable to state my opinion; that, TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM BEER, WINE, AND OTHER FERMENTED LIQUORS, AND FROM SPIRITUOUS DRINKS, SHOULD BE PRACTISED BY ALL YOUNG PERSONS; and may be practised by almost all persons of all ages, with advantage to mind and body: but that a moderate use of wine, beer, and other fermented liquors, is an innocent enjoyment by the middle-aged and old; and helps men to perform the immoderate, mental, and corporeal toil which the present state of society imposes upon them.

It is lamentable to see men writing books to vindicate a vitiated taste, outraging common sense and truth, when three little honest words would supply them with both motive and argument. They should content themselves with saying, in reference to strong drink, "*I like it*," which would settle the question, and save them from puzzling themselves for false reasons.

TEMPERANCE FABLES. By the Rev. JOHN COLLINSON, Curate of Lamesley. London: New British and Foreign Temperance Society.

WHO does not love those pleasant vehicles of truth—fables? Since the days of our hump-backed friend, *Æsop*, who has instructed youth for ages, until the great modern fabulists—Fontaine and Gay arose, individuals of all ages have been delighted with the sound moral lessons, dressed in the garb of fascinating simplicity, which fables teach.

This most acceptable volume of Temperance Fables is very gracefully written, and the moral inculcated is always sound and obvious. It is an amusing book for either old or young; but to the latter it is more especially a very desirable present. Truth requires to be made easy and agreeable to young inquirers; and in this little volume it wears its most attractive form.

The work is beautifully printed, neatly illustrated, and very cheap. We subjoin an extract as a specimen of the elegant simplicity of the style:

THE WIDOW'S SIGH, THE ORPHAN'S TEAR, AND THE PARENT'S FROWN.

"As the angel of pity was once hovering over the dwellings of man, and grieving at the crimes, the desolation, and the miseries, with which it saw the world overspread, it was attracted by the appearance of a hovel that was peculiarly forlorn, and checked its flight to ascertain the cause of so much wretchedness. As it drew near, it was startled by the sound of a deep sigh that seemed to issue from the lowest caverns of an afflicted bosom; and it said, 'from whence do you come, and why do you disturb the serene air with your presence?' 'I come,' replied the sigh, 'from the bosom of a poor forlorn widow, who remembers the days of her youth, and the happiness of her espousals; but those days, and that happiness are gone, never more to return. She remembers him who at first was her stay and delight; but who afterwards descended step by step into a dishonoured grave; and it is the remembrance of the past that sent me forth to disturb the serene air.'

"The sigh had hardly done speaking before the angel saw a bright drop fall trembling to the ground, and it said, 'from whence do you come little trembler; and why do you add your drop to that which already overflows the earth?' 'I come,' said the tear, 'from the lids of a little orphan who has been left unprotected for and unprotected. He weeps not for the past, for that has gone from his memory like a summer cloud; and neither does he contemplate evil for the future, for upon that he bestows not a moment's consideration. It is the present that disturbs him. A little would comfort him now, but that little is denied, and there are no comforters near; and this is why I am sent to add my drop to the floods of tears that overflow the earth.'

"And now, a dark shadow passed before the troubled sight of the angel, and lowered like a portentous cloud that boded nothing but ill: 'And from whence do you come,' inquired the angel, 'and why do you spread gloom around, with your dark influence?' 'I come,' replied the frown, 'from the brows of a disappointed and disconsolate parent who has been left, when age requires comfort, and feebleness support, to loneliness and destitution. The future presents no alleviating circumstances, and this is why I am called up to spread gloom around with my dark influence.'

"Deep must have been the criminality," said the angel, 'that could occasion so much wretchedness, and sorry am I that I can offer nothing but vain regrets. My sister charity may indeed do something to lessen the misery: she may teach patience to the widow, and assist the orphan in its struggles to gain bread, and lead the disappointed parent to look beyond the grave for peace and security; but

charity even, cannot wholly heal the wounds which cruelty has inflicted, or obliterate the marks which they leave, for they are irremediable, and while life lasts they will be both seen and felt.'

THE MORAL.

"LET the drunkard who is wasting his means, and destroying his constitution in the indulgence of his criminal and low propensity, imagine to himself the scene that will be presented after his excesses have sent him to a premature grave. Behold his widow sighing over a remembrance of the past, and his children weeping on account of their present privations, and the dark frown settled upon the brow of his heart-broken, and disappointed parents, with old age coming on, and no one to comfort or support them. This is what he is preparing for himself as a remembrance; and the evil he is inflicting can never be wholly removed, so long as his victims are alive. He is dissipating his property; he is destroying his constitution; he is throwing away his character; he is creating remorse of conscience; he is shortening his life; he is ruining his connexions; he is losing his immortal soul. And what is all this for? Let the drunkard answer.

"Even in this life, man's felicity does not arise from the gratification of his desires, because his desires are depraved; but as it regards his future condition, it is far more important to reflect that a submission to the calls of appetite and passion here, renders him not only unfit for, but incapable of enjoying the glories of hereafter, which are in fact the only worthy objects of an immortal being's regard. We are not to view ourselves as gross and earthly creatures, suited only to the enjoyments which this life affords; but as sublime spirits—now but little lower than the angels—hereafter their equals. Even now, heaven is in some degree unveiled before us, and displayed to us as our future abode. The day spring from on high hath visited us, and the glory of the Lord hath been revealed. Christianity enlightens our understandings, and warms our hearts; and it is surely but a paltry sacrifice for the Christian to give up sensual indulgences, that he may be fit to take a seat amongst the pure and holy angels in heaven.

THE HEMLOCK AND THE VINE.

"IN a garden, well stored with trees of every choice fruit, there was a vine clustering with purple grapes, and hanging in beautiful festoons from some trellis work that had been constructed to support it. And not far off, the gardener had carelessly left a plant of hemlock which was growing in wild luxuriance. The vine, greatly annoyed by such a vulgar companion, said, 'How dare you, rank and poisonous weed, grow so close to me? Know you not that I am beautiful to the sight

and delicious to the taste, while you are odious, and bitter, and destructive. That I am cultivated with the utmost care and attention by the noble and the rich; and considered one of the greatest ornaments as well as luxuries upon their tables, whilst you are thought only fit to be cast upon the dung-hill? Then depart from my sight, for I cannot bear to look upon you." "Hey-day," said the hemlock, "this is very proud language indeed; and I am inclined to think, as unjustifiable as it is proud. You are, it must be confessed, beautiful to look upon; but your beauty only lures to destruction: you are also sweet in the mouth, yet he who tastes shall find 'the gall of asps within him.' It is true, that I have been employed as poison, and that the best and the wisest of the Greeks was destroyed by me. But what is my guilt compared with yours? Not withering pestilence, or sweeping tempest, or ruthless sword—not famine, chains, or heathen altars, can number half your victims. Then why treat me with scorn, because it is my nature, as well as yours, to destroy? We are both criminal, and it ill becomes one to taunt the other. If the truth be fairly told, we have each occasion to hang our

heads in shame, for we have both been the cause of much misery. Then let us at least dwell in peace with one another, admitting that the hemlock and the vine are meet companions.

THE MORAL.

Appearances are often very deceitful, and that which we most admire is sometimes the most pernicious. It is not the outer covering that we should look to, but the inward quality: nor should we judge of things by the first impression they produce, but look to what will be their future consequences. When we form a judgment of others, we are too apt to forget our own improprieties, and thus we not unseldom condemn ourselves. The wine-drinker says to him who indulges in spirits, 'begone out of my sight, your habit is both sinful and disgusting, I cannot bear to look upon you. Alas! what presumption is this! If the man who drinks wine becomes intoxicated as well as he who swallows drams, who will deny that they are meet companions? Our Saviour hath said to such an one, 'thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brothers' eye.'

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

SUMMER DRINKS.

GINGER BEER IN BOTTLES.—One gallon of boiling water, one pound of common loaf sugar, one ounce of best ginger, (bruised) one ounce of cream of tartar, or else a lemon sliced. Stir them up until the sugar is dissolved, let it rest until about as warm as new milk, then add one tablespoonful of good yeast, poured on to a bit of bread put to float on it. Cover the whole over with a cloth and suffer it to remain undisturbed twenty-four hours. Then strain it, and put into bottles, observing not to put more in than will occupy three-quarters of their capacity, or as we usually say three-quarters full, cork the bottles well and tie the corks, and in two days in warm weather it will be fit to drink. If not to be consumed till a week or fortnight after it is made, a quarter of the sugar may be spared. The above quantity of ingredients will make eighteen bottles, and cost ten pence.

COMMON GINGER BEER.—That common drink sold in the streets, is made with raw sugar or treacle, half a pound to the gallon of water, the ginger ground and without the acid, costing one farthing per bottle.

LEMONADE IN BOTTLES.—This differs in no degree in manufacture from ginger beer, the ginger being left out, and eighteen drops of the essence, or of the oil of lemon, being first ground up with the sugar,—the essence is the same as the oil of lemon but mixed with spirits of wine, it therefore unites readily with the other ingredients, and is more convenient in use.

SODA POWDERS, are tartaric acid and carbonate of soda. Procure an ounce of each, and divide it into sixteen portions, wrap up the acid in one colored paper, and the soda in another, (merely for the sake of distinction when used,) dissolve one of each kind in half a tumbler of water, mix the two solutions together and take it immediately.

The above method of mixing is very inconvenient because the effervescence is so rapid that it overflows the glass, it is better first to dissolve the soda in the water, then add the acid in powder and drink immediately. Using equal quantities of each material, the drink will be slightly acid, which to most persons is agreeable; citric acid may be used instead of the tartaric, and will be found an improvement.

SODA-WATER IN BOTTLES.—Dissolve one ounce of the carbonate of soda in a gallon of water, put it into bottles, in the quantity of a tumbler full or half a pint to each; having the cork ready, drop into each bottle half a drachm of tartaric or citric acid in crystals, cork and wire it immediately and it will be ready for use at any time.

LEMONADE POWDERS.—Pound and mix together half a pound of loaf sugar, one ounce of carbonate of soda, and three or four drops of the oil of lemon, divide the mixture into sixteen portions, and use them instead of the soda alone, as recommended under soda water.

GINGER-BEER POWDERS.—Take away the oil of lemon from the former receipt, and substitute a few grains of finely powdered ginger, or else a few drops of the essence of ginger.

SEDLITZ POWDERS.—Take one drachm, that is an eighth part of an ounce of bi-carbonate of potass, and two drachms of tartarized soda, dissolved in a tumbler three parts full of water, add to this one drachm of citric or tartaric acid, and drink while in a state of effervescence.

In all the above receipts lemon juice may be used, two table spoonful of lemon juice being equal to one drachm of tartaric acid.

TEA.—Use a metal tea-pot, keep it thoroughly clean, and have the water thoroughly boiling. Good tea cannot be made from an urn, because the water is not kept boiling. If the water has done boiling, boil it again; soft water should be always used, and the pot should be heated with it, previous to putting in the tea; when that is emptied out, put in about three spoonful for one person, and as much water as will cover it. Let this stand about five minutes, and then put in about two cupsfull of water, which allow to stand another five mi-

nutes; put the milk and sugar first into the cup, and then pour the tea upon it, putting another cup of boiling water into the pot *directly*. Of tea for a party, a spoonful for each, and one over, will be sufficient; never drain the pot close, but follow closely the above directions. Green tea is certainly not the most wholesome, although it adds to the palatableness. Thus compounded, it is at once a refreshment and an elegance, and we believe the most innocent of cordials, for we think we can say from experience, that when tea does harm, it is either from its unmitigated strength, its being green, or being too hot—a common and most pernicious custom.

EXCELLENT TEMPERANCE BARM.—The following receipt may be relied on, as it has been tried for a period of two years in the potteries with the greatest success, fully answering the purposes required.

Put one ounce of hops into a coarse bag, and boil them in two quarts of water; pare, boil, and mash well one pound of potatoes, and press them through a cullender into the hop water. Place the mixture on a fire until it begins to boil, then empty it into an earthen vessel with a narrow bottom, in which there has been previously mixed half a pound of flour, with a gill of cold water in the form of paste; stir it well while pouring in, and when it is about the warmth of new milk, add one ounce of dry flour, and one pound of tee-total barm, or, if that cannot be had, half a pound of common yeast; let it stand in the vessel, covered up, in a situation where it will keep its temperature.

It will take from four to twenty-four hours to ferment, according to the state of the weather. When it begins to lower in the vessel it is fit for immediate use; and may be preserved, bottled, and corked, for several weeks; and even should it be frozen it will be no worse after being thawed. If you have no barm with you, make a quart, as above directed except in this particular; instead of putting any barm with the dry flour into the mixture, put two or three spoonful of sugar with the flour,—bottle it immediately, tie down the cork, set it where it will keep warm, and in twenty-four or thirty hours this will

answer to ferment with, instead of the common barm: but it is always better to preserve some of the old for this purpose.

Directions for Use.—Take twelve or fourteen pounds of flour; when you have mixed the salt with it in the kneading vessel, as is usual, make a hole in the middle, and pour in one pound of the yeast. Let the water for kneading be two parts of boiling to one of cold,

in winter, and in summer, equal quantities, (soft water;) when the dough is of proper consistence, cover it up, and keep it warm while it rises, which will probably be from five to ten hours. If kneaded at night it will be ready for baking in the morning; but if not then ready, (having been kept too cool,) apply a hot iron plate under the vessel containing the dough, and in a short time it will be fit for baking.

POETRY.

FATHER MATHEW.*

"And Matthew sat at the receipt of custom."

Oh! there is many a glorious name,
Renown'd in deathless story;
But thou hast won a wreath from fame,
Of pure unfading glory.

Father Mathew!

Thou hast burst a nation's chain,
Set a noble people free!
Banish'd crime, and strife, and pain,
Given the slave his liberty.

Father Mathew!

A bloodless victory thou hast won,
A peaceful triumph seal'd;
Breathless we view the work that's done,
The woes that thou hast heal'd.

Father Mathew!

Thy trophies are the poor man's home,
Where peace is now enshrin'd;
Where joy, and hope, and love have come,
The breaking heart to bind.

Father Mathew!

Long, long, may grateful Erin sing,
Her genuine patriot's fame;
While British hearts their tribute bring,
To grace thy honor'd name—

Father Mathew!

Thy trophies are each rescued slave,
Raised to the dignity of man!
Saved from a drunkard's hopeless grave—
Enfranchised by thy plan.

Father Mathew!

Thy trophies are the joyful tear,
The heartfelt grateful pray'r,
The blessing fervent, deep, sincere,
That only good men share.

Father Mathew!

Thou hast fulfill'd our wildest wish,
Surpass'd our warmest thought;
Oh! kings might envy thee the bliss
With which thy work is fraught,

Father Mathew!

At the receipt of custom seated,
Grateful myriads round thee throng
Erin's deadliest foe defeated,
Thou hast crush'd the monster strong

Father Mathew!

C. L. B.

* This is one of a small series of poems, written at the request of a lady who prepared some elegant portfolios, ornamented with drawings, for the recent Bazaar in aid of the Temperance Cause, and filled them with manuscripts, in prose and verse.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN TEMPERANCE PROCESSION.

ONE event, of paramount importance, absorbs all minor interest in the intelligence of this month—THE METROPOLITAN PROCESSION. It was impossible to conceive a more splendid demonstration than that exhibited by the tee-totalers on Whit Monday; never at any period had so orderly, respectable, numerous, and magnificent a procession of the people appeared in the streets of London. Society, generally, and the traffic in particular, must be "duller than the fat weed that roots itself on Lethe's bank," if they have not received a solemn warning by the glorious exhibition of the 8th ultimo.

Such an array of power, zeal, and intelligence, must have told in strong language to those whom it concerns, the ultimate fate of the strong drink, and the drinking customs of Britain. The order and good feeling manifested by the thousands assembled in the procession, cannot be too highly praised.

The concourse of persons was so immense, the line so long, and the difficulty (through the crowded state of the streets) of obtaining a good view, so great, that it was next to impossible to procure a perfectly correct account of this great demonstration. The following is the result of a careful comparison of the published accounts, corrected by personal observation, and were practicable, by enquiry among the different branches:—

THE NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN
TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WEST LONDON AUXILIARY.

R. Walkden, Esq., President of the Auxiliary
Eight gentlemen on horseback.

Band of musicians in their military uniform.

Members with wands, four abreast.

Great Banner of the Auxiliary, with inscription.

"Wine is a mocker."

"Peace on earth, good will to men"

Members on foot.

Banner of the Youths' Temp. Association.

"Peace and Plenty."

Members with wands.

About seventy youths.

Three small banners—Youths with wands.

Banner of the St. Pancras Temp. Society.

Members on foot.

Banner of Westminster Temperance Society.

Members on foot.

Large banner with inscription.

"Universal love to man".

About one hundred members on foot.

Banner of Lambeth Friendly Temp. Society.

Rechabites, with wands.

Members on foot.

Twenty carriages—average eight in each.

Two horsemen.—Band of music.

Thirty members with wands.

Two hundred members, on foot.

About fifty youths.—Small banner, for ditto.

Nine coaches with members.

CHELSEA BRANCH.

Banner; the emblematic design of this magazine painted on blue silk, decorated with gold fringe and tassels, well fixed in a van.

Carriage, decorated with the English ensign, containing the Secretary of the branch, R. Baron, Esq. and family, followed by a carriage decorated with an American flag, supported by J. Balfour.

Twenty-two carriages and flags.

Four vans, averaging twenty-five each, tastefully decorated.

NORTH LONDON AUXILIARY.

Omnibus from the Waltham Branch, and banner, beautifully decorated.

Chaise with members.

Five gentlemen, on horseback.

Large banner of the Auxiliary, floating majestically on a car; orange colour, and written in silver letters,

"Freed from England's curse"

Band of musicians, on car.

Members with wands on each side.

Splendid carriage, and four greys and postillions, with

W. Janson, Esq., President of the Society, supported by several of the Executive Committee.

Elegant light carriage, with four beautiful horses and postillions, with the advocates of the Society, Messrs. Cluer, Holker, Whitaker, and Cassel:

Members on each side.

Four small banners, carried on carriages.

Eight carriages, with members, &c.

Four small banners.

"Peace and concord."

"United, we conquer."

"Touch not, taste not, handle not."

"Goodwill to men."

Banner of the North London Tailors' Association.

Members with wands.

Van, with members.
Members on foot, four abreast.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Weston, with silk scarf, on horseback.
Gentlemen on horseback.
Band of music.
Members on foot, carrying twelve small banners, with significant mottos.
One neat banner, with inscription, "Tee-total only Ark of Salety."
Handsome banner of the Auxiliary, in a van.
Coach-and-four.
Eleven ditto, with a union-jack in each.
Two vans.
Members on foot.

SOUTH LONDON AUXILIARY.

Gentlemen on horseback,
Banner, in a van.
Band.
Coach-and-four, with American Delegates and J. Meredith, Esq.,
Vice-president of the Society.
Seven coaches, well filled.
Members, with wands.
Three vans.
Members on foot.
Banner of the Bermondsey and Rotherhithe Branch.
Vans.

Members on foot.
Splendid band of Musicians.

Members on foot, with wands.
Banner of the Stamford-street Branch.
Several horsemen.
Band.

SOUTH LONDON CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

Conductor on horseback.
Banner, "South London Catholic Temperance Society."
Military band.
Upwards of 200 members on foot.
Carriage with six horses, containing the Rev. T. Doyle, M. Foristal, Esq., and two gentlemen.

Two carriages-and-four.
Banner, surmounted by a Cross, and Saint George and the Dragon, beautifully painted on greens silk.

Members on foot.
Committee with wands and scarfs.
Four carriages and four vans.

EAST LONDON BRANCH.

Banner—"Be thou faithful unto death."
Military band.
A few members on foot.
Five carriages and two vans.
Banner—"In moderation there is no safety."
Six horsemen and banners.

EAST LONDON AUXILIARY.

Shadwell banner.
Sixty members and Rechabites on foot, with wands.

Band of music.

Rich banner of Auxiliary, with the pledge written in full.

Twenty-four members, with wands.
Six coaches.
Small banner.
Three vans.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF INTemperance.

Two horsemen.
Three trumpeters on horseback.
Splendid crimson banner, inscription—"British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance."
President, the Right Hon. Earl Stanhope."
Eighteen gentlemen on horseback.
Band of the Scots Fusiliers.

CITY AND NORTH OF LONDON AUXILIARY.

Very large and richly painted silk banner with a number of allegorical devices.

Members on foot, with banners.
CLERKENWELL AND PENTONVILLE BRANCHES.

Members on foot, with banners.

FARRINGDON BRANCH.

Gentlemen on horseback.
Banners—"Total Abstinence the handmaid of Religion;" the pledge of the Society; the Royal Standard; the Union Jack, &c.
Members on foot, and youths.

LONDON COAL PORTERS' ASSOCIATION.

Splendid silk banner, the coal porters' arms—"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

FINSBURY AND HOXTON YOUTHS' ASSOCIATION.

Musical band.
Banner—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."
Southern counties order of Rechabites.
Red banner, with tent and palm tree; motto, "We drink no wine, &c."

SOUTH LONDON AUXILIARY.

KENT STREET BRANCH.

Members on foot.
Banner—"United, firm, and free."

DEPTFORD BRANCH.

Members on foot.

CLAPHAM BRANCH.

Members on foot.

VAUXHALL BRANCH.

Members on foot.

Each of the above had a variety of neat banners.

METROPOLITAN ROMAN CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.
Large green silk banner, with Jesus conversing with the woman of Samaria, painted

on one side, by J. Henley, Esq., R.N.; motto, on the top, "Give me to drink," on the other side a large cross in silver, on which was written the pledge, with motto on the top, "Peace on earth, good will to men;" at the bottom, "Metropolitan Roman Catholic Association, founded by John Giles, January 28, 1840."

Members on foot, to the number of upwards of one thousand; many of them bearing wands, painted green, with ball and cross at the top, gilt with silver.

General director on horseback, with polished mahogany wand, silver ball and cross at the top.

Conductor with a staff, painted green, and tipped with silver, having a solid brass figure of a young cupid emerging from a full blown rose.

Carriage, containing Antony Walvogel, Esq., the treasurer, and Mrs. Giles, the wife of the founder.

Four vans.

Military band.

HACKNEY AUXILIARY.

HAGGERSTONE BRANCH.

Several banners and flags.

Members on foot.

Banner and band.

The procession was full three miles in length—it is computed to have contained not less than 14,000 persons, and it was one hour and three quarters in passing Charing Cross; two hours and a quarter in some other situations, which may be accounted for by some interruptions having delayed it, though it is due to the police to say, they preserved the line in admirable unbroken regularity. The exceeding beauty of the day added greatly to the splendour of the scene. At an early hour the various branches were preparing for the grand meeting in Russell-square, which took place at eleven o'clock. The following was the route:—Keppel-street, Store-street, Alfred-place, Chenies-street, Tottenham-court-road, Goodge-street, Charles-street, Mortimer-street, Portland-street, Devonshire-street, Portland-place, Langham-place, Regent-street, Quadrant, Piccadilly, St. James'-street, Pall-mall, Charing-cross, Whitehall, Parliament-street, Bridge-street, Westminster-bridge, York-road, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road. Here several of the Societies branched off to their respective localities. The remainder proceeded through Holland-street, Gainsford-street, Union-street, Borough High-street, Wellington-street, London-bridge, Gracechurch-street, Bishopsgate, from whence they repaired to their appointed places of meeting.

Numerous and highly important meetings were held in the evening after the great demonstration. The first in importance was the Great Meeting at Exeter Hall, under the auspices of the Western Auxiliary. The Fitzroy Branch held a tea meeting in Gower-street; and the Paddington friends a tea meeting at the Flora tea gardens. Various other festive meetings were held, too numerous to particularize.

Carriage-and-four, with Dr. Oxley, the treasurer; Norton S. Townsend, M.D., representative of the Total Abstinence Society of Physicians and Surgeons at New York; Mr. R. M'Curdy, &c.

Eighty-six carriages.

Mr. J. Pasco's van, with printing press, motto—"May the Liberty of the Press never be turned into Licentiousness." There was likewise in the van an immense round of beef, with bread, &c., which was distributed pretty liberally throughout the route.

WALWORTH AND CAMBERWELL ASSOCIATION.

Four horsemen.

Military band.

Large and handsome banner.

Members on foot, with scarfs.

Blue and white banner.

Carriage-and-four.

Eleven carriages.

Sixteen vans.

Several banners interspersed.

Mr. G. C. Smith, with the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Society, in a van. The children frequently sang during the day.

Some gentlemen on horseback brought up the rear.

PROVINCIAL PROCESSIONS.

LEEDS GREAT TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION AND FESTIVAL.

On Tuesday, one of the most formidable demonstrations in the cause of temperance paraded the streets of Leeds. Even in the early part of the day, the greatest excitement began to manifest itself in every part of the

town. Before two o'clock in the afternoon, the time announced for a grand procession to proceed down King-street, the greater part of the windows of the dwelling-houses on the route commanding a view, were beautified with the smiling faces of anxious spectators. The scene presented in King-street, Park-place, Queen-street, and Wellington-

road, the places appointed for arranging the order of the procession, was truly one of the most magnificent and inspiring ever beheld here, and, we may say, is excelled by none in attraction but those which a closely contested election for our borough members has at times given us on the day of nomination. Some minutes after two o'clock, the processional assemblage moved off for the following route:—

Up Wellington-road, down West-street, along the West, North, and East sides of Park square, on West-street, up East-parade, on South-parade, up Merry-boys-hill, up Woodhouse-lane, on Cobourg-street, down Brunswick-street, on North-street, down Trafalgar-street, on Bridge-street, over Lady-bridge, up Quarry-hill, down Marsh lane, up Kirkgate, on Vicar-lane, up Lowerhead-row, down Briggate, over Leeds Bridge, on Hunslet-lane, along Victoria-road, up Meadow-lane, down Sweet-street, on Marshall-street to the mill of Messrs. Marshall.

Shortly after four o'clock, we observed the procession in Briggate in the following order: About one hundred horsemen, three abreast, white ribbons and rosettes.

Band in the uniform of the Yorkshire Hussars.

Banner with inscription.

Printing press at work, with motto—

“Knowledge is power.”

An enormous barley loaf inscribed—

“It is better to eat it than to drink it.”

Central members, four and two abreast, white ribbons and rosettes.

Black banner inscribed—

“No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven.”

Youths' Branch Temperance Association, with banner inscribed—

“Abstain from all appearance of evil.”

Two abreast, white ribbons and rosettes.

Banner—“£50,000,000 per annum paid for Intoxicating Drinks.”

Members of the Female Branch Temperance Association, with banner inscribed—

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will towards men.”

Two abreast, white ribbons and rosettes.

Band in uniform.

Banner with inscription.

Members of the Holbeck Branch Temperance Society, two abreast, white ribbons and rosettes.

Banner with inscription.

Members of the West End Branch Temperance Society, two abreast, white ribbons and rosettes.

Band in uniform.

Banner with inscription—

“Sobriety and Domestic Comfort.”

Members of the Catholic Branch Temperance Society, green ribbons and rosettes.

Carriages, coaches, and phaetons—in number fifty-two.

We also observed numerous other banners, small and great, inscribed—“Prove all things—hold fast that which is good”—“Peace and plenty the reward of Temperance,” &c. The length of the procession we believe, was at least one mile and a quarter. On arriving at Messrs Marshall's mill, Marshall-street, Holbeck, the rush of spectators was so great, that it was quite impracticable for the procession to enter the mill with anything like order, and a general effort was made by all parties to gain an early admission. The mill here alluded to, is an immense structure, on one floor, capacious enough to hold no less a number of individuals than 100,000. About one-third of this gigantic edifice had been apportioned to the temperance society, in which to celebrate their anniversary by an extensive tea party. The number who sat down together, we should suppose to be about 2,700 or 2,800, a majority of whom were females. The display in the room was of the most moderate and becoming character, consisting chiefly of the banners which had attended the procession. At the further end of the room near the slight temporary partition which divided this part of the building from the rest, was erected a small platform for the reception of the speakers and other guests—tastefully though not expensively decorated with wreaths of artificial flowers, &c. The tables were ten in number, consisting of deal planks covered with white calico, and plentifully stored with provisions. After the tea, spectators were admitted on payment of threepence each, and, we believe, we shall not be far wrong in stating that before the speakers commenced (about seven o'clock), four thousand people were present.

EDWARD BAINES, Jun., Esq., presided. In his opening speech he delivered himself to this effect:—It was an inspiring thing to see that mighty, that vast assemblage, gathered in the great cause of human happiness and virtue. (Hear, hear.) He felt that he had not rendered any such service to the cause of temperance as to entitle him to the honour of filling that chair. Yet, there was no one who was more strongly convinced of the immense and incalculable mischief of that vice against which they had waged war—intemperance, and no one was more fully persuaded that the most effectual means to check that vice, and the only hope of extirpating it, was to be found in total abstinence. (Animated cheering.) It might with truth and soberness be said, that they attacked all the vices and evils of mankind at once. (Loud acclamation.) Who did not perceive that drunkards are the practical infidels, the profane, the lewd, the dishonest, the disturbers of public peace, mockers of parents, seducers of innocence, &c. They would not, by the triumph of temperance,

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extinguish the fire of human depravity, but would take away that fuel which most frightfully spread the flame. (Hear, and cheers.) He believed that nothing but religion, nothing but the grace of God, could renew the heart of man. The use of intoxicating liquors was an enormous waste of private and national wealth—(hear, hear)—the source of far the larger proportion of all disease, crime, pauperism, and all the suicides, murders, and shipwrecks, that afflict and disgrace the land. (Loud cheers.) After further describing the effects of this “hydra vice”—intemperance, the question then, he said, arose—What was the proper and most effectual remedy? (Immense applause.) On the speaker giving his opinion that it was to be found in entire abstinence, he was unable to proceed for a few seconds for the loud and repeated cheers with which the sentiment was hailed. He was once himself in favour of moderation—(repeated cries of hear, hear)—denying him self the use of spirituous liquors, by using other intoxicating drinks with temperance. He hesitated long before he adopted the abstinence principle. He had read, reflected, observed, and at length fairly tried the experiment for himself. (Loud cheers.) The result of that reading, reflection, observation, and experience, was, that he heartily adopted the principles of total abstinence. (Reiterated rounds of cheering.) Things so important were conceded by the advocates of moderation. Total abstinence they admitted afforded the only hope of reclaiming drunkards. (Hear, hear.) An admission of immense importance.—(Hear, hear.) Who could calculate the importance of tens of thousands hurrying down the way to eternal perdition? (Hear, hear.) They admitted total abstinence with regard to ardent spirits. He contended that the principle was the same with regard to all intoxicating liquors—their degree different. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) They admitted total abstinence as the only remedy for children. He admitted that wine and beer were to most persons agreeable. (Lauder, and hear, hear.) To those who had never acquired a habit there was no want in nature for those things. (Loud cheers.) The pleasure arising from intoxicating drinks was a sensual pleasure, too low for men possessed of reason. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) The speaker referred to the negro, the Moor, the Turk, and the inhabitants of the mountainous parts of India, as people who never taste intoxicating liquors, and to the many instances in our own country of men exposed to every kind of exertion, who not only do as well, but better without intoxicating liquors than with them. (Cheers.) He did not deny that there were cases of weakness and disease which required the use of them. So also the deadly poisons of opium, prussic

acid, &c., in some cases of weakness and disease might, for the purpose of medicine, be both proper and desirable. He was persuaded that to all persons of health and strength they were unnecessary. (Cheers.) A great change was taking place among medical gentlemen as to the efficacy of drinks. (Hear, hear.) In the infirmary of Nottingham there had been a reduction in the quantity of intoxicating liquors administered of one half, between 1835 and 1839, although there had been a considerable increase in the number of patients in that hospital. (Received with immense cheering.) They ought, then, to abstain from intoxicating liquors for three reasons. First, because they were useless. (Hear, hear.) Secondly, because they were most dangerous, and in many cases most prejudicial. (Hear.) Thirdly, for the sake of example. (Hear, hear, and applause.) He held it to be true wisdom, as we prayed lead us not into temptation, to keep as far away from temptation as possible. He held it to be the dictate of Christian charity, even if we could walk on the brink of a precipice with safety, that we should keep away from it because we saw thousands that walk there fall over the precipice, and were destroyed. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) He congratulated them on the mighty progress of temperance during the last year. He referred to the immense benefit the cause had conferred on England, Wales, Scotland, and the United States of America, and also on our Colonies and Missionary Settlements, in all of which places they heard of the progress of total abstinence. (Hear, hear.) Thousands of dwellings had been converted from scenes of strife and beggary to scenes of peace. (Loud and continued cheering.) The progress of the cause had increased the number of the churches, and destroyed the followers of Belial. (Hear, hear.) But the most triumphant success of the cause was to be found in Ireland. (Cheers.) It was regenerating a people whose social condition was more wretched and hopeless than that of any nation in Europe. (Loud cheers.) After adverting to the fatal practice of whiskey drinking in Ireland, he said, the effects produced by temperance in that country, were little less than marvellous. Upwards of a million and a half had taken the abstinence pledge in that country; and when they considered that the whole population of Ireland only amounted to eight millions, it was a large proportion of the population. (Hear, hear.) The change had been most signal in producing empty prisons and unoccupied magistrates. (Laughter and cheers.) They were now becoming, what had hitherto been but the fancy of the poet—

“Great, glorious, free.”

This was all owing to the principle of total

abstinence. (Hear, hear.) It was a practical illustration, as much beyond hope as it was beyond gainsaying, of its admirable effects. (Loud and repeated cheers.) The speaker then entered into a defence of the character of Father Mathew, stating that he should be ashamed of himself if difference of creed could prevent him from hailing Father Mathew as one of the first patriots and philanthropists. (Repeated cheers.) He was one of the greatest benefactors to his country and his species. (Hear, hear.) One of the most powerful allies of religion and virtue. (Cheers.) Long may his influence continue. (Hear, hear.) Might the charm with which he was disenchanting his spell-bound countrymen be used in every land, and cast out the foul spirit of intemperance with all its hellish train. The speaker having now made a full recantation of all his former "heretical" opinions, retired amidst loud and animated bursts of applause from all parts of the audience.

The Rev. P. M. PAGE, Catholic priest of Bradford, then addressed the meeting, in a speech replete with liberality and good feeling, and which we regret our limits will not permit us to give.

The Rev. J. ROBINSON, P.M., next addressed the meeting at considerable length, followed by Mr. Edward Grubb, the talented and popular temperance advocate, and Messrs. Joseph, and John Andrews. Though the numbers in attendance, so infinitely exceeded all former assemblies in the cause of temperance, the strictest order and good feeling were manifested throughout.

[Abridged from the "Leeds Times," June 13.]

CHELTEMHAM GRAND TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL.

THE annual Whitsuntide tea meeting took place on Tuesday, June 9, and it now becomes our pleasing task to relate the realities of this event the anticipations of which occupied the minds of our towns folk for many previous days. The Cheltenham Zoological Gardens, which, though at present in an infant state, is a delightful place, was chosen as the spot where obedience was to be paid to the injunction of the poet, who says:—

"Let social mirth with gentle manners join,
Unstaid by laughter, uninflamed by wine,
Let reason unimpair'd exert its powers,
But let gay fancy strew the way with flowers."

In the early part of the day the weather was stormy, and a drizzling rain descended; but in the evening it cleared up. Between twelve and one o'clock, the tee-totalers, with their white rosettes and medals, assembled at the house and gardens of Mr. Charles Hale Jessop, the president, and formed a procession, which started at one o'clock in the following order:—

Two Directors.

Union jack.

Union jack.

Carriage

drawn by four greys, with white plumes, led by four brothers, containing the Rev. Thos. Spencer, Mr. Jessop, Mr. Veare, secretary, and Mr. H. Fry, sub-secretary.

Magnificent banner with the temperance coat of arms.

Members of the club.

Several banners with various inscriptions.

Banner—

"Cheltenham Juvenile Total Abstinence Society. Train up a Child in the way he should go."

200 Members of the Juvenile Society, carrying various banners.

Fourteen carriages

filled with the wives and children of some of the tee-totalers.

The four brothers who led the horses of the carriage, containing the president, are all tee-totalers, and thirty-nine years is the time of their united service to him. It is worth remarking, that one of the fourteen carriages was filled with the wives of reclaimed drunkards.

We give below the inscriptions on five of the banners:—

"Fear God and honour the Queen."

"I've a coat to my back, a good hat to my head,
My wife and my children are clothed and fed;
Sure these have a claim on my earnings before
The house with the picture hung over the door."
"Woe unto you that laugh, for ye shall mourn."
"True temperance essential to the prosperity of the nation, and the happiness of the world."
"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth."
"Because of drunkenness the land mourneth."

The procession, after leaving Jessop's gardens, went up St. George's Place, passed the Albion and Clarence Hotels, and turned into the Promenade. On arriving at the Queen's Hotel, they turned up Montpellier Terrace, passed St. James's Church, and walked on, leaving Leckhampton Church to the right, and thence into the Bath Road, and through Cambray, up the High Street, as far as Keynsham Bank, where they counter-marched, and took the road down the back of the High Street till they came to Townsend Street, when they marched up the High Street as far as Rodney Terrace, and after passing through Vittoria Walk, (leaving the Montpellier to the right) Lansdown Crescent, Lansdown Place, Suffolk Square, and Park Place, they arrived at the Zoological Gardens.

As the procession passed the "Swan," in Queen's Buildings, a drunken party of "moris dancers" rushed out and endeavoured, and all but succeeded in upsetting the carriage. A child was knocked down by a flyman who was cantering his horse, but we are happy to say was not much injured, nor was the fly at all connected with the tee-to-

talers, had he been so, it is probable the accident would not have occurred. The procession arrived at the gardens at about four o'clock. The company were then admitted, and after walking about the grounds took their seats at the tables which were placed down the long walk, the reserved seats being under a ma-quee at the top of the same walk, 3,000 sat down to tea.

A grace was sung at the commencement, and a thanksgiving at the conclusion of the tea-drinking, the band played during the time. On the motion of Mr. Jessop, seconded by Mr. Fry, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, A.M., perpetual curate of Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath, was moved to the chair. The meeting then sung the first, second, and last verses of the following hymn, composed expressly for the occasion:—

WELCOME TO OUR FESTIVE GREETING.

BY THE REV. S. MIDDLETON.

Welcome to our festive greeting,
Welcome an increasing band,
Still may numbers at each meeting,
Join our pledge in heart and hand,
Welcome, welcome,
Welcome, welcome,
Welcome our increasing band.

Our's the cause which brings no sorrow,
Our's the cup which hides no sting,
To our breasts the dawning morrow
Bears no curse upon its wing.
Welcome, &c.

Fools alone by vain assertion,
Now extol the drunkard's part,
While the drugs, like Hell's perversion,
Blight each virtue of the heart.
Welcome, &c.

Where's the crime which shames our bring:
Where's the sin which stains our soul:
Where's the vice each Christian's fleeing?—
Mingled in the drunkard's bowl.
Welcome, &c.

Ask the scaffold, ask the prison,
Whence their thronging victim's come?
Whence the murderer's arm hath risen?
Lo! they point the drunkard's home.
Welcome, &c.

Lo! the bloated wretch advancing,
Sad disgrace to human kind,
From his eye delirious glancing,
Hell seems center'd in his mind.
Welcome, &c.

Poverty, with filth combining,
Bend him to the dregs of shame,
Cursed poison, undermining
Health, Contentment, Peace, and Fame
Welcome, &c.

But behold! from rags and loathing
Now he breathes a purer air,
And his babes for food and clothing
Bend their grateful knees in prayer.
Welcome, &c.

Health succeeds with every blessing,
While in "TEMPERANCE'S CLAN,"
Rescued man, Heaven's gifts caressing,
Feels and boasts himself a man.
Welcome, &c.

The Rev. THOMAS SPENCER rose, and, after expressing his fears that he might either not be able to make all the company hear, or else might not give them anything worth hearing, proceeded as follows:—Last night I walked over the town of Cheltenham, and it was, as you are aware, Whit Monday; and I saw scenes, and heard sounds, which made me remember what the Apostle said of Athens, that it was a "city wholly given to idolatry." As I walked through, I thought how the spirit of St. Paul would have been stirred within him at these sights. He would see everywhere the worship of other gods, not idols of silver, wood, and stone, but idols of gin-shops, of beer-barrels, and gin-bottles. He would see "gods many, and lords many," and would say their name is Legion. I would ask what the Apostle Paul did when at Athens, and what is right for him, is right for us, what is fair for one is fair for another, what is good in one place is good everywhere. He disputed with the devout Jews in the synagogues, and exhorted the people in the market place. We are willing to dispute, on all occasions, with those who question our doctrines, and we also publicly exhort those who do not, to join us. When St. Paul found that meat was offered unto idols, he said that if his eating meat caused a brother to offend, he would take a pledge for longer than the one I hold in my hand (clasping his medal) namely, "to eat no flesh while the world standeth." Some suppose that our pledge binds us for ever, whether we are willing or no, but this is quite a mistake. Show me that I am wrong, and I will scratch out my name directly. But you say that referred to idolatry. What, think you, would he have said, had he been in Cheltenham last night, and seen the drunkenness which I saw? He would have said the same of wine. I saw temples dedicated to Bacchus, and heard in them merry singing, and saw dancing more merry than David before the ark. There was an incense too—the incense of tobacco smoke—never was worship better performed than in the town of Cheltenham last night. Paul, with the heart he had, and the head he had, and the candour he had, Paul who embraced the religion he was persecuting on finding it right, would say so long as I am obliged to remain in Cheltenham I will preach against such worship. I saw a sacrifice too. I saw a policeman knock a drunken man down with his staff. I saw a crowd gather, and I heard them curse the policeman, for six or seven had joined the first, and I saw the mob run after them, and I thought policemen would not be wanted but for the use of intoxicating drink. But, say you Paul was in no danger from strong drinks. What a poor selfish being must he be who never knew how to do an action for

the good of his fellow-men, who does not know the meaning of loving "your neighbour as yourself." Hezekiah brake in pieces the brazen serpent because the people worshipped it. He was in no danger of worshipping it himself. But, you say, that was a real idol, but beer and wine are the good gifts of God. The brazen serpent was given for good; it was given that the children of Israel, who were bitten by the serpents, might look up to it and be healed; but when Hezekiah found that they worshipped it, he brake it in pieces. But where do we read that wine is the good gift of God. God gave water, if he gave any wine, it was that which Pharaoh's butler gave to him when he squeezed the grapes into the cup. No teetotaler would object to drink such wine as that. God gave grapes but not wine, he gave barley but not beer. It is man that hath sought out many inventions. When God fed the Israelites in the wilderness, he rained manna from heaven, and he gave them flesh, and man ate angels food, but he did not give them wine; though he could easily have done so, had he liked, but he bade Moses smite the rock, and he did so, and it brought forth pure water. Israel was his chosen people, and we always give the best to our favourites. Elijah, before whom Ahab trembled, was fed with bread and meat in the morning, and bread and meat in the evening, and drank of the pure brook. God knew there could be nothing better for him. Obadiah fed the prophets in the cave on bread and water. If wine was good, he would not have dared to offer to the servants of the Lord anything but wine. When God sent the prophet to Bethel, he commanded him that he should neither eat bread nor drink water, by which it was plain that he would have done so, had he not received that command; and when he was induced by the lying prophet to eat bread and drink water, it was plain that there was nothing better in that prophet's house. Abraham, the generous man, gave the three angels milk to drink; although there had been wine ever since the days of Noah, who got drunk, not much to his credit. When God wanted to raise up a strong man, he commanded that he should not taste anything stronger than water as long as he lived, and Sampson never did. When God wanted a man to go before his face, he sent John the Baptist, who never drank wine nor strong drinks. You have heard a great deal about this being against religion, but I bring the word of God against those who say so. I say this to the ministers of Cheltenham, and I defy them to deny it. When he wanted priests and ministers, he commanded that they should not touch it, and this ordinance was not only for a short time, but was to last for ever. The churchmen say they descend

from that body, and therefore as they take one part of the bargain in demanding tithes, and requiring that the church should be supported by the state, I give them the other part, viz, t at they are not to drink when ministering at the sanctuary. This I am sure of, that ministers would preach better sermons, not stronger and more violent, but more calculated to do good, if they would leave off taking brandy and water before they enter the pulpit. I know the best minister of my acquaintance takes wine before he goes into the pulpit, and he has told me that he can abstain from it all the week, but is obliged to take it on Sunday. I have known a church filled with the smell of brandy and water, drank by the minister in the vestry. If they would put their trust in God for assistance, when they enter the pulpit, they would be total abstinents, and he would not deceive them. It has been said by some—You have the ministers generally against you. The clergymen who speak so much against us will have respect to the bishops. The Bishop of London is the President of the Old British and Foreign Temperance Society, the members of which, as you know, abstain from ardent spirits. What is it about us with which they find fault. Is it the act of abstaining? that society also abstains. Does the word "total," offend? that society totally abstains from the use of ardent spirits. Is it the abstaining from the good gifts of God? ardent spirits are as much the good gifts of God as wine or beer. You say—Well, I must give up that, but then there is the pledge. I was in Exeter-hall some time since, when the Rev. Hugh Stowell delivered a lecture. There were about 5,000 persons present, and on the ticket which I received, was printed, "Every person who takes this ticket pledges himself to abide by the decision of the chairman." They took this pledge, and yet they say we like the total abstinence principle, but not its principle of pledges. If we can bring a bishop against a simple clergyman, he certainly must yield; but if a churchman denies the authority of a bishop, I have done with him. The Bishop of Norwich takes the chair at tee-total meetings, and on one occasion said, "Father Mathew has done more good for Ireland than any one who has lived during the last hundred years." He is a Catholic. I have nothing to do with that—that is between him and his God; and if he was here I do not know how far I would spring to take him by the hand. Now, as we have the bishop on our side, they, the clergy, should have some modesty when they frown on us. But we have some one higher than a bishop. The Queen is the head of the church; and she has not only received the deputation of tee-totallers graciously; and allowed them the honour of kissing her hand,

but she did what come of you may not be aware of, but which I have no doubt my zealous tee-total brethren have made themselves acquainted with; she bought a silver medal for her laundress, who is a tee-totaler, and presented her with it; but as that only contained the short pledge, she bought her one with the long pledge, and presented her with that also. (The company here gave three hearty and enthusiastic cheers for the Queen.) I hope the tee-totalers will stand with a firm front when they meet any clergyman, even if he has a church steeple in his throat, for we have bishops on our side, and the head of the church also. Here are the descendants of the true Rechabites of whom God said, they "shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." Some look on us with scorn; now there is something so noble in the soul of man, that no man ought to look on another with scorn. Some say it is not true philosophy, for philosophers have such command of themselves that they can drink as much as is good for them, and then stop; but I know some philosophers who have not had that power. Professor Porson died in London a drunkard, in a house I will not say of what description. There have been great men in the church, at the bar, and in every station who have been drunkards; therefore, as far as philosophers themselves are concerned, their objections are bad. But I say that true philosophers will have the good of the many at heart. I will give you a problem, it is this—Given, a drunken world, to know how to make it sober. Newton said the problem God had to solve when he made the world was, "Given matters and attraction to make a world out of them." I say, Given, an all-prevailing intemperance, which makes young persons as they grow up drunkards instead of students: how will you give a better solution to my problem than that which the tee-totalers give. Last Thursday I was present at a tee-total meeting held in a barn. There was a public-house-keeper present, and he brought a gin bottle, and after drinking it before the platform he began making a disturbance. A local preacher among the methodists was saying, that there are 60,000 persons annually dying of drunkenness, when he replied—so much the better, if they did not we should be treading on each other's heads. But then, you say, there is the law. Yes, the law fines them for being drunk, but the law will never drive a man to heaven, though it may make him observe the outward forms, such as keeping his shop shut on a Sunday. Last night when I heard the quarrel between the policeman and the drunken man, a wise man, who, if he is here, I hope will say, "yes," remarked—the law opens the houses and licenses them to sell intoxicating drink, and then fines men for getting drunk on it. Another man

said, they get money from it both ways, in the taxes and in the 5s. fine. The 5s. fine will never do it; they will never put down drunkenness as long as they license houses for the sale of it. Suppose they were to license gambling houses, or any other species of iniquity, would that tend to stop the progress of gambling and vice? I have given the philosopher a minute to consider of a solution to my problem; I will not pause for a reply, for I have it here. The greatest moral philosopher, Paley, although we are not pledged to all his opinions, says, "It is easier to abstain from any indulgence altogether than to stop at moderation." He also advises "the laying down of rules to ourselves;" this is our pledge. He also says, "If one side be doubtful, and if another side be safe, it is not only a matter of prudence, but a matter of duty to take the safe side." To him who opposes us I say come, now you will allow we are on the safe side? Yes, he will say, if you never taste you will never get drunk. You will never by drinking bring yourself on the parish, at the expence of the rate-payers, and into the hands of the police at the expence of the town or country. I would say to him who thinks himself safe, though I allow, for courtesy's sake, that you are safe; still wiser and better men than you have fallen, and you will allow that someone is in danger. At the tee-total meeting at Faulkland, which I mentioned before, there was also the nephew of the public-house keeper, and those two interested parties were the only persons who interrupted the meeting. This nephew had more sense than his uncle, for he said, "I hold with tee-totalism for the drunkards." He himself was as drunk as could be, and yet did not think it good for himself. If you are friends to the drunkards at home, for I have no sympathy with that charity which is always abroad, you will agree with us. If drunken men were the only tee-totalers, this society would never have been formed. If you were to say there have been a great many robberies of late we must endeavour to put down thievery, and were to call a meeting and form a Thieves' Society, to which no honest man was to belong, do you think that would have the desired effect? As soon as the thieves form themselves into a society to put down thievery, I shall not wonder at hearing of the drunkards forming themselves into a society to put down drunkenness. But the difficulty would be to get the money, I heard one man say, "With my good wages of fifteen shillings a week, I had but one shirt, and that I was ashamed to have seen, and I once put up with an insult because I was ashamed to pull off my coat to fight, and now I would willingly give ten shillings any day to convert a drunkard." As I am chairman, I should not perhaps, have said so

much, but as I was sent for on purpose, and have been earnestly requested, perhaps you will pardon me, (Cries of "Go on! go on!") I hope you will consider that this thing is not so ridiculous nor so absurd, nor so opposed to religion, nor to the Church, as some clergymen would make it out. I promise you something more, you shall be on the winning side, and this is an object with some, for they wait at elections till they see which side has the majority. And at elections too, men will not be such fools as they have been, they will not sell their votes for drink. They will also send men to Parliament who are tee-totalers, and who will not sit in the smoking room until the bell rings for them to give a vote, but who will say,—I have plenty of time to myself and perhaps I may be wrong, at any rate, I will hear the arguments on both sides,—and he will then give an honest vote which will do good to every one. We cannot very well have the Queen as a chairman, but her Royal consort might take the chair, and she might sit by his side. As you are aware he did take the chair at a meeting at Exeter Hall on Monday week, for the extinction of slavery abroad, and why not also for the extinction of slavery at home? They cannot do that comfortably though, unless they are tee-totalers, and we shall tell the Queen—"With all our love and respect for you we should like you much better if you were a tee-totaler." Look at the Christian religion. Who would have thought that the world would have been turned upside down by twelve poor fishermen and a carpenter's son. It was not likely to do so. We began with about twenty persons, and now we have one eighth of the whole population of Great Britain, for twenty-four millions is the total, and that includes infants, which we do not reckon in our three millions. If every tee-totaler was to convert one, there would, of course, be six millions next year, twelve millions the following year, and twenty-four millions, which is the entire population, the year after. But, you say, in some places tee-totalism is going back. Have you ever stood by the sea shore when the tide is coming up. You have seen it retreating, and when you were warned that if you did not move, it would sweep you away, your poor inland man did not believe it because the wave receded. But if you took notice you might perceive that it advanced each turn a little further than before, and did not go quite so far back. We do not measure the tide by a particular place where it is stopped by a stone; so it is with the tide of tee-totalism, it may in some places recede, but throughout the country it advances, and if you do not take care it will sweep you away. I am quite sure it will prevail, and if you want to come and put on the top stone of our edifice of temperance

with shouting, come now, or it will be too late. If you wait a little while and then come and say—"We are come to help you fight the battle," we shall reply, "that it is useless, for the victory is obtained."

The Rev. Gentleman, who was much applauded during this speech, which he delivered in a distinct voice, here resumed his seat amid loud cheering.

We regret that want of space prevents our giving the admirable speeches of Mr. T. Derrick and Mr. T. Barlow, suffice it that the cause of tee-totalism was in able hands by their powerful advocacy.

About sixty persons signed the pledge. The procession was then formed and returned to Mr. Jessop's gardens, where the band played the National Anthem. Three cheers were then given for the president, and thus terminated as pleasant a holiday as we ever remember in Cheltenham.

FITZROY BRANCH.

A MEETING of the members and friends of this branch was held at Lawson's Assembly-rooms, Gower-street, on Whit-monday, June 8, 1840. At which about three hundred persons partook of that "cup which cheers, but not inebriates." After which a public meeting was held, W. Willis, Esq., from Dunstable, was called to the chair, amidst the plaudits of the audience. The chairman rose and said he was happy to meet so many of the friends of this district upon the present occasion, he knew of no person who had so much right to meet to enjoy themselves, as tee-totalers. After what he had that day seen, he could hardly conceive it possible that any man, or any set of men, could be found who could do otherwise than approve of the objects of such a society as this. Some had ridiculed him for espousing the cause, but they were surely persons who had little regard to their own happiness, or to the welfare of their fellow creatures. (Hear, hear.) It was a pleasing reflection for him to know that in promoting the principles of total abstinence, he was promoting the present, and he trusted, the everlasting good of many. As to his own experience of the efficacy of the system, he could say he felt himself better in health, and more fitted for the duties of this life, as an employer, and a Christian, than ever. (Cheers.) All ranks, and classes, male and female, testified as to the practicability, and efficacy of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. When he observed the procession that day, he could not help exclaiming, "What hath God wrought," and that was enough to encourage all to try the experiment for themselves. He then called upon

Mr. CLUER, agent of this society, who was received with much cheering. He said a point had been established that day of the

superiority of the principle over drunkenness; it has been shown, by the whole of this day's proceedings, that men, women, and children, can be happy without intoxicating liquors. (Hear, hear.) The enemies of our principle say it makes people gloomy, but surely there is no gloom in this meeting. He rejoiced to advocate the principles of a society for which he was a trophy. He then finished a brief but deeply interesting narrative of his early life, and the gradual way by which he was seduced into the practices of intemperance. With this he contrasted the delightful change which had resulted from his adoption of the principles of total abstinence; both as to his health, his circumstances, and his domestic comfort. And he trusted the friends in this district would diligently search after the degraded drunkard, with tracts in their hands, and with a warm heart; for no drunkard should be given over as incurable; exertion after exertion should be made to reclaim the wanderer, and though you may be treated with scorn, you should persevere. He sat down amidst loud cheers.

Mr. BALFOUR next addressed the meeting, pointing out the mighty change which had taken place in public opinion, regarding all intoxicating liquors; a change produced, not by coercion, but by the facts, arguments, and examples, which have been brought forward. He referred, with pleasure, to the practical proof, exhibited that evening, of the possibility of persons rationally enjoying themselves, without the brewer, or distiller's assistance. He scouted the idea that this was a society to make men miserable, it might properly be called a benefit society for time and eternity. In the course of a very able address, he drew a comparison between intoxicating and unintoxicating drinks; intoxicating drinks were insidious in their nature, expensive, and injurious; let the principle be generally adopted, and it will be impossible to estimate the diminution of crime, misery, and disease. He had been told to confine his attention to the drunkard, and not to attack moderate drinkers; but he would ask who made all the drunkards, where did they come from, except from moderate drinkers; if moderate drinkers ceased to supply the drunkards ranks, drunkenness would soon die a natural death. (Cheers.) After all, they found no enemy so formidable as the moderate user of intoxicating drinks; there was no perfect security but in refusing to touch, or take, or handle, or countenance any kind of intoxicating drinks.

R. HICKS, Esq., surgeon, said he felt great pleasure in addressing such an audience, and in following the former speakers, to the truth of their testimony he could, in a great measure, bear witness. He could not look on any population without deep interest, be-

cause he regarded them as a portion of the human family of which he was himself a member; that intoxicating drinks was not necessary in health, was proved by thousands. Persons of all ages, people of both sexes, of all nations, and of every occupation, have declared that they were better without such beverages, than with them; it was easy to prove that the smallest quantity of intoxicating drinks will produce functional derangement, and debility of body and mind. He defied any medical man, to prove to the contrary. There was not an individual who would not tremble if he could be told in private all the mischief which were done to the human frame, even by the moderate use of alcoholic drink; their being useful in cases of sickness, was the very reason, above all others, that persons in health should not use them. After further remarks of the kind, Mr. H. adverted to the insidious influence of intoxicating drink, and stated two affecting instances which had come under his own knowledge; there could be no retreat from the position recommended by this society; he himself was a thorough-going, high water-mark tee-totaler; bad examples had long been set before them, and evil habits and customs had too long prevailed; let all determine to assail that monster, who would be gratified with nothing short of the eternal perdition of his victims.

Mr. CASSELL, agent, next addressed the meeting. He testified most amply, from his own experience, as well as from extensive observation, that abstinence from all intoxicating drinks is safe, salutary, and beneficial in the highest degree. Having felt the miseries of intemperance, and having tasted also the sweets of total abstinence, as to health, comfort, respectability, and usefulness, he could not but raise his voice in favour of this society and urge all, by argument and example, to become tee-totalers. He also met the various objections raised against this society, in a masterly manner, and to the satisfaction of all. He sat down applauded by the company.

Mr. CONWAY moved that the cordial thanks of the meeting be presented to W. Willis, Esq., for his kindness in presiding upon the present occasion.

Mr. BRINSMEAD seconded the resolution, which was carried with acclamations.

The chairman said he needed no such resolution to have been proposed, he felt happy to assist the cause in any way his service might be useful in forwarding so desirable an object, he hoped they would continue to persevere in their good cause, and that their exertion would be increasingly blessed by the Almighty.

W. CONWAY, Sec.

T. Harjette, Printer, Craven Buildings, Drury Lane.

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AUGUST.

[VOL. I.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF FATHER MATHEW,

With a Picturesque Engraving.

"Such men are raised to influence and command,
When Providence means mercy to a land."

IN presenting our readers with the elaborate engraving that accompanies this number of our Magazine, of the justly celebrated individual whose name it bears, and the beautiful medal and pledge card of our Catholic brethren; no accompaniment could be more suitable and desirable than a biographical sketch of *Ireland's great moral regenerator*, who may with justice be styled the zealous, liberal minded, and genuine REFORMER of the nineteenth century.

The Rev. Theobald Mathew is now in his fiftieth year. He was born on the 10th of October, 1790, at Thomastown, near Cashel, in the county of Tipperary. His father, James Mathew, of Thomastown, son of James Mathew, of Two-Mile-Borris, near Thurles, was left an orphan at an early age, and was taken under the care and patronage of his uncle, Major-General Mathew, of Thomastown. The Rev. Mr. Mathew's mother was daughter of George Whyte, of Cappa-Whyte, Tipperary, who was married to the niece of the celebrated General Mathew, of whom honourable mention is made by Sheridan, in his life of Swift.

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Mr. Mathew lost his parents at an early period of life, and was then adopted by the amiable and accomplished Lady Elizabeth Mathew, who placed him under the tuition of the Rev. Denis O'Donnell, the late respected pastor of Tallagh, county Waterford. About the age of thirteen, he was sent to the lay academy of Kilkenny, so long and so ably conducted by the late Rev. Patrick Magrath, Catholic rector of Pilltown and Ennistigue, in the diocese of Ossory. It is said by Mr. Mathew's contemporaries, that he was a special favourite of the discriminating president of this establishment. After remaining there for seven years, he was, by the direction of the Most Rev. Dr. Bray, sent to Maynooth, to pursue ecclesiastical studies, to which state he felt himself called. After some time, stimulated by the example of two old Capuchin friars, of Kilkenny, to embrace their order, he repaired to that city, and there remained until his appointment to a mission in Cork. On Easter Saturday, in the year 1814, he was ordained in Dublin, by Dr. Murray, after

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having remained for some time under the care of the Very Rev. Celestine Corcoran, of that city.

The moment Mr. Mathew entered on his mission, he commenced his career of usefulness. In the confessional, in the pulpit, at the bedside of the departing Christian—sustaining his hopes, and showing him the heavens open to receive him—he was indefatigable. Ever active, ever zealous, he knew no repose, save that which nature sternly exacted. Whatevertime remained to him after the discharge of his spiritual duties, he devoted to the relief of the poor, the comfort of those in affliction, and even to the management of the temporal concerns of his flock. He has been appointed and has acted as executor to the wills of hundreds, who had no friends on whom they could rely. Many a father has committed the bereft family to his care; and the widowed mother, whose thoughts, at the hour of dissolution, were threatened to be entirely absorbed in natural solicitude for her helpless and sorrowing offspring, has been taught quiet and resignation, by consigning to Mr. Mathew's protection the tender mementos of her departed consort.

As the acts of his benevolence and zeal became multiplied, the ardour of his charity increased; he proceeded from virtue to virtue; the sphere of his usefulness became daily more and more widely extended. With the authority of his sacred profession, he combined the peaceful interference of the civil magistrate. By common consent, he adjudicated in disputes regarding property, composed family feuds, sowed the seeds of peace in hearts whence peace and the Holy Spirit had fled. His charities, if not unbounded, were far beyond his means; the destitute and the stranger found in him a friend ready to divide with them the last shilling he possessed. But whilst procuring for the forlorn, places of refuge and comfort, he forgot not to provide a suitable temple for the living God; and burning with the sentiment of the inspired Psalmist, when he said,—“I will not give sleep to my eyes, or slumber to my eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord, a tabernacle for the Most High.” He

commenced, and has now nearly completed, chiefly on his own resources, a magnificent, church, which, by those who have seen it, is said to be a monument not only of his zeal and taste, but also of the sublimity of his conceptions. It is most respectfully suggested that when Mr. Mathew shall have finished the labours of his saving mission, the people of Ireland should contribute, as a mark of their undying gratitude to the second apostle of their country, a sum worthy of the nation, to be appropriated to the completion and embellishment of this church, and to any other laudable purposes which Mr. Mathew may choose.

Mr. Mathew is of ordinary height, his figure plump, and rather inclined to corpulence. His face is handsome. His countenance is open as the day; nothing austere, nothing of what we are accustomed to associate with the word *monastic*, although its owner is a Provincial of the order of Capuchins. His eye, radiant with intelligence and benevolence, beams with a constant good humour.

In manners he is affable and courteous. He converses freely and pleasantly, and without any tincture of reserve. He seems careless of any attempt at eloquence in his addresses, which are entirely practical; neither does he appear to have any ambition or vanity to gratify. Instead of arrogating to himself all the credit of the extraordinary progress of temperance in Ireland, he has repeatedly and publicly, made honourable mention of others who were in the field before him, and by whose persuasion he was induced to enlist under the temperance banner.

In politics he is no partizan; he has never interfered in elections, or given a vote to any candidate. We are informed that, thirteen years ago, he was introduced by a conservative gentleman of Cork to the agent of a philanthropic society in Dublin, as an individual of decidedly benevolent character, who was likely to be of service to him in forwarding the views of the association. His chief aim is, evidently, that reform which begins at home—individual and personal reform.

As a religionist he is said to be liberal in his opinions, but on this head we

have but little information. His near family connexion with members of the established church, and his frequent intercourse with good men of all denominations, would naturally lead him to form, if not a favourable, at any rate, a charitable opinion of every section of the church of Christ.

Of unobtrusive character, he would probably have lived and died, little known beyond the city in which he dwelt, and where he had long since earned the reputation of being an amiable and benevolent man, had not his connexion with the temperance cause forced him into notice; and even this notoriety appears to have been rather a "greatness thrust upon him," than of his own seeking. It might have occurred to any other person, though Providence, in selecting him, seems to have chosen one in all respects most peculiarly fitted for this work.

Some of the Society of Friends, in Cork, had formed themselves into a temperance association, and had sought, most benevolently, to recall our fellow-countrymen from their debasing habits. But their efforts, if not ineffectual, were not as successful as they could wish; and aware of Mr. Mathew's merited influence, they invited him to enlist himself in their laudable enterprise. A respectable Protestant, named Olden, aware of Mr. Mathew's aptitude for the undertaking, asked him to join the temperance mission, and addressed to him the following remarkable words—"Mr. Mathew, you have got the mission, do not reject it." This apostle of temperance resolved at once to join, and give to the hallowed cause the aid of his zeal, his influence, and his talents. For a year and a half, he preserved the "even tenor of his way," sustained by the approbation of some, braving the obloquy of more, and discountenanced even in quarters whence he ought to have expected support. He had, however, taken his course, and he was resolved that nothing should oblige him to deviate from it. In a place at Cork, called the Horse Bazaar, he held his regular temperance meetings twice a week, on Fridays and Saturdays. The members of his society increased; the most obdurate drunkards in the city enrolled themselves in the Cork Total

Abstinence Association. Along the banks of the Shannon his fame began to travel. First the men of Kilrush came in to be received; then some hundreds from Kerry—then from Limerick; until some time in the month of last August, the system burst forth as a pure and lambent flame, which now mantles a great portion of the surface of our island, cheering and illumining even the distant cot of the Galway fisherman.

Next to his actions which, so far as regards the temperance cause, are already before the public, and speak for themselves, there is probably no surer evidence of character to which to appeal, than his recorded public addresses, a portion of which we propose selecting, to enable our readers to form a correct judgment of the speaker. We shall confine ourselves to a few of the addresses he delivered at the town of Nenagh, in Tipperary, and on his late visit to Dublin, which will furnish ample materials.

On the 3rd of March he visited, by previous invitation, the town of Nenagh, where he administered the pledge to about sixteen thousand persons, who flocked to him from the surrounding country. As each company of pledgers advanced to receive it, he pronounced short addresses, admirably adapted to the situation and circumstances of the working classes of Ireland. He followed the same practice in other places, as also on his recent visit to Dublin. Every thing with him is fair, open, and above board. Thus his love of order and desire to inculcate a spirit of obedience to the laws, and charity and kindness between man and man, stand forth conspicuously in his first address at Nenagh—

"My dear friends, I feel great pleasure in meeting you all here to-day, and I trust you will show as much fidelity in observing the pledge as you manifest anxiety to take it. It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the many advantages to be derived from giving up the use of intoxicating liquors, which is the cause of all evil, of the crimes and outrages which have degraded this country. The drunkard will readily commit crimes which in his sober moments he would abhor. By becoming members of the tee-total society, you will become respectful of the laws of God and man. I am proud to tell you, that, since the formation of our society, we

member of it has committed a crime in Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Clare, or Kerry, that has brought him before either judge, recorder, or barrister. I expect that, besides abstaining from drunkenness, you will give up other vicious habits—night-walking outrages, threatening notices, and combination oaths. You must not belong to any secret society, nor entertain any political or religious animosity towards your fellow-man."

The experience of a few weeks enabled him to speak of these things with greater confidence at Dublin. His delight was then to notice them, no longer as pleasing anticipations, but as actual fulfilments. To it he properly attributed the eagerness with which the people pressed forward, observing—

"It is a proof of the advantage to be derived from the temperance society. It is no novelty now; you are not coming to take a pledge with which you are unacquainted; you are not deluded by false promises; you see the peace enjoyed by those who take it, and that crime has vanished from those districts where tee-total societies have been established. There are now no faction fights, or combination oaths, in opposition to the law: all is peace and tranquillity, and every man is endeavouring to enjoy, in peace and tranquillity, the goods that God has sent him. It is delightful to see the country—the people are well fed and well clothed—they are looking well, and not shrunk or withered up in appearance, as formerly, from the use of ardent spirits. No coercive measures are now necessary to make them observe the law; for their great anxiety is, to preserve it."

In addressing another company he invoked to his aid their feelings of nationality to wipe off the foul stigma of drunkenness on the name of Irishmen, and to cease those religious and political dissensions, which had hitherto distracted the land. He then proceeded to recommend respect and attachment to their superiors in life, as willing to assist and befriend where they showed themselves deserving and grateful.

"There will be," said he, "no necessity, when good and useful members of society, for your leaving your native country. Your landlords, seeing you worthy and industrious, will assist you. The landed proprietors are anxious to befriend you. I know a landed proprietor of the county Cork, who gave ground to a number of persons, and gave them some stock to enable them to succeed;

but they became idlers and drunkards, and erected private stills to make whisky, so that at the end of seven years, when he expected to get at least 5s. an acre for his land, they could not pay him, and he was obliged to drive them off."

And again more confidently at Dublin, having the result of further experience before him.

"After this great moral change, no employer will inquire of what creed the man is whom he is about to engage. No landlord, who may be about to let his land, will trouble himself to find out of what sect or party a person offering to take it may be. His only question will be, 'Is he a tee-totaler?' and, if so, that will be a sufficient recommendation."

This benevolence of mind has frequently exhibited itself in the desire to do good to all without injury (if possible) to any. And his disinterested patriotism, aiming at public benefit rather than private interest of family and friends, will be better appreciated when it is stated that he has a brother and a brother-in-law, both in business as distillers, and another brother married to the sister of a distiller. However this was the distinguishing character of another address at Nenagh—

"The spectacle that presents itself this day is very edifying. It is very delightful to see persons of all religious persuasions co-operating in the one grand cause of charity. No one has any sinister motive in this object; we have no ill-will towards any men; we do not wish to injure even distillers. I myself have brothers and brothers-in-law distillers; but there can be no general good effected without a partial injury. Distillers were not to blame, but you are, for you would not purchase any article without having whisky in the bargain; but now you will buy clothes, and bread, and meat; and instead of seeing bottles of whisky and barrels of beer by the road-side, we will see coffee, and bread, and meat, which will be of more benefit to you." He then spoke of the advantage to good health, to the purse and body, and advised them to recollect Dr. Franklin's words, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

In illustration of the advantages which would accrue to the people from attention to this latter recommendation, he related some pleasing particulars within his own knowledge, and observed that

"Nearly four hundred new accounts have been opened at the savings' bank in Cork,

within the last eighteen months, principally through the spread of temperance principles."

And again—

"I myself have been astonished at the improvement that has taken place in the country since the establishment of temperance societies. Numbers of persons, formerly destitute of resources, are now able to pay their rent, and procure wholesome food and comfortable clothing for their families. When in Kilmarnock, I asked the priest of the parish how the work of temperance was going on there? He said, 'Look around you.' I replied, 'How shall I know by looking around me?' 'Look,' said he, 'at the butchers' stalls; at one time we never had an ox killed here, but now, on Saturdays, the stalls are full of meat, which is all bought up by the people, who now expend their money in that way, instead of laying it out on whisky.' Those are the consequences of tee-totalism; and if you be temperate, you will all have enough and to spare, by the blessing of God. As the small loaves increased under the hands of our Saviour, your small earnings will increase by the practice of temperance."

Father Mathew's motives for embarking in the cause of temperance are well explained in the following extract. We need only add, that a numerous circle of private friends confirm the statement:—

"It is no selfish motive that actuates me to adopt the course I am pursuing. My only object is to improve the condition of the people, and materially add to their comforts and prosperity, by inducing them to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. I have been assailed with much obloquy, as being the head of the movement; but it was not my wish to place myself at the head of it—I was forced to do so by the entreaties of friends. I was for a long time a tee-totaler before I joined the body, and was never intoxicated by drink in the whole course of my life. I knew when I consented to occupy the position I now hold, that by doing so I should subject myself to ridicule and persecution; but though I for a long time resisted the entreaties of friends, I at length yielded. The friends to whom I allude were principally members of the Society of Friends, Protestants, and Presbyterians."

And on another occasion, when he thought it necessary to defend himself from an unjust aspersion—

"It is for the sake of those connected with me as well as myself, that I enter into this vindication. I entertain no ill feeling towards any person on account of his religious

opinions. My nearest relatives are members of the Established Church, and my best friends are Quakers, Protestants, and Presbyterians."

There is another theme on which he loves to dwell—the uniting and harmonising effect of temperance societies; and if, indeed, there be any country under the face of heaven that needs the infusion of a spirit of union and harmony, surely it is Ireland—Ireland, rent and torn asunder by long ages of civil and religious broil and dissention—alternately insulted—menacing—suffering—avenged.

"Besides the fact of raising the people from a state of degradation—the consequence of drunkenness—another excellent effect of the society is this, that it united every sect and party together, so that all will be but one people—the people of one great and common fold."

And again—

"How delightful it is to see you all congregated together; some to take the pledge, and others to approve of those who take it. Notwithstanding political views or religious belief, there is no difference of opinion on this point—we all agree as to the benefits resulting from tee-totalism—it is a green spot on the desert of life, where all can meet and co-operate for the general good of their fellow-creatures."

And on another occasion—

"I am glad to see all ranks joining the society. There will no longer be a wall of partition between the rich and the poor—they will be all one. I could not have believed or hoped that so many respectable persons would take the pledge, if I had not witnessed it this morning. It made me quite happy to see them—it more than recompensed me for any toil or fatigue I may have endured. I know that the example of the higher orders will produce a good effect, and that now all classes, young and old, rich and poor, will come forward and take it."

And again—

"Our society [*his own at Cork*] consists of upwards of 700,000 members, embracing persons of all religious denominations, Dissenters, Society of Friends, and members of the Established Church. One of the great objects of the tee-total temperance society is, that there shall be no religious animosity; every man shall worship God according to his own conscience, and any one who violates this understanding is not worthy to be a member, and shall be expelled from the society." Mr. Mathew then said, he had been asked by some gentleman near him,

why "sacramental" as well as "medical purposes" was not made an exception in the pledge? There was no object in the omission, for it was understood by those Protestants who had joined the society—of whom there were upwards of 2000—that they were not prohibited from the use of wine for sacramental purposes. In his subsequent repetitions of the pledge, he introduced the exception.

The observations last quoted were made at Nenagh, in Tipperary, in the heart of a district notorious in the annals of faction, outrage, and crime, in the midst of a Roman Catholic population, and not without some reason for apprehension that there might be hundreds of his own faith round him, ready to taunt him with a spirit of innovation.

The same sentiment appears in our next, which also evidences both his zeal and humility, disdaining to assume more than belonged to him as a human agent, and ascribing the whole work to a higher power.

"The tee-total society was not a sectarian or political society—it had nothing whatever to do with such matters—it embraced members of every creed and of every shade of politics. Why, the very first who had ever come forward to support him in this great work were members of the Society of Friends, Protestants, Presbyterians, and all of every sect of religion and party had with equal zeal and sincerity supported him in the undertaking. But, above all, he wished it to be known to all who heard him, that the impulse to this good work was not imparted by man—it came from Heaven. The impulse that had hurried so many hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men to flock to the pledge of total abstinence from the baneful liquors of intoxication, it was not, he trusted, presumption in him to declare, was the work of God alone."—He then related an anecdote of the Rev. Mr. M'Affee, a dissenting minister at Cork, who had expressed an opinion precisely similar.

To a company consisting principally of women, he mingled praise with exhortation to seek for divine aid to keep the pledge.

"It is gratifying to see you coming on in undiminished numbers. It is peculiarly gratifying to see so many women, not that you all require it, but that it may make you examples to the other sex, and prevent themselves from becoming drunkards."—He then entreated them to solicit divine aid to keep the pledge, for "cursed is he that putteth his trust in the arm of flesh."

His remarks on the origin and growth of the drunken appetite, indicate a thorough acquaintance with the human heart, which is not less conspicuous in his constant endeavours to impress upon the pledgers the necessity of avoiding temptation in every way, by ceasing to frequent public-houses for any purpose; by avoiding ginger beer, lemonade, and other substitutes for strong drink—a useful lesson to English tee-totalers.

"It is absurd for any person to say he is sober enough, and has no need to join the tee-total society. No man, no matter how soberly inclined he may be, can tell how long he will continue so. No man is born a drunkard, but the pernicious habit steals on him by degrees. The drunkard falls into an early grave, but we do not miss him out of society, for the gap which he has made is immediately filled up by a sober man, who succeeds him in his intemperance. 'Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall,' saith the Lord; and the man who considers himself sober should take care that he be not, before he becomes aware of it, a confirmed drunkard."

To cheer up and encourage the timid, such as perhaps had been, or were likely to be, influenced by those who represent the abstinence system as sour, austere, and ascetic, occasioning deprivation of comforts and injury to health, is his object at another time.

"No one is debarred from the enjoyment of comfort by taking the pledge. On the contrary, they secure many comforts unknown to them while they gave themselves up to indulgence in the use of liquor. Now it required much more of fortitude in a man to stop at one tumbler of punch, or at one pint of porter, than was required of a tee-totaler to stop altogether. By refraining entirely from the use of these liquors, their health would not suffer."

Amidst all the excitement which has prevailed, a sense of justice, and the mildness and forbearance of his temper, have led him to deprecate any thing like compulsion on the part of his warm-hearted, enthusiastic countrymen; being satisfied that precept and example were alone sufficiently powerful.

"He did not approve of any kind of force to induce persons to join. Advice and the force of example were all that should be employed for the purpose. He recommended all the members to avoid going to law with one another."

His sense of the futility of former schemes for checking intemperance by oaths, and his love of truth, thus prompt him to deprecate one of the most crying evils of Ireland.

"We have all witnessed momentary repentance for indulging in habits of intoxication—we have seen persons taking oaths to try what the sacred tie of an oath would effect; but what was the consequence of that? To the drunkard it was only as a cobweb—it failed to bind him—he desecrated by its violation the holy name and majesty of God, and added to the crime of drunkenness, the aggravated offence of perjury. But, thanks to God! there is a remedy for drunkenness without having recourse to an oath, and that remedy is to take the total abstinence pledge."

And again—

"Nothing tends so much to demoralize the people as taking oaths, especially those of an illegal character. Never take an oath except it be duly administered by a magistrate."

Ignorance and superstition would fain have invested him with supernatural powers; but popularity possesses for him no charm, except as instrumental in doing good, and he has over and over again disclaimed any such power.

"I have now visited several places to administer the pledge, and it seems to have been an idea impressed on many persons that I had power to cure diseases. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that such exaggerations give me the greatest trouble, and that they are also the means of giving great dissatisfaction. They are the means of causing a charge of superstition to be made against our society: I totally disclaim any such power; but though I regret the charges to which such belief gives rise, I should not, and will not, therefore, give up the good work."

Again—

"Some members of tee-total societies have preached up such exaggerated accounts as are calculated to lead people astray. So that when I have visited places for the purpose of administering the pledge, several have imagined (from such exaggerated reports,) that I could heal diseases. I need not observe that nothing can possibly be more mistaken than such a notion as this. It is to me a source of much trouble, and serves no other purpose than to give an opportunity of throwing something like an air of superstition over their proceedings. This, I repeat, gives me infinite trouble, and is altogether

discountenanced by me, as it should be by all. This, however, is no reason why we should give up the good work—the work of God himself."

And again in Dublin, where he explained how it had arisen, and endeavoured, in the most emphatic language, to dissipate the delusion—

"I must allude to the circumstance of so many sick persons coming to take the pledge, as well as to be cured of their disorders, especially as the minds of many persons are prejudiced against these proceedings, owing to the latter cause. I will explain how the idea got about that cures were effected by coming to me. It originated in persons who had ruined their constitution by intemperance, after being tee-totalers for some time, recovering their health and strength, and then exaggerating the benefits they had received, instead of attributing them to the ordinary effort of nature to restore itself. I have been sent many anonymous letters upon the subject. I do not like anonymous letters, and I would not answer them, only that I wish to be all things to all men. I do not wish to see these poor people coming to me; but when they do come, I do not like to refuse giving them my blessing. I do not encourage them in the delusion. I merely make the sign of the cross to show them that they should trust in Jesus Christ, and him crucified. No one but those that have health should come here—the sick should go to hospitals. I have no wish to encourage superstition of any kind. I never use, on these occasions, holy water, or prayer books, or any thing of the sort. I merely do what pious people of other persuasions do—invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon the people."

Adverting to an objection on account of diminution of the revenue, he explains how immensely great would be the gain in comparison with the loss.

"It is said it will be a loss to the revenue; but I say it will be a saving too, for it will not then be necessary for government to have garrisons in the country to keep the people quiet; for a few policemen will be able to do it. Neither will we want so great a number of lunatic asylums, or poor-houses. More than one-half of the inmates of our lunatic asylums have been brought there by indulging in habits of drunkenness, for the use of intoxicating liquors either produces *delirium tremens*, or brings on idiocy. Our poor-houses are generally tenanted by persons who were once in easy circumstances, and have been reduced to a state of destitution and want, by drunkenness. Our hospitals will be comparatively empty of surgical cases, for in the absence of intempe-

rance there will be no fights or broils—no women will have their heads or limbs broken by drunken husbands; and quarrels at fairs will be done away with. The assizes, also, will be shorter, and the judge will be able to dispose of the cases for trial in a few days."

Such, in fact, have already been the results in Ireland.

For the present we take leave of our readers, and call upon all sects and persuasions, to assist in the magnificent, the glorious work of national regeneration—the regeneration of the entire human race, wherever intemperance has set up its dark dominions—and wishing to our brother tee-totaler, Mr. Mathew, that pure unbounded pleasure which words cannot speak, and which the view of the thousand bless-

ings he has scattered around him must bring—hoping that he will live to see all his most sanguine and benevolent wishes accomplished, that he may witness the success of his system which the high call he has received and his own indefatigable zeal in corresponding to it must ensure him; and that the happiness of a good conscience, an approving heart, and the commendations of all good men, which he possesses, may be changed after his departure from amongst us—a far distant event we hope, into the imperishable glories of another world!*

* The above sketch is compiled from the recently published Memoir of the Rev. T. Mathew, by the Rev. J. Birmingham, and from the valuable pages of "The British Temperance Advocate."

DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M. P., ON TEE-TOTALISM.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A SPEECH,

Delivered at the South London Catholic Temperance Society.

THE REV. MR T. DOYLE, the chairman opened the meeting, and announced that Mr. O'Connell was present.

J. F. MAGUIRE, Esq., then addressed the meeting. After which,

Mr. O'CONNELL rose, when immense cheering continued for several minutes, and when the applause had subsided, he said that Mr. Maguire had, for a temperance man, praised him rather violently. This was the first time he had delivered a public address upon the temperance question. (Cheers.) He had, as was his duty, frequently before spoken of it, by way of parenthesis, in his political speeches; but this was the first time he had made it the subject of a special address. He was grateful to the "South London Catholic Total Abstinence Society," for the opportunity they had offered him of doing so. (Cheers.) He could not bring forward, as an excuse, that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, (laughter,) for he had spoken as much as any living man, and a "tail in," as they say in Ireland (laughter and cheers); but, in truth, he was delighted with the opportunity thus afforded him, for he had no higher ambition than to associate his humble name with those of the regenerators of his

countrymen. (Cheers). He had a no more darling ambition than to rank himself with those who were engaged in the great and glorious cause of temperance. He had not yet taken the pledge; he intended to take it (cheers); yes, he would take it—for never would he ask from others, a sacrifice he was not willing to make himself. (Cheers.) As he had the honour to address a meeting of temperance men, whose honour to the pledge was given, and all of whom he respected, he would tell them why he had not taken the pledge. Ireland, as they too well knew, was, unfortunately, the scene of party feuds, political differences, and religious animosities. (Hear.) Father Mathew was desirous that his great moral movement should stand, as much as possible, unaffected by any of these. (Hear.) He did not know how any living man could charge him, or any act of his, with being influenced by religious animosity; for, throughout the whole of his life, he had cautiously, and from conscience, avoided it. (Hear, hear.) There was something too awful in religion, which was between man and his Maker, for any other man to interfere in respect of it. (Cheers.) He had never done so—and charity to all had

been his maxim. But such were the enemies of Ireland, that they would have been glad, by any act of his, to be able to give a religious, or, as they would say, a sectarian character to the exertions of the great apostle of temperance. Then, as regarded politics, it would be folly to say that his whole life had not been political—he was an ambulatory mass of politics in his own proper person (laughter and cheers); and glad would the foes of Ireland have been, if they could check the rapid progress of the temperance movement in that country, by urging that it was a movement for a political purpose.—(Cheers.) They would see, then, why he had not taken the pledge. (Hear.) Through life he had been temperate (loud cheers); and now, if he had more strength than was usually given to men at his years, he could attribute it only to the temperance which he had observed through life; he had never approached to intoxication. (Cheers.) After this preface, he begged heartily to congratulate the members of the "South London Catholic Temperance Society," for the example they had set in taking the pledge, and in, he hoped, faithfully keeping it. (Loud cheers.) He thanked them for the good they had done to themselves—for the good example they had set to others—and for the sympathy they had shown with those on the other side of the Channel, who, for the last two years, had made so splendid, so magnificent, an advance in the temperance movement. (Loud and tremendous cheering.) He would not hear the Irish traduced—he was their defender—he was counsel, with a general retainer, for the Irish people. (Loud cheers.) I am the advocate, he said, not only of their political rights, but also the defender of their moral character. (Cheers.) He asserted also that there is no people more religious, and that there is no nation more moral than the Irish. (Loud cheers.) He said it not boastingly; but he said it with a solemn conviction of its certitude—that there is not on the earth a people amongst whom husbands are more affectionate to their wives, or wives more endeared to their husbands. (Cheers.) There is not a land on the globe where parents are more fond of their children—where children are more

obedient and attached to their parents—where brothers are more fraternal to each other—or where all the duties of home, and of kindred, are more sacredly discharged. (Cheers.) This he boldly asserted. Who could deny it? The Irish character might be derided by the impudent, the saucy, and the sneering—their manners might be ridiculed, because they were different; their language might be the subject of taunts, because thinking in Irish as they did—and they did not think the worse for that—their language might be un-English: all this might be done, but he hurled back with scorn every attempt to malign the Irish character, or to deprive it of one ray of that glory which encircled it. (Loud cheers.) He would allude to one glorious fact—he would not launch into polemics—he spoke only historical facts. Let them look then to history, for proof of the religious fidelity of the Irish. (Cheers.) He had many relatives, near and dear to him, who were Protestants, and to them he had said, "You are Protestants, and do not think the Catholic religion as good as your's; but show me, if you can, any other people who have resisted alike the power and the seduction of government; show me any people but the Catholics of Ireland who have defied the power of the state—who have submitted to robbery, to exile, to torture, and the scaffold; show me any other people but the Irish Catholics who have so nobly sustained, for centuries, a most cruel, unrelenting, and emaciating persecution, and who came out of that persecution more numerous than they went into it—show me any other people who have acted, died and suffered thus, merely to preserve their religious fidelity, and to uphold in its glorious integrity, the faith their fathers held to God." (Loud cheers.) Yes; on the question of religious fidelity he would fearlessly challenge a comparison between Ireland and any nation on the face of the earth. (Hear.) Who did not respect fidelity? Who did not hate a traitor and detest the renegade?—(Cheers.) Even the man who profited by a renegade would abhor him in his heart. Here then he took his stand. He challenged the production of any land, or of any people equal to the Irish, for their unconquerable and heroic

fidelity to their religion. (Cheers.) He defied the production of such a nation, of such a people. Ireland had many martyrs; she had scarcely one renegade. (Cheers.) Of Ireland, of faithful Ireland, he was proud to be the unpurchaseable advocate. The Irish were not merely nominal Catholics, calling themselves so, and still neglecting their duties. Oh, no! there is not a nation in Europe—and he was proud of it—there was not a nation in Europe in which the practical duties of Catholics were more faithfully discharged; and the number of communicants at the chapels in Ireland showed how deeply the principles of faith were planted in the breast of the Irish, and how strongly their conduct was influenced and directed by their religion. (Cheers.) He spoke of their country. In all nations there would be some individuals whose conduct must be deplored; but, as a people, the Irish bore away the palm for religious fidelity over every other. (Loud cheers.) Such a people ought to enjoy every blessing and prosperity; but in His inscrutable designs, Almighty God had been pleased to visit Ireland with affliction. In His providence, the good are often here below afflicted, whilst the wicked prosper. He would not therefore ask why Ireland had been so visited? He would not ask why tyranny had laid her prostrate? Why she had been deceived by treachery? Why she had been the victim of a sanguinary ascendancy—or why her peace had been destroyed by the abominable extent of orange domination? (Hear, hear.) All he could say was, that he knew it had happened—that God had permitted it; but he trusted that, sooner or later, the day of mercy would approach—that, sooner or later, affliction would be succeeded by pardon and healing—that, sooner or later, man's neglect and cruelty would be triumphed over by the justice and fostering care of Heaven. (Tremendous cheering.) He hoped that day was fast approaching—he thought even now, the star of hope was rising, and that soon the sun of justice, in full meridian splendour and power, would shed the light of freedom and the blessings of prosperity over every portion of his native land. (Loud cheers.) Why did he cherish these hopes? Because, from

her fidelity to religion—from her services to religion,—Ireland was worthy of such regeneration. (Loud cheers.) Throughout the extent of Europe,—what was the character of her people? "*semper et ubique fidelis*." Yes!—the sons of Ireland were always and every where faithful. When exiled and scattered, her people became apostles of the Catholic religion. He did not think that in England they would have so many Catholic chapels, were it not for the Irish who came to their shores. In the colonies, the lay Irish were apostles of the old religion;—and, in short, wherever the Irish Catholic went, the emblem of the cross of salvation was reared. (Cheers.) Formerly it was the pastors, the learned men, and the saints of Ireland, who went to convert Europe to Catholicism. In France, in Prussia, and in various parts of the continent, the fact of so many cathedrals being dedicated to Irish saints, is proof sufficient that Irish missionaries were the apostles of the truth in those countries. (Hear.) What the pastors and learned men did then, the lay Irish did now. He did not despise—nay he could not sufficiently extoll the zeal of the Catholic priesthood,—many of whom were labourers for the enlightening of those who were in darkness in foreign lands; but he was proud to say, and he could not but claim it for them, that the lay Irish, faithful to their religion in themselves, extended its truths and its blessings to every portion of the globe, to which, by sorrow or enterprise, they might be driven. Why did he dwell on these points? It was to show that the Irish were worthy of so stupendous a moral miracle being wrought amongst them as that which was now in progress. (Hear.) Thousands and thousands had taken the pledge from Father Mathew, (tremendous cheers,) and yet, he said, in his own good natured way, "that he was only beginning, and that bye-and-by he might be able to do something." (Laughter.) He remembered an anecdote connected with the election at Waterford, in 1826. There was a priest who had fifty-six voters in his parish, whose arrival was anxiously looked for. The old gentleman made his appearance, and on being asked where the voters were, he said, "I am an old man; if I

was young I might do something."—"What; have you done nothing?" was then asked of him, and he replied as before, and at last he said, "I am an old man; if I was young, I might do something;—but there's fifty-six of the voters: fifty-five are in town here;—the other is sick, and I lent him my horse and gig and he'll be here in the morning" (laughter); and he added, "I am but an old man, if I was young I might do something." (Great laughter.) This was like Father Mathew; he had enrolled upwards of a million, and yet he said he was only beginning, but that bye-and-by he might do something. (Loud laughter.) It was thus that the Irish laughed in the midst of things, in themselves most serious, and he believed that he had laughed as much as any other man. But now let him solemnly ask—Was there ever anything equal to the great movement now going on in Ireland?—there were hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands,—yes, and hundreds of thousands travelling twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and even sixty miles, when they heard of a place that Father Mathew would visit: they travelled thus far, notwithstanding their poverty and the seasons, to renounce before him for ever—that animal gratification, which, in its commencement, is pleasant to the human frame, but which leads to vice, poverty, and crime. (Hear, hear.) They travelled, as he had described, to renounce the only luxury which that oppressed and injured people knew. (Loud cheering.) They knew not the comfort of a well stored table, they had no choice viands, no skilful cooks, no enticing confectionaries;—alas! intoxicating liquors were the only luxury their misery had left them; and that they have now renounced! (Tremendous cheers.) Father Mathew sees before him a vast crowd to-day. They take the pledge, and it would be thought that the neighbourhood was exhausted. He goes a few miles further, and he finds a similar crowd. (Hear, hear.) He returns to the former place, and fresh crowds still gather round him. (Hear.) The day is not long enough for his exertions; he is followed, and sought after; nay, he is almost hunted to administer the pledge. (Hear, hear.) Did ever a nation exhibit such a spectacle?

(Cheers). Oh! there is an insurrectionary movement in Ireland; but it is not an insurrection against the law; it is not for the perpetration of crime; it is not an insurrection against the peace, for the destruction of property, or for the taking away of life: but, it is an insurrection in favour of morality, of religion, of virtue, and of exact conduct. (Continued cheering.) Yes, that is the insurrection. What country could show anything like it? Is it Spain?—No! Is it France? Oh, no! Is it any part of Germany, where they smoke and drink from morning to night? No! Is it proud and palmy England? No! Is it Scotland? No! It is only in Ireland—in neglected Ireland, which is so calumniated—it is only Ireland—after her years of bitter persecution, that, by the blessing of God and the help of good men—so sublime an exhibition of morality can be exhibited. It is there, and it is only there, that millions can be seen, solemnly pledged to avoid, not only the vice, but the occasion of it. (Tremendous cheering.) It might be bad taste in him to boast of being an Irishman, but he was proud that he was so. (Cheers.) He did not wish to disparage any nation, but upon the two questions of religious fidelity and of morality, he claimed the palm for Ireland. (Loud cheers.) Let them show him a nation equal to her in these, and he would bow to it; but until they could do so, he would stand erect, he would strike his heart, and thank God he was an Irishman. (Loud cheering.) It had been said that the Irish would not so rapidly join the total abstinence, if they had not been such determined drunkards. He denied that they were so. Labour, fatigue, poverty, and want, had, no doubt, drawn many to the dram shop, there to seek the only momentary gratification which they were able to secure; the mother and children perhaps shared the oblivious draught, and, with the unhappy father, became the worse for it afterwards. This, however, did not make the Irish a drunken people. They were not so, and he had documents to prove it. (Hear, hear.) Parliamentary papers clearly proved, that, taking the consumption of whiskey in Ireland and Scotland, as compared with the respective population of the two countries, every Scotchman drank

as much whiskey as two Irishmen. (Laughter). In Ireland, illicit whiskey was nearly put down; in Scotland the quantity of smuggled whiskey was very great. He would not trouble them with details of puncheons, gallons, gills, &c., but to this he pledged himself, and if, as he often had, he had a jury before him, he would show from the parliamentary papers, that every Scotchman, taking man to man, drank twice as much whiskey as an Irishman. (Hear). He would show this so plainly, that even a jury of Scotchmen would say it was true. (Laughter and cheers). The Scotchmen were greatly praised. They were praised for their education, for their industry, for their sobriety. They were thus praised by Englishmen, and by some Irishmen. They are a brave and a loyal people. They never let a foreign foe conquer them; and he respected them for it. (Loud cheers). He did not care how much they praised the Scotch, for the more they praised them, the higher they raised the Irish character, because the Irish only drank half as much as the Scotch. (Laughter.) Again. See how the operations of Father Mathew extend themselves! A friend of his, witnessing a large procession, said to him: "These men all seem to have new clothes." It happened, however, that it was the men, and not the clothes, that were changed; for sobriety had taught them cleanliness. (Hear, hear.) Look next to the perseverance of those who take the pledge. (Hear.) It is scarcely ever heard that it is broken. (Cheers.) This is as it ought to be. If a man is inclined to break it, let him return the medal, and not disgrace it; but by returning it he would proclaim his intention to become a drunkard,—and who would like to do that? (Laughter.) In Waterford, a basket woman, in the market, had taken the pledge. She had been cautioned not to do so; but she took it, and broke it. None of those about her would speak to her. She was like one who did not belong to society; remorse, regret, and a sense of shame came upon her, and she is now a mad woman in an asylum. Every caution should be used before taking it. When it is once taken, it should be kept, or the violator of it becomes a faithless man. (Hear.) In the town of Tarbert,

a man had broken his pledge, his medal was taken from him, and he was put into a cart and drawn through the town: not a hair of his head was touched. He was taken home and left there, but no one would speak to him, and, soon after, he was glad to get out of the town! (Laughter). The quantity of whiskey drank in Ireland was no proof of a drunken people. It was not the poor who drank it. It was the schooneen squires: it was the Jackeens!—the little Just-asses,—the steeple chase riders, and the Buckeens, as they called them in Ireland:—these were the boys that drank nine tenths of the whiskey. (Laughter and cheers.) The reformation produced by the pledge in Ireland was astonishing. (Hear.) He knew a young gentleman, of excellent descent, whose intemperate habits made him a disgrace to his family. When he met him, he moved his hat to him, but he never gave him his hand; but he took the pledge, and became president of the temperance society in his own town, and he never gave his hand with more affection to any one than he did to that young gentleman, who is now an honour to his family, and the pride of his friends. (Loud cheers.) Again. In the town of Tralee, there was a man named Higgins, who belonged to a bad trade, for he was a process server, (laughter) and he was so fond of spirits, and, at the time of the cholera, he feigned that he had it, in order to get into the hospital to have the brandy. (Laughter.) That man has taken the pledge, and he is now as well dressed as any person of his station in the town, instead of being in rags as he used to be. (Loud cheers.) He is, too, as sober a man as if he had never drank anything stronger than water during his life. (Hear.) As regarded pledged total abstinents, those, no doubt, were the best who had never used spirits; but next to these were those who had been reclaimed. (Hear.) The pledge was not an oath, but it was an honest man's word; and what man was honest, whose word was not as good as his oath? (Cheers). Before Almighty God, there was a difference; but he who breaks his pledge, breaks his word, and thus becomes worse than the beasts of the field, for they do not tell lies. (Laughter.) If it were said that taking the pledge is a proof of former drunk-

edness, was it not also a proof of present virtue! (Loud cheers.) They all knew by how high an authority it had been declared: that repentance gladdened even the angels of God. (Cheers.) He had heard it said that the habitations of the Irish in London were more filthy and squalid than those of others of their class. Upon this, he had to state a very important fact. The committee of the parish of Marylebone, some time ago, appointed several gentlemen, of various creeds, to inspect the habitations of the poor, and they reported that they found the Irish much more kind to each other, and more cleanly in their houses than others in the same circumstances. In Ireland the people were now abandoning that which excited to crime; the temptation to vice was being taken away, and, as the best proof against drunkenness, he had only to say, make a man drunk, and he is fit for anything. (Hear) One of the old stories, in which truth was so well conveyed, represented a man who was under some obligation to the devil (laughter), and who was required by him either to cut his mother's throat, rob his father, or get drunk. The man chose the last as the least; he got drunk accordingly, and then he committed the other two crimes. There was no immorality, there was no vice, to which a man could not be drawn by the use of spirituous liquors. (Hear.) By the habitual drunkard, the voice of God could scarcely, if ever, be heard. For the constant drunkard, there was, he might say, no repentance; and even if the grace of God itself was shut out from him, by the diabolical excitement around him, it could not penetrate that shield of mental darkness and degradation of heart which surrounded him. Drunkenness was not merely one vice: its name was legion. (Hear, hear.) Look at the courts of justice; they show that men drink liquors to prime themselves for the commission of the worst of crimes. (Hear.) Did any one ever know a drunkard who was a moral man? He could not be a good father,—that must indeed be a bad being who did not love his own offspring; and how could he love them, if he squandered what was necessary for their comfort, in a beastly and degrading vice? (Hear, hear.)

Drunkenness unfitted a man for all the relations of life: it unfitted him for public business, and for domestic pursuits, and if liquor were once indulged in by a woman, it turned an angel into a demon. In the house of the temperate man, all is happiness. He shares with his family every shilling. He goes to his repose with happiness, and in the morning his breakfast, and his children's is abundant. It has not been wasted the previous evening at the public-house, and his appetite has not been worn away by nausea and feverish restlessness. (Hear, hear.) On Sunday he sees his children well attired; and if you want him, seek him not in the tap-room; he is not there, but at the altar of his God. (Hear, hear.) Yes! in proportion as habits of intemperance are checked, the religious feelings rise and piety expands. (Hear, hear.) He had heard from the Catholic clergy of Dublin some time ago, that so regular were their flocks, that there were not in a congregation above twenty heads of families who did not go to their communion at least once a year. He had recently heard from the same clergy, that the progress of temperance, has increased, by one fourth, the time which was required for hearing confessions. (Hear, hear.) He now spoke of Dublin; but throughout Ireland the public houses were empty, and the chapels full. (Cheers.) He could not tell them the delight he had felt in addressing that meeting. He knew not that he had ever spent an evening more pleasantly. He knew that their cause would soon secure them many temporal advantages; and though he ought not to preach, he would also add, many additional graces from God. Temperance, in fact, was good for everything. (Cheers.) He rejoiced that Ireland had first begun in the glorious career. (Cheers.) Again he thanked the South London Catholic Temperance Society for the opportunity they had afforded him of opening his heart fully, and expressing his feelings upon this most important subject—upon this, the crowning of the fidelity of faithful Ireland. (Loud cheers.) He called upon all who heard him, to set the example of taking the pledge; it would make their wives glad, and their children would joy around them. They would see their children imitators of

their sober virtue, and wearing their temperance medal, like a young gentleman whom he then saw before him. They would thus find comfort, and no pain, from their rising offspring. They would then be dearer to themselves; more affable, and more beloved by their neighbours and friends. The police would never come to their dwellings to seek the riotous youth; they would never be taken before an arrogant magistrate, to be taunted as 'Patlanders;' they would never give those wretched penny-a-liners an opportunity of caricaturing a case, to try to make Ireland ridiculous. No; but protected from vice, disenthralled, and free,—advancing in virtue as they progressed in years—they would be respected by their neighbours; they would be a pride to themselves; the glory of their parents; an honour to their country and their name; and they would live in amity and felicity with all mankind. (Loud cheers.) Let then the pledge be considered inviolable. (Cheers.) Let it be considered as given to their Maker; let a stigma and a stain be upon the recreant who breaks it; let him be treated as a deserter from the field of battle, at the moment of the conflict. What would they think of the man who ran away from the bullets at Waterloo? Would they not shun him, cover him with disgrace, and overwhelm him with shame? (Cheers.) They were now engaged in a moral Waterloo. (Cheers.) No blood would flow: no injury would be done; morality was to be established, and virtue to be upheld. (Cheers.) He would say then, 'stand to your pledge!' (Loud cheers.) Brothers in the cause the cause of the abstinence pledge—for 'brothers,' said he, 'I will call you, stand to your pledge!' Members of the South London Catholic Temperance Society! be you Englishmen or Irishmen, show your national honour! Blend with it Christian chivalry, and stand to your pledge: bear it unblemished through life, until in death you present it to your God, who will reward you. (Loud cheers.) Father Mathew will soon be in London. (Tre-

mendous cheering.) I mean to inform him of all that has occurred here this evening, and I think it will hasten his arrival. (Loud cheers.) I hope soon to have an opportunity afforded me of meeting the other temperance societies in London, to encourage them and consult with them as to the reception to be given to the great apostle of temperance when he arrives here. (Cheers.) Again I thank you for this meeting. I am for liberty for every man all over the world. In politics, I am a thorough radical; in religion, I am, from conviction, a sincere Catholic. There is no nation or country, or caste, or colour, or clime, for the freedom of which I am not the advocate! (Loud cheers.) Wherever there is a slave, I will try to strike off his chains! and wherever there is a victim of oppression, I will labour to wipe the oppressions away. (Cheers.) Friends of the temperance pledge! again allow me to call you brothers in this great cause! (Loud cheers.) In the temperance movement I know there is no politics; but should the hour of trial come, the best politicians will be those who have taken the pledge! (Loud cheers.) They would run after no wild, visionary, or mischievous scheme. They would come to the contest with sobriety and virtue; they would support it, and leave it without astain. (Cheers.) Hence in temperance, there was patriotism; and was there one there who could forget that he had a country?" He had, with pleasure, watched their countenances, while he had so feebly addressed them. He saw their sincerity; he admired their enthusiasm; he need not say to them, stick to your colours, for he knew that they were determined to do so, and that nothing would make them swerve from the pledge, which could do mischief to none; but upon which would fall the praise of man, the applause of their own consciences, and the blessing of God.

The meeting was then addressed by other gentlemen, after which several persons signed the pledge, and the company separated, highly entertained with the proceedings of the evening.

TEE-TOTALISM NOT SECTARIAN.

"For forms of faith let senseless zealots fight—
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

POPE.

WHENEVER an *able* advocate resorts to a variety of weak and frivolous arguments, in support of *his own* cause, it may be safely concluded, that the cause is unsound, and that he knows it to be so.

The venders of ardent spirits, throughout the world, even at the present auspicious era of the temperance reform, are a numerous, powerful, and vigilant body of men; wise in their generation, to perfection. If the traffic in spirituous liquor could be defended, by the ingenuity of man, it is reasonable to believe, that, among the multitude, an advocate, sufficient for the work, would lift up his voice in its defence.

The respectability of those who denounce the traffic as immoral, entitles their opinions, publicly and formally delivered before the world, to the most careful consideration of the whole human family. The purity of their motives is beyond suspicion. The universality of their character is obvious: they come from all quarters of the world, and lay aside, as they approach this great common field of philanthropy, the discriminating badges of their various professions, and political opinions, and religious creeds. However unable to agree upon other matters, they heartily concur in the opinion, and they solemnly pronounce that opinion, that the use of ardent spirit as a drink, and the traffic therein are morally wrong, and ought to be abandoned through the world. This opinion has been repeated again and again; by the Congressional convention:—by the great convention at Philadelphia, from all the states;—by the highly respectable convention at Worcester;—by the New York state convention, at Utica!—and, more recently, by the convention in the state of Connecticut. Many of the most eminent men, of this and other countries, have been forward to promulgate and sustain this formal declaration. The reasons, on which it rests, have been scattered abroad upon the

earth, like the leaves of the trees. They have fallen upon every dwelling, like the drops of rain. Journals, magazines, circulars, reports, tracts, tales, full of information and interesting narrative, have been distributed with an unsparing hand.

What then, in the shape of an argument, do the venders of spirituous liquors propose, in justification of their continued traffic?—Absolutely nothing. —For a time, it was undoubtedly believed by many, that the temperance reform would pass away, like a vapour. Under this belief, the voice of worldly wisdom whispered to the venders, that their strength lay in silence and perfect inaction. The continual accession of strength, to the side of temperance, and the daily diminishing demand for the drunkard's beverage, began, at last, to impair that belief. Indications of restlessness were occasionally exhibited. "At a large and respectable meeting of the grocers in the city of Boston, it was unanimously resolved, that they looked, with deep regret, upon the proceedings of the self-styled friends of temperance." Nothing could be more natural, than that a body of men, who sold ardent spirits, should look with regret upon the efforts of those who were combining to persuade the world not to drink it any more. But the friends of temperance were not likely to be diverted from a course, upon which the Father of Mercy might be supposed to vouchsafe a smile of approbation, because the venders of strong drink looked upon that very course, through the dust of self-interest, with "*deep regret*."

When no argument can be found to sustain a practice,—and such is not a very wonderful condition of things, if the practice be morally wrong,—the most common course is to impugn the motives of those who combine to oppose that practice. Accordingly, however preposterous the allegation may appear, the temperance reform has been called, even in America, a *sectarian*

thing. A country, in which, under its declaration of rights, no denomination of Christians can be subordinate, in law, to another; and no religious faith can rise and reign, as the religion of the land.

In a sequestered part of this country there is a beautiful river, upon whose unfrequented shores I have often strolled, when a schoolboy. Upon a Saturday afternoon, when it was too hot for the fish to bite, and not even the attraction of a fine young frog would draw out the motionless pickerel from his covert, under the lily pad leaf; how often have I laid at length, upon that river's bank, listening to the wind, sighing through the tall pines. This scene of my early recollections was then the very empire of stillness, undisturbed, save, now and then, by the clarion throats of two or three colloquial crows, perched upon the topmost branches; or the splash of a solitary kingfisher, the halcyon of the rivers and lakes.—But it has passed like a vision.—I know nothing so closely resembling the operation of the finger of magic, as the change which has been wrought in these sequestered shades. Upon this lonely spot, then unmarked by the finger of man, now not a vestige of nature remains. Even the river has been diverted from its course; and its bright waters, which used to glide so delightfully along, have been restrained by barriers, and converted into artificial cascades. The tall pines have been brought low; the crow, and the kingfisher, and the hill fox, have been driven into deeper recesses, by the progress of civilization, like the pursued and persecuted red man; and the sighing of the winds and the carolling of the birds, in a May morning, have given place to the roar of waterfalls, the ringing of bells, and the noise of machinery. The clear and aromatic atmosphere of the pine lands, is filled with the smokes of a thousand fires, and rendered almost unbreathable, by its commixture with poisonous vapours. Even the waters are unnaturally tinged with a variety of dyes, and rendered unsafe for the use of man. In a word, this romantic spot is now the scene of a great manufacturing establishment. It is the nucleus, around which there has gathered a surprising alluvion of

population and wealth. It bears the name of Clatterville; and, among its inhabitants, there is not a more thriving, driving little man, than Mr. Aminadab Sharp.

This individual, who was one of the most successful merchants in Clatterville, had been well known in the Western country, as Captain Sharp. But I have never been able to discover the origin of this title of distinction, unless in the fact, that for several years after he went thither from New England, he was the sole owner and commander of one of those little square covered boats, which are frequently seen on the Mississippi, and known by the name of pedlar's arks; and which are commonly furnished with every variety of *notion*, from a tin cullender to a silk glove. We have nothing to do, however, with the early history of Mr. Sharp. He had become a man of handsome estate; owned the square brick house in which he lived; and was married to a very respectable woman, who, though she had no pretensions to beauty, belonged to that denomination of human beings, who are very appropriately called the salt of the earth. They had only one child, a boy of fair promise, and who received the name of his father. At this time, little Aminadab was four years old, and uncommonly forward for his time. Mrs. Sharp, was esteemed on all hands, a truly pious and excellent woman; and nothing would put her husband into such a violent passion as a suggestion from any quarter, that he himself was deficient in any of the Christian graces. He had subscribed most liberally in behalf of the new church; Parson Moody dined at his house, every Saturday, with all the punctuality of an eight day clock; the clergymen from all quarters made his house their home, whenever they exchanged with Parson Moody; and, besides, he had paid three-fourths of the cost of the new organ. Mrs. Sharp was a judicious woman, and comprehended her husband's character to perfection. Her words were all good words, in proper season. Occasionally she would place some useful book in his way; but she was too well acquainted with the infirmities of his temper, to attempt to argue with him on the subject of religion: She prayed for him in secret,

with all the fervency of an affectionate wife, that religion, pure and undefiled, might spring up in his heart. Nevertheless, there was a subject upon which she felt herself conscientiously impelled to argue strenuously against the opinions of her husband; the education and general management of little Aminadab were an everlasting source of painful disagreement between them. Mrs. Sharp upon this interesting theme, reasoned with great calmness, until the period arrived, and it invariably did arrive, when her husband would listen to reason no longer. She was particularly desirous that Aminadab should profit by attending the Sunday school. This her husband opposed with great earnestness. "Look at me," said he, "I've got on thus far pretty well. I've never been to a Sunday school. I'll never agree to it; and, sooner or later, you'll find my words to be true. It's all a sectarian thing." Mr. Sharp promised his wife, that, if Heaven should be pleased to grant them another child, male or female, it should be entirely under her direction; but he insisted on the privilege of rearing their first-born, Aminadab, according to his own notions of propriety. In little more than a year, Mrs. Sharp became the mother of another boy. She reminded her husband of his agreement, almost as soon as she heard its life cry; and, in the joy of his heart, he solemnly ratified the engagement, conceding in all things to her wishes, even in the matter of baptism. Little Aminadab had never been baptized, for, as Mr. Sharp justly observed, he had never been baptized himself, and he never meant to be; but he had gotten on pretty well in the world; indeed he looked upon every kind of baptism, as a sectarian thing. Little Joel, for that was the name chosen by Mrs. Sharp, in honour of her father, was in due time given to the Lord in baptism.

It was a favourite notion with Mr. Sharp, that boys were put to their learning at much too early a period. Aminadab was permitted to run at large until he was eight years old. At length, by the earnest persuasion of Mrs. Sharp, her husband was prevailed on to commit him to the care of Ma'am Wilkins, who was accordingly sent for to the house; and, in the presence of her in-

tended charge, received particular instructions never to break the little fellow's spirit, by the application of the rod. "If study should not agree with him," said Mr. Sharp, "let him do as he pleases, pretty much. Leave the matter to nature, which is the true guide after all. I've gotten on pretty well in the world, as you see, Ma'am Wilkins, and I was left pretty much to myself. Making boys study against their wills is going against nature, and this new fangled business of whipping children, in my opinion, is nothing but a sectarian thing." Ma'am Wilkins was too discreet, to permit an exhibition of her own notions of discipline to disturb the happy relation subsisting between herself and so important a man as Mr. Sharp. She accordingly patted Aminadab on the head, and expressed the high satisfaction she enjoyed, in the prospect of becoming his instructress. As she rose to take her departure, it was a wonder that she did not throw the whole tea-service down upon the floor; for Aminadab had contrived to pin the table-cloth to her gown; and, as it was, she went off with a large yellow marigold in her bonnet, which was not noticed by Mrs. Sharp, till Ma'am Wilkins was half across the common. Every judicious parent will agree, that Aminadab was richly entitled to a smart whipping, or an equivalent in some other form. "The boy will be ruined," said Mrs. Sharp, "if he goes unpunished for this." "Let him alone, my dear," said her husband, who sat, shaking his sides with laughter, "it is only another evidence of his genius. Such a child requires but little teaching. He'll be a self-made man, mark my words. I used to cut such capers myself, when I was a boy, and yet you see, my dear, I've gotten along pretty well in the world."

Ma'am Wilkins had not much reason to flatter herself upon the acquisition of a new pupil in the person of master Aminadab Sharp. The incident of the table-cloth was an inauspicious omen; and the discovery, which was not made till she reached her home, that she had been parading upon Clatterville common, with a large yellow marigold in the back of her bonnet, afforded no very favourable prognostic.

The missionary cause had become a subject of very considerable interest

with the more serious people of the village; and Mrs. Sharp was particularly desirous of promoting its welfare. Unfortunately her husband had formed an opinion against it, "What is the use," said he, "of wasting money upon people, whom we don't know and don't care for, at the other end of the world." "They are our fellow-creatures," said Mrs. Sharp, "they have souls to be saved, and we can send them bibles and missionaries, which may prove the means of salvation." "Charity begins at home," he replied. "Well, my dear," she rejoined, "there are home missions, to which your charity will be directed, if you prefer it." "I don't prefer any thing about it," said Mr. Sharp, "I've studied the subject to the bottom; mark my words, if it don't turn out a sectarian thing."

In a fortnight, Ma'am Wilkins became entirely satisfied, that she must give up the school in Clatterville, or Aminadab Sharp. He was not only a privileged character, but, being conscious of his own impunity for all his offences, he did precisely as he pleased, he encouraged the bad boys, and terrified the good ones, until he became, to the very letter, a praise to evil-doers, and a terror to those that did well. She addressed a respectful note to Mr. Sharp, informing him, that she could no longer be mistress, while Aminadab was master. Aminadab was accordingly withdrawn, Mr. Sharp being perfectly satisfied, that the school was altogether below the level of the boy's capacity. After a twelvemonth of idleness, he was sent to the public school.

It was about this period, if I remember rightly, that Mrs. Sharp became greatly interested in the success of an auxiliary bible society, in which several of her respectable friends were earnestly engaged. She desired the pecuniary aid of her husband. "Not a cent," said Mr. Sharp; "I know just how this thing was gotten up; I know who was at the bottom of it all; it's a sectarian thing."

Little Joel, in all his early indications of character, presented the closest resemblance to his elder brother. He was a sprightly and rather a mischievous child, but docile, good tempered, and manageable. Mrs. Sharp availed herself of all her vested rights, by virtue

of the compact with her husband, to bring up little Joel in the way he should go. She watched over him with unabating solicitude. From his earliest years she had taught and accustomed him to prayer; and he had now attained an age, when she conceived it to be proper to urge her husband to establish the practice of family devotion. "Wife," said he, "you and Joel may pray as much as you have a mind to. As for myself, though the thing may be well enough in itself, I'll have nothing to do with it. It's a sectarian thing." Accordingly Mrs. Sharp was in the habit, morning and evening, of taking little Joel into her closet, and offering up their prayers and thanksgivings to Almighty God.

The most excellent maxims, like the sharpest tools, are capable of incalculable mischief, unskilfully employed. The accession of unexpected wealth, the opportunity for indulging in any of the luxuries of life, long withheld and suddenly presented, are frequently followed by consequences of the most ruinous character. Mr. Sharp was perfectly satisfied of the truth of this position; but how strange an application he made of the principle, when he gave ardent spirit to little Aminadab, to accustom the child to their gradual employment, and as the means of preserving him from habits of intemperance. It is scarcely necessary to state that he looked upon the whole temperance reformation as a sectarian thing. He was singularly irritable, whenever the subject was introduced, and has been heard to affirm, with great violence of manner, that he would sooner cut off his right hand, than employ it in signing a temperance pledge. Parson Moody, who was a highly respectable Unitarian clergyman, had been earnestly requested, by Mrs. Sharp, to converse with her husband on the subject; for she had lately become somewhat alarmed at his daily and increasing indulgence. Parson Moody was a consistent advocate of the temperance cause. He had resolved, before God, to abstain from the use of spirit, and he had no scruples against giving an outward and visible sign of that resolution, before man. He had therefore signed the pledge of the temperance society. He was not of that number, who strain at

the gnat, after having swallowed and digested every inch of the camel. To be sure, among his parishioners, there were two wealthy distillers, and several influential grocers and retailers; but there were few clergymen, less likely to be diverted from the performance of any duty, by the fear of man. There was not an individual in the village, beside himself, who would have ventured, in the hearing of Mr. Sharp, to speak openly and decidedly in favour of the temperance reform. An occasion soon arose, which produced a discussion of considerable interest, between Mr. Sharp and his worthy minister. "Good morning, my friend," said Parson Moody, as he entered the merchant's parlour, at an unusually early hour, for a morning visit. Mr. Sharp returned the salutation, with his usual kindness of manner, for he had a high respect and esteem for the good clergyman. After he had been seated for a short time, Mr. Sharp, attracted by the uncommon solemnity of his manner, interrupted the silence, by inquiring after the news of the morning. "It is not an agreeable office to be the bearer of bad news," the good man replied. "Dear sir," exclaimed the affrighted merchant, rising suddenly from his seat, and seizing the minister by the hand, "has any accident happened to the factories?" "None that I have heard of." "You relieve me of my anxiety," rejoined the merchant. "And yet," continued his reverend friend, "you never had greater cause for anxiety, in your whole life. I have come here to discharge a duty, and to inform you, that, unless a remedy can be thought of, and immediately applied, your son Aminadab will become a drunkard!" "Gracious Heaven! what can you mean? My son a drunkard. I would rather follow him to his grave." "I know you would," the clergyman replied, "and I have no doubt, that the consequence, which I solemnly predict, appears altogether improbable to you. But permit me to ask you, my friend, are you ignorant that your boy drinks ardent spirit?" "My dear sir," said Mr. Sharp, "I have given him a little now and then, from his childhood, that he might become familiarised to the use of it; and lest, if I kept it from him, he might hanker after it; and, when he

became his own man, fall into bad habits." "My good friend," returned the clergyman, "did you ever hear of a sensible physician, who proposed to familiarise his patients with the cholera, or yellow fever, by inoculating them a *little*." "But the cholera and the yellow fever," said Mr. Sharp, "are fatal diseases, and drinking ardent spirit is by no means always fatal." "Nay, my friend," the minister rejoined, "those diseases are not always fatal, and inoculation, with the matter of either, is, in no respect, more unnecessary than drinking ardent spirit; which may, with perfect propriety, be called inoculation for intemperance. Some men will take the distemper, and others will not. Some will escape premature death, and do worse, by living on, a burthen to themselves and their friends. Four-fifths of all crime, and nine-tenths of all domestic wretchedness are believed to arise from the use of ardent spirit." "Be this as it may," Mr. Sharp replied, "I keep a good watch upon my boy, and nobody ever saw him the worse for liquor." "You deceive yourself, my friend," said Parson Moody, "this very last night he stole out of your back door, no doubt after you and your family were in bed, and, in the society of some of the most abandoned boys in the village, was found intoxicated, at a dram shop in Tinker's Alley."

When the evidence and statements of the good clergyman had removed every doubt of the fact from the mind of Mr. Sharp, he appeared to suffer the deepest distress, but expressed his determination to inflict severe personal chastisement upon Aminadab. "My afflicted friend," said Parson Moody, taking the hand of his parishioner, "will such a course be even-handed justice? Your child has, without doubt, been misled. Ought not the weight of your displeasure to fall upon the author of this deplorable mischief?" "Undoubtedly," replied the agonized father, "have you any suspicion, reverend sir, which may lead to his detection?" This faithful counsellor, still holding him by the hand, replied with an expression of mingled pity and severity:—"And Nathan said unto David, 'Thou art the man!'" The miserable father bowed down his head, and burst into a flood of tears.

For the first time in his life, the

image was fairly and faithfully before him of all the horrible consequences of his own unaccountable improvidence and folly. He had himself escaped, thus far, the shame and sin of habitual intoxication; and he had counted, with perfect confidence, upon the same good fortune for his child. He had admitted into the calculation no allowance for difference of moral power or physical temperament, to resist the destructive influence of ardent spirit; nor for the different kinds and degrees of temptation to which they might respectively be liable; nor for the fact, that he himself had commenced at the age of manhood, and that the experiment was begun with Aminadab, when a child.

Mr. Sharp was in the condition of a man, who had disregarded the symptoms of some fatal disease, the knowledge of whose existence had cast an air of solemnity over the countenance of every friend; while the sufferer himself, utterly unconscious how soon the lease of life would expire, sported with the flimsy remnant of existence, as if it were only the beginning. What are the sensations of such an individual, when the physician reveals to him the fatal secret, or the first gush of blood from the lungs summons the miserable pilgrim to put his house in order! Such were the miserable feelings of this unhappy parent, when he first began to realize, that he might yet live to commit the bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, his first born and favourite child, to the drunkard's grave.

His grief completely overwhelmed him. "I can pity you, and weep for you, my poor friend;" said the benevolent pastor, as the tears came into his eyes. "Ah, sir," exclaimed the unhappy father, "you know not how often and how earnestly I have set before this boy of mine the hateful picture of a drunkard. It is true I have indulged him in the temperate use of a little spirit, now and then, for the reasons I have mentioned; but I have always cautioned him to be careful in the use of it. Alas, my dear sir, I now see that I have committed a sad mistake. But what is to be done to save my poor child from destruction?" "That," Parson Moody replied, "is not only a most important,

but, I fear, a most difficult question. Prevention is a simple thing; remedy is often a very complicated and uncertain process. You have certainly, as you say, committed a sad mistake. If the paths of intemperance are indeed the gates of hell and the chamber of death, you have acted rashly, my unhappy friend, in permitting your son to enter even a *little* way. To be sure you have cautioned him not to become a drunkard, but have you not pushed your child a *little* way over a terrible precipice, while you raised your warning voice, to save him from falling into the gulf below? Have you not encouraged him to set fire to a powder magazine, and cautioned him to burn but a very *little*. I would not harrow up your feelings; but you have another son; your responsibilities to God are very great; and so are mine, as your spiritual guide. It is possible I have already neglected my duty, in withholding that counsel, which I now earnestly give you, as a friend, and as a minister of the gospel;—for the sake of your poor children, for the sake of society, for your own sake, my dear sir, I conjure you to abandon the use of ardent spirit, in all its forms."

During this solemn and touching appeal, Mr. Sharp had paced the room in great agitation of mind; at its conclusion, he grasped the hand of his reverend friend, and exclaimed, in a voice inarticulate for grief:—"Not a drop my worthy friend, not a drop shall enter my habitation, nor pass my lip, from this, the most miserable hour of my life." "Amen," said the holy man, "and may God grant it may be the most profitable hour of your existence."

After a short pause, "I hope," said Parson Moody, "to see the day, when you will be one of the most active and influential members of our temperance society."—"in regard to that," replied Mr. Sharp, "I can give you no encouragement whatever. I have thought upon the subject and read some of their books, but I have come to the conclusion, that this temperance reformation, as they call it, is nothing but a sectarian, thing."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

PENCILLINGS OF BACCHANALIANS,

BY QUIZZINA SKETCH.

No. 6.—THE MAGISTRATE.

"The question then, to state it first,
Is which is *better* or which *worst*—
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is *better*, neither *worse*."

BUTLER.

JASPER GOBLET, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of ———, prided himself on being an active magistrate; he might have justly exclaimed in the words of Iago—

"'Tis my nature's plague to spy into imperfections."

He was, in truth, a man so thoroughly acquainted with the seamy side of human nature, that if, even by accident, a good motive became apparent in the actions of any man, or a disinterested deed stood confessed to the worshipful Jasper Goblet's gaze, he viewed it with astonishment as a *lusus naturæ*, which he could not possibly understand. The crime that he held in greatest detestation as a vice of irredeemable magnitude was—poverty and humble station in society. This was a soil which, in his magisterial estimation, was fruitful in every vice, and he therefore regarded it with keenest suspicion; and his never failing topic of discourse, particularly when growing warm over his glass, was the immorality of the *lower orders*. On such occasions it was really a treat to hear the worthy magistrate dilate in particular on the *intemperance* that characterized the plebeian portion of the British public. It was not exactly the vice itself that roused his virtuous indignation, but those who practised it. Drunkenness was, in his impartial view, a very venial offence—if the perpetrator had a carriage to convey him home quietly, and screen his situation from the view and hearing of eyes and "ears polite;" but oh! the infamy of a poor wretch imitating "his pastors and masters, and all that are put in authority over him!" 'twas a species of insolence not to be borne! Wo to the miserable inebriate who came into the awful presence of Jasper Goblet, for he

was never known to remit a fine to an intoxicated husband, in answer to the fond and foolish supplications of some wretched wife, whose broken heart, like a shattered mirror, did but multiply the image of him who had crushed it. What had so great a man as he to do with the vices and sorrows of the *lower orders*, except to punish them?

This stern disciplinarian's personal tastes was as engrossing as his dislikes; he was usually accounted a *bon vivant*—a character held in considerable estimation in some *imposing* circles; and his connoisseurship in those weighty and grave matters relating to the quality and flavour of wines, liquors, and cordials, was never doubted; he had conferred an invaluable boon on the club to which he and the vicar, surgeon, and small gentry of his town belonged, by inventing and compounding a celebrated punch, which was named in honour of its inventor—"Nectar Magisterial." Whether this potent beverage had any thing to answer for or not the reader must decide, when he learns that Jasper Goblet's activity was sadly curtailed by the frequent visits of that most capricious and troublesome guest—GOUT. The worthy magistrate's temper, which was not proverbial for meekness and equanimity, did not improve in consequence of his companionship with this unwelcome visitant; and his look was so stern, that the little children (ever acute physiognomists) always retreated as fast as possible from any street his worship might happen to make his appearance in.

Jasper Goblet was a bachelor—the bottle brooking no rival in his affections. His chosen companion, when confined at home with his gout, was Ned Squeeze, his clerk, who united two

indispensable requisites—as a convivial associate, he was a good listener, and never failed to applaud in the right place; moreover, from some peculiarity of constitution he could drink an immense quantity without getting actually inebriated.

These two worthy representatives of *respectable* intemperance were sitting one cold winter evening by a rousing fire, over a bowl of the favourite “nectar magisterial.” The justice was dilating, in most eloquent terms, on the utter impossibility of devising any practicable plan for the moral improvement of the working classes; when, as if to illustrate his argument, notice was brought him of the attendance of two officers with a prisoner, who had been taken into custody while in a state of intoxication in the morning; and, being now sober, awaited the magistrate. Jasper Goblet heard the statement, and clothing his brow with its sternest look, he emptied his glass, and casting a wishful look at the tempting bowl, muttered something which sounded very like an oath or a substitute; and drawing a furred and wadded dressing gown closely round him, he signed to his man to wheel him in his invalid chair into the snug office adjoining the dining-room.

The culprit who stood before the justice was an immaciated looking young man, and the blush that crimsoned his wasted cheek, spoke a “mind not all degraded;” his clean but sordid apparel, patched with painful care, would have interested some observers; but in the magisterial eyes that now scowled on the hapless wretch, it was proof positive of that crying enormity—*poverty*! Two or three limbs of the law ranged themselves round the man, and their red noses and shaking hands libelled them sadly, and might have led mischievous persons to believe that they were actually not quite free from the fault charged on the abashed prisoner. However that might be, there was one spectator quite overlooked in the bustle of the moment—this was a little, pale, thin woman, shabbily yet neatly dressed, carrying a baby in her arms, and partly supported by a little boy of about seven years old, who, pale with terror, kept wringing his mother’s hand, and looking wildly towards his

father—for such was the relation which the female and the unfortunate man at the bar held to the poor, bewildered, panic-stricken child. This group were partially concealed behind the tall figures of the officials.

“Soh, fellow!” roared the stentorian voice of his worship, “you don’t look as if you had much money to throw away in your beastly drunkenness. It is not to be borne that lazy ruffians like you should fill our streets and annoy all the respectable inhabitants. But I shan’t waste words on you, it’s throwing pearls before swine. Are you prepared to pay the fine? (Here the worthy magistrate coughed, to conceal an impertinent hiccup that offered its services by way of parenthesis.)

“Sir,” said the young man in a hoarse and trembling voice.

“Say, your worship,” interposed the officials.

“Your worship,” said the young man, bowing respectfully, “I am more humbled than I can express at my conduct.”

“Oh, you are! that’s no answer to the question. Can you pay the fine?”

“No, sir,” replied the culprit, “I have no money; and if I had, it is not to save my own worthless self that I’d give it, while there’s those looking at me that want bread.”

“What does he say, Squeeze? he mutters so, I can’t hear the fellow.”

The clerk rubbed his eyes when thus appealed to, and replied—

“Oh, your worship, the old story, sir—no money, and if he had, would’nt give it.”

“Well, that’s cool; make out his commitment.”

There was a deep hysterical sob, and then the little pale woman hastily passed by the men who stood before her, and confronted the magistrate with glassy tearless eyes, and white lips quivering with dread.

“Oh, sir,” she gasped, “it’s the first time, it is indeed! pray have mercy on him; he has been out of work for months; you may see how we have wanted; look how woefully thin he is! He went to work yesterday for the first time since this baby was born. And see! he is no drunkard—the first money he had, he spent to buy boots for this dear boy, whose feet were bleed-

ing with this bitter weather. Show your boots, Willie, to the gentleman; tell him your father went hungry to his bed after his first day's labour to save your poor feet." "Oh, sir!" she continued, with that energy of despair which compels attention, "he left home with only cold potatoes to stay his stomach for this day's labour, and his fellow workmen would have him treat them—it's the rule of the trade—they would have got him out of his work if he had refused. Oh! think of that, sir; think of his losing his work, and we in such distress. The workmen told me he drank nothing compared to them; but on his empty stomach it made him quarrelsome and mad—indeed, indeed, sir, it's all true. Oh spare him to us, sir. He's the kindest and best husband in the world!"

"And father too!" sobbed the little boy, holding his tiny hands over his side, as if to keep his throbbing heart from bursting, while the wretched man bowed his head on the rail he held by, and wept aloud.

"Why don't you stop that woman's tongue, or turn her out?" shouted the magistrate, recovering from his indignant surprise at her audacity.

"Perhaps she can pay the fine," said the sleepy clerk.

"Well, confound ye, get it over one way or tother—the punch will be as cold as ice," growled the worthy justice in an under tone.

The poor woman looked from one to another. Oh how inexpressibly precious would have been one look of sympathy in that dreadful moment. Alas! the misery so mighty to her, was a sight they were accustomed to. She was roused from a stupor of grief by one of the men holding out his hand, and saying,

"Are you willing to pay the fine? or else I locks him up."

"For this poor baby's sake—" began the almost distracted creature.

"It's no use a palavering here—if you han't got the money, say so—his worship orders the office to be cleared."

"Do let me ask him once more."

"Don't say another word, my poor Nancy, or you'll see me die before you," groaned the miserable husband.

"Can't you make the money," whispered one of the men.

A sudden thought flashed across the poor woman's brain. She looked down on her thin and worn apparel; her hand grasped the shawl that covered her own bosom and her infant's head from the wintry blast. Though threadbare and old, it was clean and bright. "I'll be back in a minute," she exclaimed, and away she sped, as fast as her trembling limbs would permit, followed by her sobbing child.

In a space of time that attested the haste of the devoted wife, she returned; the winter sleet glistening and hanging to her thin gown, her slender frame unsheltered by the shawl, whose value it seemed she had over-rated, for little Willie's feet were also bare, though there was a look of joy in his innocent eyes. With trembling eagerness the poor creature paid the dearly purchased money, and in the next moment she was weeping, in the arms of her husband, the first tears that had moistened her burning eyelids since she had known of his disgrace.

There was brief space allowed for the overflowing of their feelings. The strong arms of "men in authority" thrust them out as unceremoniously as they brought them in. The night was very inclement, even for winter, but the glow of affection in the poor wife's heart spread over her feeble frame, and kept the chill night air from harming her, while the repentant husband, carrying his boy on his shoulder, pressed his little icy feet to his breast, and vowed amendment.

The party in the justice-room separated—the underlings to take a parting glass at "The John Barleycorn," and Justice Goblet, with the accommodating Mr. Squeeze, to finish their punch, and talk about the brutal intemperance of the lower orders.

SLAVERY IN BRITAIN!—WHO IS FREE?

"Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill,
Timon; here's that which is too weak to be a sinner
—Honest water, which ne'er let man i' th' mire."

SHAKESPEARE.

AMERICA is pointed at as the most inconsistent nation in the world for hoisting, on the citadel of its capital, the cap of liberty, and holding as the basis and fundamental principle of its national constitution, that "liberty is the inalienable right of man," and at the same time sanctions and upholds, by law, a system by which thousands, yea millions of its population are kept in perpetual and most degrading bondage. Now, whose indignation is not aroused by the contemplation of such inconsistency as this; and yet if we look to our own land, our boasted land of freedom, we shall find inconsistency quite as fearful, if not as glaring—for we groan under a bondage as destructive in its consequences as that which afflicts and stains that mighty land. Yes; slavery in Britain exists, and uplifts its hideous form on every side, for the demon of intemperance holds with an iron grasp, and binds with adamantine fetters, the bodies and souls of our fellow countrymen. Of these fetters none have a firmer hold than the customs and usages of society, of which scarcely any can be said to be more potent than the habit of toast drinking at public dinners. Here we find some of our best and greatest men held captive; and not only so, ("O tell it not in Gath") not only are they bound, but their very thralldom is made a matter of gratulation and public boast; but thanks to tee-totalism, we have a few noble minded and highly distinguished patriots, who have burst their fetters, and can publicly declare themselves free. A most interesting illustration of this took place last week at the Anniversary meeting of Cheshunt College, a report of which was published in the Patriot newspaper of last Thursday; but as numbers of the readers of your valuable periodical may not see that paper, an extract or two from the

speeches may not only afford interest to such, but become a means of extending the example of those highly distinguished advocates of the temperance cause, Sir Culling Eardly Smith, and the Rev. James Sherman.

After dinner Sir C. Eardly Smith was called upon to preside, who, in commencing the business said,—"He felt himself to be in a difficult position, as he had learned that it had been customary at the Anniversaries of Cheshunt College to propose toasts. Now he had subscribed to the total-abstinence pledge, which of course was incompatible with the drinking of toasts, (but as they would all feel that the Queen claimed their first attention,) he was sure that all would unite with him in praying, "that God would vouchsafe his blessing to Queen Victoria." He would now call upon

Rev. J. Blackburn, who, upon rising, said, he was not a tee-totaller; he was not in "bondage," and on that subject he had recently been preaching.—(Laughter and cheers.) * * *

After Mr. B. had finished his speech, he proposed a toast.

At the close of the meeting, and after several other toasts had been proposed,

The Rev. J. Sherman rose, and said, his brother Blackburn said, he was not in "bondage;" he must be allowed to say, that he (Mr. S.) had been enabled to break through the old and stupid custom of washing down sentiments by draughts of intoxicating liquors; he had thus become a *free man*. After the remarks that had been made at the expense of the tee-totallers, he felt himself bound to say thus much. (Cheers.)

W. B.

Walsworth Road,
July 21st.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

VENTILATION.—Did people put proper value on ventilation of apartments, as regards health, it would be more attended to than it is, of which the following fact is a proof:—Some years back, no less a number than 2944 infants out of 7650 died in the Dublin Lying-in Hospital, in the space of four years, within a fortnight after their birth! It was discovered that this circumstance arose from the want of a sufficient quantity of good air. The hospital was, therefore, completely ventilated, and the proportion of deaths was reduced to 279; so that out of the 2944 who had perished in the four preceding years, no less a number than 2665 had perished, if not solely, nearly so, from the foulness of the air! In my own experience, I can speak to the good effects of ventilation. I have been nearly forty years a house-keeper without ever having had anything like a malignant disease in my house. I attribute this blessing, in a great part, to a rigid observance of my orders, that bedroom windows (others of course) should be left open the greater part of the day, in all seasons of the year; that no bed should be made for at least three hours after it has been occupied; and that previously to its being made all the clothes belonging to it should be exposed separately to the air. Nothing is more likely to produce disease than beds made before they become cool and well aired.

THE BIOPHULAX.—A machine so named has been recently invented by Mr. Newsom, watch and clock maker, Tottenham, and appearing close upon the excitement caused by the late lamentable murders, bids fair to come into very extensive use. It is intended to act as an alarm to arouse the inmates of a house in case of fire, or an attempt by thieves or murderers to obtain forcible entrance through doors or windows. It is small and portable, and capable of being fixed on any desired spot, such as a door, window, or passage, without in the least disfiguring the appearance of them. It is operated on by means of wires extended around, and so sensitive as to sound an alarm on the slightest

touch, which it continues for several minutes, making a noise sufficient to awaken the soundest sleeper, and to deter the most determined intruder.

The machine also possesses the property of being operated upon by heat, so that if a house is on fire, or any position it is placed in attains a heat of 80 or 90 degrees, or even lower if the machine is regulated accordingly, it will immediately sound a peal. It is a most ingenious piece of mechanism, and promises to be very popular.

REMOVAL OF STAINS FROM BOOKS.—Nearly all the acids remove spots of ink from paper, but it is important to use such as attack its texture the least; spirits of salts, diluted into five times or six times the quantity of water, may be applied with success upon the spot, and after a minute or two, washing it off with clear water. A solution of oxalic acid, citric acid, or tartaric acid is attended with the least risk, and may be applied upon the paper and plates without fear of damage. These acids taking out writing inks, and not touching the printing, can be used for restoring books where the margins have been written upon, without attacking the text. When the paper is disfigured with stains of iron, it may be perfectly restored by applying a solution of sulphuret of potash, and afterwards one of oxalic acid. The sulphuret extracts from the iron part of its oxygen, and renders it soluble in diluted acids. The most simple, but at the same time very effectual method of raising spots of grease, wax, oil, or any other fat substance, is by washing the part with ether, and placing it between white blotting paper. Then with a hot iron, press above the part stained, and the defect will be speedily removed. In many cases, where the stains are not bad, rectified spirits of wine will be found to answer the purpose.

CHEESE PUDDING.—Take two eggs, well beaten, half a teaspoonful of cream, small portion of pepper and salt, two large table spoonsful of rich grated cheese. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

LITERATURE.

THE PASTOR'S PLEDGE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE. By the Rev. WILLIAM ROAF, of St. Paul's Chapel, Wigan. London: New British and Foreign Temperance Society.

THE title of this work, to us, is alluring, its contents valuable, and if read, with an unprejudiced mind by Christians generally, we hesitate not in giving it as our opinion, that the temperance reformation will be considerably advanced, and the Christian Church purified from the immoral traffic of buying and selling intoxicating drinks. We perfectly accord in the sentiments of the author, that "every person exerts an influence for good or for evil—that no man liveth to himself—and in the matter before us, each Christian is exerting an influence for or against the spread of true sobriety."

We have read the pamphlet attentively, and derived peculiar pleasure in its perusal, convinced as we are that even what is termed the *moderate* use of intoxicating drinks, have been attended with the most serious consequences, not only to the Christian church, but to the social and family circle generally. We congratulate the worthy pastor of the church at St. Paul's Chapel, Wigan, for the stand he has taken, as well as for coming forward in the uncompromising way he has; and we hope the line of conduct he has pursued will be adopted by other Christian teachers, and that they will respond with him, "However others act, that as for me and my house, we will entirely abandon the use of every thing fermented and distilled." In appealing to the people of his charge, he says—

"Let it be, therefore, dear friends, understood distinctly, that I address you on christian principles. While there is much in the temperance cause which may well secure the approbation of the patriot, the statesman, the philosopher, the physician, it is on christian grounds that I address you. I believe it is your *duty*, as churches, to sanctify yourselves from the accursed thing, and your *privilege*, as churches, to engraft, on your holy system, every beneficial plan that can be invented. The church of God is undoubtedly to gather

within itself all the virtues of the universe. Unless total abstinence be connected with the church, it is difficult to tell how it can live. The church alone is permanent, all other institutions are changable and dying. Let total abstinence become a component part of the church's piety, and it will instantly partake of the church's immortality. Let us then hope that you will at once adopt it. Let us hope that you will be as the lofty mountains catching the first rays of light, and sending refreshing streams to the valleys below. My hearts desire and prayer to God for you, is, that the strictest temperance may be one of the forms in which your piety shall manifest itself;—that it may express your piety and promote piety in others."

As to the baneful effects produced by intoxicating drinks, in not only demoralizing a nation, but bringing the Christian religion into contempt, the author boldly and fearlessly affirms, and we cordially coincide with him, that "INTEMPERANCE IS A GREAT FOE TO THE CHURCH."

"Is it not a fact," he says

"That in each of the three dispensations, the most virulent scandals on the church have arisen from the evil nature and results of the drinking habits of its members? Is it not a fact that the line of demarcation between the church and the world has been more obliterated over the social cup than by any other means: have not many professors drank and talked till they had put themselves in the power of the world—until they had lost the spirit of their Lord, and found their own?"

"Is it not a fact that our missionary operations are cramped through the property expended 'in vinous potations,' and enfeebled through the intoxicating character of the English residents and visitors at our stations? Have not our missionaries to apologise for the conduct of their countrymen? Is not their conduct an impediment to the spread of the gospel almost equal to idolatry itself? Yea; is not their conduct through intoxication as bad as any heathen system can render its votaries? And, not to mention New Zealand, do not the Mahomedans, if perchance one of their faith should become intoxicated, say, 'he is gone over to Jesus Christ's religion'; shaming christians with the taunt, 'that wine is their pleasure and paradise'; hardening their hearts against our faith, and rendering their conversion the forlorn hope of the church."

"Is it not a fact that where open immorality does not take place, in cases innumerable there is produced by habitual drinking, a deadness of conscience, a callousness of feeling, a weakness of memory, an indecision of heart which awfully quenches the Spirit in our sanctuaries—that revivals have been aided or impeded more by the comparative temperance of our congregations, than by any one class of habits?"

"Is it not a fact that through a want of the very funds expended in liquors, by the people of God, the church is failing to do her work in the earth; that Divine Providence is a long way in advance of the church; that God is clearly preparing the nations of the world to receive our 'image and superscription,' while, alas! our intoxicated habits would actually deform them?"

To every tee-totaler we unequivocally recommend a perusal of "The Pastor's Pledge," not only on account of the Christian zeal, and the philanthropy it breathes, but for the many invaluable *medical* testimonials it contains, corroborative of the total abstinence principle. Testimonies in themselves so incontrovertible, that the minds of those who are still a *little dubious*, notwithstanding the mass of evidence before them, as to the expediency of the total annihilation of all intoxicating drinks from the community at large. We give the following as specimens:

"Being of opinion that the use of intoxicating liquors is not only unnecessary, but pernicious, we have great pleasure in stating our conviction, that nothing would more tend to diminish disease, and improve the health of the community, than abstinence from inebriating liquors."—SIGNED BY SEVENTEEN PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, OF MANCHESTER.

"Those who take water in moderation, enjoy, to a very high degree, all the faculties, as well moral as physical and often attain advanced age."—ROZTAN.

"When men contented themselves with water they had more health and strength, and at this day those who drink nothing but water, are more healthy and live longer than those who drink strong liquors."—DR. DUNCAN.

"The tee-totalers are the very worst customers the doctors ever had. They will close the shops of the doctors as fast as they will the breweries. I have in eight years attended one thousand one hundred and thirty-seven cases of midwifery, and have invariably found that, other circumstances being equal, those mothers who never tasted malt liquors, wine or spirits, during, or subsequent to the period of labour, have had

the easiest labours, the earliest recoveries, and the best health afterwards. Nay, more, I know several mothers who never could nurse their children under the ale and porter system without suffering greatly in health, but who, after relinquishing the use of those baneful stimulants, have experienced a perfect freedom from disorder during the period of lactation."—A. COURTNEY.

Before we close our remarks, we cannot omit giving a short extract or two on "MODERATE DRINKING;" and to every unprejudiced mind we appeal, whether the facts therein stated are not an almost every-day occurrence—

"Myriads have thought it virtuous, because the religious part of the community practised it; and being destitute of religious restraints, have gone too far; just as the kids have o't'n been tempted to follow the goats over rocks and ravines to their ruin, so they were allured by religious people to the edge of the precipice, where their destruction was almost inevitable. They were encouraged by the success, and stimulated by the example of professors, to adventure on the moderate use of alcoholic liquors; but not possessing divine grace, and not marking how many of the professors had been destroyed, they were ruined for both worlds. I appeal as to wise men, judge ye what I say.

"Besides, who can assign limits to moderation? Does not the taste and tendency of liquors lead to a violation of all rules and to a crossing of all boundaries? Have not the most solemn intentions, the most firm resolutions, the most urgent entreaties, the most sacred interests, all been spurned, when men have orce 'looked on the wine that is red?' Has not that moderation been the inclined plane on which it was impossible to glide in graduated distances? May it not be compared to the vast whirlpool: 'the day smiles sweetly, the waters play harmlessly around our little bark; it is easy floating; we need no oar nor helm; there is motion without effort or care; the circle sweeps with so large a diameter that it seems like a straight line; but ah! the delusion, it is the curve of death.'

An extract on the author's views, which led him to a satisfactory decision and to sign the pledge of the society, shall be our last—

"Regarding the pledge as a written promise, not a sacred vow, a promise which the society allows me to withdraw, it cannot bring a snare on my conscience; while the recorded promise may conspire with the inward principle, in binding me to consistency of conduct, and in assuring my observers of the decidedness of my views; it is also a

shield from temptation in company, since no one of kind or christian feeling would urge or wish me to break my pledge, by partaking of the convivial glass : it is thus known that I obey Paul's injunctions to bishops 'not to be given to wine.'"

"Convinced that nothing but total abstinence can recover the drunkard, or regenerate the drinking propensities of my fellow-creatures, and that an attempt to eradicate an evil in a gradual and partial manner, can never succeed; I deem it a solemn duty to make every effort for giving respectability to total abstinence, and rendering it an honourable refuge for the penitent drunkard, a protection against persecution, a bond and obligation to those who are not influenced by higher motives : the pledge enabling them

to know their number, to feel their strength, and to answer every importunity of mistaken friends."

If we are credibly informed, four thousand copies of this publication is already before the public, and a *fifth* is now issuing from the press. At this we are not surprised, for the price being only sixpence, it comes within the compass of almost every tee-totaler's means, and we cordially recommend those who wish well to the principles we advocate, but more especially to such as *know* the truth and *love* it, to purchase a copy and lend it to their Christian friends.

POETRY.

ON SEEING A CLOCK OVER THE DOOR OF A GIN PALACE.

"Think naught a trifle, tho' it small appear—
Sands make the mountain—minutes make the year."

Behold yon monitor—reflect!
Ye that would enter there;
A warning you must not neglect,
Bids you in time beware:
Pause ere you drain the madd'ning glass,
Behold how swift the moments pass.

They know no pause, on—on they go,
Faster than you can count;
Oh! enter not, a thought bestow
On time's swift brief amount:
Reflect that moments make the span
Alloted as the life of man.

Consider, life to be enjoyed
Must not be spent in vain;
Pleasure dwells with the well employ'd,
And, with the idle, pain:
Reflect that o'er the drunkard's head,
Death's sword hangs by the slightest thread.

Then haste and leave this fatal place,
And as you leave rejoice
That you have heard before its space
A true—a warning voice:
Go—and may temp'rance guard your ways,
And shield from woe your future days.

C. L. B.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

GREAT' MEETING AT EXETER HALL.

THE aspect in which the philanthropist most delights to contemplate the great cause of uncompromising temperance is, *its abundant liberality*, its universality, and perfect freedom from either *religious or political sectarianism*. The public had an ample opportunity of beholding this wide-spread principle of universal brotherhood in the principles of our society at the important meeting, the details of which we present to our readers. On that eventful evening, individuals of the most opposite religious and political creeds buried all minor differences, and amalgamated themselves into one great whole, for the sacred purpose of assisting in the social and moral reform of their countrymen, and in promoting the wise and perfect revolution of bad and enervating customs.

It is to the freedom from all narrow-minded prejudices, that much of the astonishing success of tee-totalism may justly be attributed. It is, we believe, the only society which affords its advocates perfectly neutral ground, where all the friends of mankind, who profess the one great name of CHRISTIAN, may meet in peace and harmony, burying, for a time at least, their mutual differences in one common grave.

We will not detain our readers by any further remarks from the important testimonies delivered on the night in question.

R. WALKDEN, Esq., on being called to the chair, said, the last time he had the privilege of addressing a meeting in that room, he was inclined to regard it as the consummation of his wishes, and almost to be satisfied that that meeting should be the last; but who could refrain from rejoicing that they had lived to witness such an assembly as that which he now beheld? This was the fourth meeting their society had held, and was it not most gratifying to find that even in the early part of the evening it was more crowded than the first. (Hear, hear.) This was, indeed, ground for glorious congratulation. The interesting assembly before him—ready to receive their principles and to help them to carry them out—was not the only demonstration of which they might justly boast; for they had had their procession, and oh! what a tale had it told. (Cheers.) It had attested the material of which they were formed; and never had a procession more orderly and respectably been witnessed in the metropolis. (Cheers.) They were not met by the jibes and the sneers which had accompanied them through the streets on a former occasion, but they were welcomed with the tear of compassion, and were cheered with the smiles of thankfulness for the good they had already achieved. (Loud cheers.) Still, however, drunkenness prevailed, and their work was not done. (Hear.) They should enter the field against it with fresh vigour. All minor differences should be forgotten; all sects, parties, and classes should declare themselves ready to be united, for banishing the demon of intemperance from the land. (Cheers.) It was not astonishing that as they progressed they met with new opposition. It had been said of

them, "If you go on, what will become of our charities?" Have you not seen at public dinners how the bottle goes round, and how five pounds are then freely put down? If temperance goes on, what will become of our public charities?" What! was it possible that charity—a virtue so sacred—should be made dependent upon excess. (Hear, hear.) Was it possible that the widow could not be succoured, and the orphan could not be aided without the indulgence of a vice by which thousands, and tens of thousands of orphans and of widows are made. (Cheers.) The sooner the practice was got rid of, the better; and the purer would be charity itself, when separated from the contaminating influence of strong drinks. (Loud cheers.) It was the drinking customs of the land that had done so much for its degradation and reproach; and let them as patriots, rise up determined to annihilate the foe. (Cheers.) Some persons alleged that their society was to be feared as a political engine, and how changed was the tone respecting them.—(Hear.) Not long ago they were called a society of only women and children—they were now regarded as an immense mass of human beings, whose power rendered the throne itself insecure. (Cheers and laughter.) It was untrue that they had any political object. It was untrue that they endangered peace or order. They did not nurse traitor pot-boys to attack a defenceless woman (loud cheers); and the only politics they knew, was the recognition of a duty to plant the throne of their cause on the foundation of righteousness. (Loud cheers.) Their motto was onward, upward, and heavenward, spreading throughout the world a great moral reformation. (Loud cheers.) Look

at intemperance—it was bursting asunder the dearest ties—it was placing in jeopardy, the noblest institutions. Let then the lovers of their land rally against it, and drive it reeling into its own den, to become the prey of the fumes of its own poison. (Cheers.) He implored the meeting to take to their hearts the principles which they would that evening hear, and to cherish them. That platform presented a noble spectacle; was it not glorious to witness, that champions had assembled from all parts of the world, to promote the cause? (Cheers.) Soon would the victory be celebrated; whether the victory was achieved by the English, the Irish, or the Americans, he cared not. (Cheers.) He was content that the song of triumph should be sung; he knew it would soon be so, and he cared not whether it was "Yankee Doodle," or "Erin go bragh." The worthy chairman sat down amidst loud cheers.

The Rev. ELON GALUSHA, of New York, rose and was heartily cheered. He began by alluding to the fact that Mr. O'Connell was to address the meeting, and compared himself to the jackall which preceded the lion, when placed in contrast with that illustrious patriot. He (Mr. G.) could only be regarded as a little star preceding the brilliant intellectual sun which would shortly shed its full radiance and power upon them. He and millions had heard the voice of the lion on his own distant shores—it has echoed through the valleys and had risen, as it came over the Atlantic, to the summits of the American hills. (Loud cheers.) But to-night, he wished and hoped to see a new instance of the great lion's power—he hoped to see it applied to the pledge, and leaving its majestic imprint on paper in favour of the tee-total cause. (Loud cheers.) That would be a glorious hour for their undertaking; and he hoped that night to witness it, but he would leave it entirely between the conscience of Mr. O'Connell and his God. He (Mr. G.) had been struck with the extent of British greatness and glory, but the Americans envied them not. They envied not the splendour of their crowns; but when they had completed the diadem of tee-totalism and had pressed it to the brow of Britons—it was then that their true greatness would challenge American envy. (Cheers.) The Americans had been first in the field, but when England had completed its progress, they would be satisfied to let the last be the first. (Cheers.) Yea, in their onward progress and upward elevation, the Americans felt the greatest interest, and yet whilst there was much to inspire hope, there was also much to excite pain. (Hear.) He sometimes could not refrain from instituting a comparison between this great metropolis and Alexander the Great. Like him, she had carried her arms in triumph over nations

and might be styled the conqueror of the world. He hoped that here the comparison would cease, and that like him, she would not fall by strong drink. (Cheers.) He called upon the friends of humanity to come to the rescue, and when that rescue was complete, it would indeed be a glorious day for Britain. (Cheers.) Last night he had seen one of their noble guards, with his bright red coat and his high cap, lying drunk in one of the public walks. A comrade was endeavouring to carry him away and hide his shame. He said he had drask as much as his unhappy companion and yet he was not drunk, though the other was as a dead man, and had prostrated the emblems of British military glory in the dust. He (Mr. G.) beheld the revolting scene with sorrow, and quickly whispered to the soldier who was supporting his comrade, that if the next day they went and took the tee-total pledge they would never have any more trouble of that description. (Loud cheers.) His own country was ready to bear its due share of reproach and shame. He had himself entered into a calculation of the expense occasioned in the United States by the use of strong drinks, and he had seen that it would defray, not only the expense of the general government and of the state government—not only would it pay their salaries—pay their rail-roads, and steam-boats, and common schools—but after all these were paid, it would leave £450,000 for sending missionaries to foreign lands. (Loud cheers.) Who could estimate the good which would be done, if such a stream of benevolence were poured over a desolate world! (Cheers.) They were determined to spare no pains for the spread of tee-totalism—they were ready to labour for it—to suffer for it—to live for, and, if necessary, to die as martyrs for it. (Loud cheers.) They had seen the fiery and destructive stream of intemperance running through the land in ten thousand channels; they had seen their streams comingling, swelling, raging and rising, until the comforts of home, the dignity of morality, the sanctity of religion, and the pride of genius, were swept away before them.—(Loud cheers.) They had seen the desolation threaten the very pillar of their public liberty, and then they had determined to work for the rescue before the desolation was complete—before every vestige of happiness was destroyed. (Cheers.) They had found that for this no short pledge was sufficient. (Loud cheers.) At first they had proscribed only distilled spirits, and had left wine, beer, and cider to be used; but they found that these kept the drunkard what he was, and also that the use of them led to the increase of intemperance. (Hear.) They soon found that the dram bottle was only laid aside for champagne, and that

their young men were worse drunkards than before. (Hear.) They found, in fact, that nothing but "the touch not, taste not, handle not" pledge would suffice. (Cheers.) They took from their most eminent medical men the most deliberate opinions, founded on the most elaborate investigation, and they declared that alcohol, in all its forms, was injurious to the constitution—that it was injurious to digestion—that it had a most pernicious effect upon the whole system—that it carried on a deadly war with the brain—that it was fatally injurious to man's moral and intellectual qualities, and that it was the most destructive foe of his physical endowments. (Loud cheers.) What ought they not to do to banish the monster from the land? What would they not do to accomplish it? From what would they shrink—as in the case of the Israelites of old—to banish the last trace from amongst them. (Hear, hear.) In America they had found the short pledge too short. (Laughter and cheers.) It was short altogether, for it failed in accomplishing the great work they had undertaken. (Hear.) In morals, there was only one safe side—those who took the long pledge had that safety, and those who did not, fell short of it. (Hear.) He did not deny but that some strong minds might drink moderately, take no pledge, and yet not become drunkards; but he would remind them, that the brightest geniuses, and that giants in intellectual power had, from moderate drinkers, become the prey of the foe. (Cheers.) He exhorted them to take warning by their ruin. (Hear.) He exhorted all to take the long pledge, a pledge which was so long, that he was happy to say, that the Americans would take hold of it on one side of the Atlantic, whilst the English held it on the other. (Laughter and cheers.) They had only to give a long and a strong pull at this long and strong pledge, and they would soon overthrow the demon. (Loud cheers.)

The Rev. C. P. GROSVENOR, of Massachusetts, said, when he had seen the crowd at the door, he had, as it were, naturally asked what the ministers of religion were doing in this great cause. (Hear.) They had bishops and archbishops—and they were all on one level—and every man of them ought to be friends and advocates of the teetotal cause. (Loud cheers.) The reply he had received when he had asked where they were, had grieved him much—it had made him blush, and had caused his heart to ache. He deplored that they were not the foremost in so noble a cause. It was true they could go on without them, but perhaps, after all, they were present somewhere in that vast meeting. (Laughter and cheers.) Ministers of London, are you not here?—ministers of England, are you not here? said the rev.

gentleman (amidst loud cheers and laughter.) Perhaps, said he, they are yonder (pointing to the far end of the hall)—can it be that they are not there? (Laughter and cheers.) Was there not one bishop there to set the example? (Cheers.) He was not there to blame his ministerial brethren, that they were not present, he deeply regretted it. He did not blame them if they were drinkers in moderation, for if they were so, their accursed practice was their accuser. (Cheers.) It needed not him to accuse them. (Hear.) If they really were not present, he left the people to speak to them with trumpet-tongue. The Scriptures enjoined them to read and study. But if they went to study, how could they apply themselves—the fumes of wine would give them a smokey brain. (Hear.) He challenged any man who was a drinker of wine to be a clear-headed student in theology, or in any department of literature or of science. (Hear.) They might be told that such a poet wrote under the influence of strong drink. Yes, and his poetry smelled of it. (Cheers.) It might be said too, that such a minister preached the better for taking "a little," they always took care to say "a little." (Laughter and cheers.) He (Mr. G.) had heard such preachers—he had heard them preach the grace of God with their cheeks flushed, and with a quivering tongue. (Hear, hear.) But, such ministers could not feel—and none but those who were perfectly sober could announce with becoming dignity and pathos the great truths of which they were the messengers to a guilty world. (Cheers.) None but the perfectly and habitually sober could discharge their ministry in a manner worthy of him who had clothed them with it. (Loud cheers.) In his country, and particularly in the North, a minister who would now take a glass of wine before sermon, or after, in the vestry, from the hospitable hand of the deacon, would lose his character, if not his pulpit. (Hear, hear.) He could not but mention, in connexion with this subject, a very appalling fact; it was not indeed limited to one, nor to two, nor even to three. He had seen one of the finest spirits that ever graced America—one of the most eloquent preachers that had ever adorned her pulpits, cut down prematurely, and with shame, by the scythe of intemperance (hear); he could name him, but he would not, suffice it to say that he had gone down to the drunkard's grave, from the high post at which he had been officially placed by God. (Hear, hear.) In New York, about twelve or fourteen years ago, there was another—a doctor of divinity, who had shared a similar doom; he, too, should rest unnamed, but throughout America, his lamentable case was generally known. The hearts of his brethren had bled as they saw him fall.

There was also another doctor of divinity whose name was often heard in England, and he, too, had fallen. It was rumoured that he fell into fits, and so he did; but those fits had a cause, and that cause was the use of brandy, wine, and other strong drinks. (Hear, hear.) He could relate a dozen or more of these melancholy cases, in which ministers of great genius, and rich promise, had gone to the grave with disgrace. (Hear.) He said, then, to the ministers of all denominations, in London, and in England, if they touched, tasted, or handled the unclean thing, they were impairing and destroying that which should be employed, and with which they were invested, for the benefit of religion, and the good of mankind. (Hear.) They would render man unhappy on earth; they would unfit him for heaven. (Hear.) Morality, religion, and holiness, were the companions of temperance; and temperance could never be relied on—it could never be persisted in, unless under the pledge of total and ever-enduring abstinence from all strong drinks. (Loud cheers.) He would add what his own experience had been; for twenty-five years he had studied closely, he had studied much in the evenings, and his duties often pressed him to sit to a late hour of the night. After all this, he could now study hard for sixteen hours a-day; he could go on thus, till one, two, or, if necessary, until even four o'clock in the morning, and yet he never had either headache, or dyspepsia. (Cheers.) He could study until his candle gave way to the rising sun, and he could then go through another day; he was not boasting, he spoke only what he had really done, and yet his health was good, and free from the troubles he had just alluded to. (Cheers.) At the time when he used to take a little after sermon, for, thank God, he had never touched it before he went into the pulpit, he had had occasionally what they call vertigo (hear, hear); he had also had very unpleasant sensations at the stomach, and then he had been recommended to take a little more to cure it; this brought on more vertigo, and more unpleasantness, and then he was recommended a little more, and so on. (Laughter, and hear.) [The rev. gentleman was here interrupted by the arrival of Mr. O'Connell, who was greeted with the most rapturous applause, which lasted for several minutes.] One word more, and he (Mr. G.) would then leave the LION of the evening to display his power, and induce them all to become tee-totalers. (Laughter, and hear.) He hoped they would that night have the example of their illustrious friend, Daniel O'Connell, to induce them to take the pledge. (Cheers.) The power of that example would give a tremendous impulse to the great and holy cause. They would all feel its force, and

even in America, it would yield abundant fruit. (Loud cheers.)

The Rev. Mr. WHITTY was next called upon to address the meeting. He had the honour and happiness, he said, to be a minister of the Church of England, and he felt delighted, that he could here take a common stand with those around him, without regard to creeds or politics, for the welfare of their fellow-creatures, and for the rescue of degraded man from the state of shame into which he had sunk. (Cheers.) He was a vice-president of a tee-total society, and of the tee-total principle he had long been the advocate. (Hear.) As a clergyman, he must agree with the gentleman from America, in regretting that so few of his brethren had, up to this time espoused the cause; but he felt it a singular privilege that he was permitted to labour for it. (Hear.) Though there was some little difference in the pledge of the societies, he trusted that the time was near, when there would be but one great temperance society, including all within its pale. (Cheers.) He had attended a meeting at which a gentleman, a minister of the Church of England, said he was not a tee-totaler, and that he would not recommend others to be so. The meeting was held not forty miles from London, and when thanks were proposed to the gentleman who had permitted a tent to be erected for the meeting on his lawn, the clergyman said he was not a tee-totaler, and he did not know he ever should be. Upon this he was called upon to sit down: he did not like this. He had praised the meeting, but still he did not support its object: and perhaps, being annoyed at being told to sit down, he said he would give whatever the individual who had said the words would give to the society. Whereupon the gentleman gave £5, and the minister had to do the same. (Laughter and cheers.) He (Mr. Whitty) had attended another meeting, on that glorious day for the temperance cause, Whit-Monday. (Cheers.) Though three dissenting ministers had agreed to go with him in the procession, in the same carriage; they all refused, because forsooth, they said they feared there would be some disorder. (Laughter.) In the evening of that day he had presided at a tee-total meeting, at the Grove-house, Camberwell: at that meeting, a dissenting minister who praised it highly, but who said he was not, and would not be a tee-totaler, found fault with them, because they had "raised the pledge too high." He (Mr. Whitty,) could not refrain from telling him in reply, what the pledge had done. (Hear.) He told him that it had changed those who were tigers when drunk, into sober men, good fathers, and affectionate husbands. He told him that it had made wives happy, and families comfortable: that it had taken men out of sin, and

from sabbath breaking, to place them in Christian congregations and under the influence of the grace of God. (Loud cheers.) When the pledge had done so much, they ought to bless God for its success; and, as he told his dissenting brother, they could not carry too high a pledge which was based upon proper and good principles. (Loud cheers.) He would not—and they would not indulge in any harsh reflections, or bitterness towards those who did not agree with them, (hear;) but why did they stand in their way to thwart them? (Hear, hear.) As a clergyman of the Church of England, he was proud to stand before them as an advocate upon the present occasion. He was proud of it, because he knew the character of their cause: and he was also proud of it, because it showed to the gentleman from America that sat in that hall—and he assured them it was the same in several places throughout the country: there were ministers of the Church of England who felt a warm interest in the progress of the great temperance reformation. (Loud cheers.)

The Rev. Mr. GROSVENOR said, when he spoke of the backwardness of ministers, he did not mean it to apply particularly to the episcopalian clergy. He feared that it applied to all, but he was rejoiced to see that some, at least, were advocates of the holy cause. (Cheers.) He begged to make one other remark. The thought had before gone out of his head—and no wonder, when a bundle of thoughts were coming in. (This allusion to Mr. O'Connell's arrival was loudly cheered.) Many thought that wine was a good medicine, and sometimes it might be, but by no means was it commonly so. Last autumn he was confined to his house by an injury on his ankle, which was so severe, as to induce the belief that he should have to loose his foot. The doctor told him to use wine to give him strength, and he asked him if nourishing food would not do as well. (Laughter.) The doctor told him he might try it, and he did so. The doctor told him, he would be kept in the house for six weeks, even with the help of wine and medicine. He took neither one nor the other; he followed his duties as editor of a paper—he edited it for three weeks sitting in bed; he never called any one to help him—he had only a boy to bring him newspapers, &c.:—for five weeks he took no medicine, he drank no wine, but he eat plenty of nourishing food, and at the end of five weeks, instead of the doctor's six, he was quite well. (Hear, hear, hear.)

Mr. GREIG rose to address the meeting amidst loud cheers. He said he was quite sure they would favour him with a share of their attention and sympathy, when they reflected upon the position which he occupied, and the various and conflicting emotions

by which he was agitated. He need not allude to the delicacy of his position in having immediately to precede the illustrious man, whose presence, he had no doubt, had greatly contributed to procure so overflowing an attendance in that hall. He, Mr. Greig, was well aware of the difficulties he had to encounter, but as he had been summoned from Leeds for the purpose of attending that glorious meeting, he could not refrain from addressing them, (even in the presence of their venerable friend, Mr. O'Connell,) with a view to induce them and him, to admire more and more the loveliness of the temperance cause, and to rouse them to increased exertions to forward it. It was no mean object which they contemplated. (Hear.) The agents employed in working it out were weak and lowly minded; but were ever men engaged in a course so glorious, in a course so benign in its progress and so abounding with great and permanent blessings. (Hear, hear.) They were engaged in establishing sobriety and virtue, and in banishing drunkenness and vice. (Hear.) Such being the object for which they struggled, eloquence was not required to pourtray its merits, or to enforce its claims upon a christian public, no, they could not more strikingly display the beauty of its charms, than by simply stating the hideousness of the vice from which they sought to reclaim lost men, and the irresistible loveliness of the virtue to which they sought to restore him. (Loud cheers.) The means by which they sought to operate this mighty and benevolent change, were so high, so sincere, and so holy, that they must, at once, receive an enthusiastic response in every philanthropic and christian heart. (Loud cheers.) He was delighted to find gentlemen of various countries and of opposite creeds, taking their stand upon that platform for an object of common and general charity. (Hear.) He trusted, too, that they were there fully sensible of the duties which their circumstances and privileges made incumbent upon them. They were better educated than many: their minds were more enlightened, and the fine sympathies of their nature might be more lively; but had they been gifted with these superior endowments for themselves alone? Were they to concentrate them within themselves, and to prevent the blessings of reform and improvement from reaching and encircling others? (Hear, hear.) Certainly not. On the contrary, the lower the drunkard was sunk, and the greater was his debasement and his shame, the stronger were his claims upon their charity and care. No matter how his eyes might be bleared, or his limbs weakened:—his mind might be almost a ruin, and his body sinking rapidly from decrepitude to decay,—his moral feelings might be benumbed, or rather deadened; and the pallidness

of death might be upon his countenance, but still, it was the duty of the christian to remember, that notwithstanding his filth, his disease and his debasement,—there was that within him, which would never see corruption,—that which would survive the body and time. They must, in fact, remember, that the drunkard had a soul for which their Saviour had bled and died. (Loud cheers.) The poor wretch might be shamed—he might be an outcast—solitary as a sparrow all alone on the house-top—he might hug his chains and seem to cherish slavery; but still they must not treat him with scorn. they must not forget, as they could not deny, that he was their brother. (Hear.) They should bear in mind, that what he was, some of those near and dear to them had been, or might be, (cheers) and in the true spirit of genuine christian charity, they should administer to him that rescue, and sound direction, which, if they or theirs were placed in similarly unfortunate circumstances, they would wish to have rendered to them. (Loud cheers.) The reclamation of the drunkard was the first object of this society, and to what more ennobling undertaking could the support of ministers or the prayers of christians be devoted? (Hear, hear.) They sought to check the demon of death in his widely spread career of destruction, and to subject the world to the mild and beneficial sway of the angel of peace. (Loud cheers.) When they entered the house which intemperance had laid desolate, let them not be downcast or disheartened, if the drunkard met their admonitions with contempt or a sneer. Let them be instant “in season and out of season,” let them persevere: heaven would smile upon their exertions, and success would reward their toil. (Loud cheers.) But, and he implored them to ponder well on this, they might as well attempt to tame a tiger with a straw, or to oppose a bullrush as a barrier to the ocean, as expect to reclaim the drunkard or to establish sobriety by any other means, than by the “taste not, touch not, handle not” principle. (Loud cheers.) Nothing could be more absurd, nothing more useless or mischievous, than to seek to reform the lovers of strong drinks, by giving them a little of that which has made them what they are. (Loud cheers.) This then was the great object of the society. The cure of such as are already drunkards, and the prevention of those who are not, from ever becoming so. (Cheers.) It would be difficult for the moralist to decide which of these was the most important. (Hear, hear.) He would however remark, as had been already stated, that in morals there was only one safe side. The thorough tee-totaler, was only a sober man. (Hear.) In sobriety there was safety, and in proportion as any man did not approach to sobriety,

he fell short of being on that safe side upon which the tee-totalers were ranged. (Hear.) Hundreds, nay thousands had stated, and by their personal experience had proved it to themselves and had shown it to others, that that which is morally right and safe, is, at the same time, the most advantageous for man, in his moral, physical, religious, domestic and social relations. (Loud cheers.) But to reap the full advantage, to enjoy all the benefits of sobriety, they must recognize no other than the tee-total pledge; (hear,) the only safe principle of “taste not, touch not, handle not.” (Loud cheers.) Was this the principle which they advocated. (It is, it is, and loud cheers.) Oh, if they looked abroad and saw the desolation which prevailed, how could they do otherwise than advocate it. (Cheers.) How could they neglect to use the moral means within their power, for the removal of so much and such gross immorality. (Cheers.) How could they do otherwise than stand up for the families of the poor, and to rescue them from a debasing indulgence, which consumed more for its base gratification than would carry the blessing of a sound education through every rank and class of the people. (Cheers.) There were some who claimed for themselves the right of drinking moderately:—but he challenged them to deny, or denying to prove it, that such a practice is shown by experience, by philosophy and religion, to be contrary to the duty and destructive of the best interests of man. (Hear.) He called upon them, therefore, to carry out the principle:—to talk of it round their hearths and put it to proclaim it:—to (hear, hear,) act upon it with the influence of their purse and person: to inculcate it at their boards; to impress it upon friend and foe, in short, to make it general; and then, indeed, they might rightly consider that this society was entitled to a foremost place in the long catalogue of noble and salutary institutions which British philanthropy upholds, to the honour of the country, and for the welfare of the people. (Cheers.) By rescuing men from the slavery of drunkenness, they would make thousands of homes happy, they would guard wives from the brutal attacks of infuriated men; they would save children from the ruin and shame to which the sinful example of their parents would lead them, and they would save fathers from cat-o-nine tails, from the tread-mill, the convict-ship, and the gallows. (Cheers.) It seemed, indeed, that there was pity for every misfortune but drunkenness, and that to the drunkard alone were the fountains of sympathy dried up. (Cheers.) He doubted not but that for the poor wretch who had that morning been executed, some sympathetic tear was shed as from the gallows tree he made his transit from this world to judgment: but daily and

hourly, hundreds of drunkards go down to the shades of the dead unwept and uncared for. (Hear, hear.) Yes, in bitter anguish and unavailing sorrow, the drunkard might exclaim "no man careth for my soul." (Hear, hear.) Were they, the christian public, to heed the vice the less, because it was so widely spread? Because the havoc was general, was not its progress to be stayed! In the senate, in the pulpit, at the bar; in every trade, in each of the professions, from the cottage to the lordly mansion, from the cellar to the palace, aye, and round the very throne itself, the demon of intemperance had cast its destructive spell. (Cheers.) If they wished morality to flourish, if they wished peace to reign, and happiness to prevail—if they wished England to be permanently great—and no greatness could be permanent which was not based on virtue—they would use every effort to lay the demon low. (Cheers.) If a temporary epidemic raged amongst them, a malaria or pestilence, how resolute would be their determination, and how compactly would they combine to check the contagion, and limit the ravages. But here, the pestilence was not temporary, it was not partial; it had existed long, it was still spreading, it had found its way to the very heart of the country; and from it, it could only be banished by the uprising of the nation in the dignity of morality, to pursue it with an unextinguishable hatred, and to frown it down by the indignation of a virtuous people. (Loud cheers.) War was terrible, and it was a game at which kings would seldom play, if their subjects were wise; but what was the havoc and slaughter of a campaign, when contrasted with the destruction which drunkenness commits? Again he asked, where was sympathy for the drunkard! (Cheers.) There was scarcely any other poor being who knew sorrow, that had not the hand of consolation, of support, or of rescue, held out to him. There was a society for the protection of chimney-sweepers, from having their limbs distorted; the very dumb beasts themselves were the special objects of the laws' protection, and as he had already said, the felon on the gibbet found pity. (Hear.) Why did the drunkard find none? (Hear.) Oh you, who are the friends of brutes—you who can weep for the felon, and follow the convict over the waters with your sympathy—you, who gave twenty millions sterling as a premium upon injustice, and a bribe to the slave-masters—of you, your country requires, and your god commands you to blot the stain of the drunkenness of her children from her proud escutcheon. (Cheers.) In conclusion he (Mr. G.) could not but allude to the presence of one amongst them, whose intention to be at that meeting had caused the greatest pleasure, when it was made known to the temperance

conference at Bolton, which he (Mr. G.) was at, before he started for London. He did not mean to flatter Mr. O'Connell, but he was unfeignedly glad to see him there. (Cheers.) He knew not whether Mr. O'Connell honoured the meeting, more than he honoured himself by attending it, great as were the public services he had rendered; and rich as was the diadem with which a grateful people had encircled his brow, he had rendered no greater service, he bore no brighter gem, than that which would mark his alliance with the temperance cause. (Loud cheers.) He (Mr. O'C.) loved his country much, and had always shown it; he had now an opportunity, he had that night, a glorious opportunity of proving that he loved his race more. (Cheers.) He had joined them, not at the eleventh, but certainly at a late hour, and by his exertions he would render the cause inestimable service. In other great causes, he had for years, and through every trial, stood alone; he had borne the burdens of the heart: he had been the negro's friend when their friends were few. (Cheers.) Daniel O'Connell was not the man to heed the frivolous trammels of expediency, and he would not allow the conventional usages of society to silence that inward monitor which told him his duty. (Loud cheers.) Mr. G. then earnestly called upon D. O'Connell, Esq. to sign the pledge, and he hoped the doom of intemperance would soon be pronounced, and the song of triumph raised—'fallen, fallen, to rise no more.' Mr. Greig sat down amidst the most enthusiastic applause.

Mr. O'CONNELL then rose and was received with indescribable enthusiasm. He said he came to that meeting for the simple purpose of expressing his conviction of the principle, which, as a society, they were united to promote—he came to declare his participation in their object, and to do what he could to recommend it to others. (Loud cheers.) He had there a double duty to perform, as a man and as a christian. He came to urge as far as he could that the determination should be come to, to abstain totally and entirely from all intoxicating drinks. (Hear.) His next duty—and he scarcely knew why he should place it second to any—was to interest them and all in the great moral reformation and miracle which was now in progress in his own more immediate country. (Loud cheers.) He trusted they would consider him a friend of Civil and Religious Liberty; and all men, of whatever caste, creed, country or colour, he trusted would find in him, when they were oppressed—a zealous, though an inefficient advocate. (Hear, and cheers.) It was no humiliation to him to say and boast, that his affections were more immediately centered in his own native land.—(Cheers.) If he was a patriot everywhere, he was, at all events, an

Irishman.—(Loud cheers.) It was his first duty to praise Ireland for the example she had set. He had next to take care that he by no act of his should injure the mighty reformation now in progress in that island. They might boast as they pleased of that meeting, and it was a meeting to boast of, (hear,) but if they were to boast with ten thousand tongues, they could not eclipse the fame and the glory with which Ireland by her sacrifices and temperance had, thank God, encircled herself.—(Loud cheers.) When he left Ireland for the present session of parliament, 634,000 had taken the pledge from Father Mathew.—(Hear.) When he was last in Ireland, the number had increased to 1,300,000, (hear,) and the day before yesterday, he had heard from Father Mathew that the number is now TWO MILLION ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND. (Loud cheers.) From the onset of this movement, the great thing to be avoided was, all taint or colour of political bias, or religious persuasion. No man could be more opposed to either than Father Mathew. (Hear.) No man had more cautiously abstained from both. (Hear.) He (Mr. O'Connell) had told his constituents in Dublin, as soon as the moral reform had assumed so high and commanding a position, that it had nothing to fear unless from the political and sectarian contests of parties which so unfortunately prevail in Ireland. (Loud cheers.) After all, it did not escape imputation—though never was imputation so undeserved. (Hear.) A portion of the press in Ireland, called the Temperance, ribbonism—treachery, and treason. (Loud laughter.) Yes, they discovered treason in the sobriety of his countrymen, and there was, no mischief alleged to be brewing of which they did not do him the honour of saying that he was the author. (Laughter.) He proclaimed then—and he did it again—that he had been a temperate man. He did not think there had ever been a man more habitually sober, and if he had not been so, he did not think that at his years he should be as merry as he was. (Laughter and cheers.) He, therefore, had no sacrifice to make in regard to spirituous liquors. (Hear.) No! But still he meant to take the pledge. (Loud cheers.) He pledged himself to take it publicly, (loud cheers,) when he could take it with political safety, (hear,) but not till then. He had refrained from taking it hitherto, only for fear of giving Ireland's enemies an opportunity which they would gladly seize of attributing, or of trying to attribute a sectarian character to the Temperance movement. (Hear.) He had abstained from taking it publicly, only because the times were not ripe enough for it. As soon as all danger which might arise from his taking it was over, he pledged himself that moment to take it. (Loud cheers.) He had

told the electors of Dublin so, and he did not mean to shrink from it. (Loud cheers.) He might be told that his taking the pledge would not prevent the Catholics from taking it. No more it would, but it would prevent others. (Cries of "No, no.") Those who said "No, no," did not know Ireland as well as he did, and they must therefore let him act upon his better acquaintance with it. (Hear, hear.) The time for his taking it would come, and he cared not how soon. (Cheers.) He would consult Father Mathew upon the subject, and the moment he told him it was politically safe for him to take it, that moment would he become a publicly pledged tee-totaler, (loud cheers,) but not before. (Hear, hear.) In his judgment, he (Mr. O'Connell) did not pretend to be infallible,—but in his desire to serve Ireland, he claimed to be considered sincere, and he believed that he knew how to serve her. (Cheers.) Here then he took his stand, and no entreaty—no, not even abuse—and he cared little for that, as he was the best abused man in the world—would induce him to swerve from that which he believed, and clearly saw, would be for the welfare of his country. (Cheers.) He would do all he thought he ought to do, and no more. Oh, why should he not be proud of Ireland, where this great movement first began! In England they met in thousands—in Ireland they met in hundreds of thousands. (Hear.) In England they met in a pleasant and capacious room. In Ireland they assembled in the open air, in frost and snow, or beneath the rays of the summer's sun. (Hear.) Wherever Father Mathew went, they crowded round him to take the pledge, and to keep it, for nothing could be more disgraceful than for a man to break his solemnly pledged word. (Hear, hear.) In Ireland they wore the medal, and regarded it not as the drunkard's mark, but as the sober man's safeguard—(loud cheers)—as the industrious sober man's monitor—and as the wife's protection. (Cheers.) It had the blessings of mothers and their children, because it kept their father sober, and themselves from being hungry. (Loud cheers.) Was he not right to boast of such a country, and of such a people? Heard they before of a nation giving up its only luxury, and abandoning its only ostensible vice? Heard they before of a people, not in thirties or forties—or hundreds—but in thousands—aye, in millions, thus rising to regenerate themselves? (Loud cheers.) Oh, would they not pardon him, if he thought there was no country like his own? (Cheers.) He rejoiced too, that this great movement was not confined to any one class of men, or of Christians. Father Mathew was greatly assisted by an Independent Dissenting clergyman of the City of Cork. (Loud cheers.) He was assisted too, by the

Society of Friends (cheers :) they universally gave him their aid, and in every act for the welfare of man they were always foremost. (Loud cheers.) It was true—and he regretted it—that some clergymen were opposed to Father Mathew. For example—at Cashel, when Father Mathew visited it, the clergyman was asked not for his church, because the chapel was larger—but for the Rock of Cashel, were the ruins of the ancient cathedral were, and from which 150,000 persons might at once have taken the pledge,—and the use of it was refused,—and the parson said it was the Devil's work that Father Mathew was doing.—(Hear, hear, hear.) He (Mr. O'Connell) thanked God, however, that with few exceptions, men of every party, of every sect, station, and religious persuasion, were nobly combining for the promotion of the great cause. (Cheers.) It was a vile and vulgar allegation to say that the Irish were habitually a drunken people. It was the fashion to praise the Scotch; they might praise them as much as they liked, and they had many high and good qualities, one of which was, that they had never allowed themselves to be conquered. (Cheers.) But let them compare the Scotch who were so highly praised, with the Irish who were so loudly calumniated. He had before him the parliamentary returns for the time before Father Mathew began his labours, and they showed that the Scotch taking them man for man, drank twice as much whiskey as the Irish. (Hear.) It was easy to know the exact amount of whiskey consumed in Ireland, because since the duty was lowered to 2s. 6d. the trade in illicit whiskey in Ireland had been abandoned. In Scotland it was not so: illicit distillation and smuggling from the distilleries were still carried on there. But without charging the Scotch with any of this, and charging them only with the regular parliamentary spirits, it appeared that they drank double as much as the Irish. (Hear, hear.) Again he repeated it; he was proud of the Irish people—he had always been so; but he was more so now when he witnessed them regenerating themselves by their own moral worth, and by casting off a destructive vice to pursue their present sober and self-denying course. (Loud cheers.) He wished he could picture to them the change which took place in any village which Father Mathew had visited. The houses were comfortable, the wife was happy, the children were clothed. The men did not spend their days in that muddled state, which was, if possible, worse than drunkenness. (Hear.) The drunkard was shunned, but the muddler escaped the infliction of the punishment of social avoidance; he was not exposed to this moral influence of those around him. (Hear.) In the places which Father Mathew had visited, the drunkard was reclaimed, the hitherto mode-

rate man was perfectly sober, the children were no longer half fed, the wife whose appearance had bespoken her husband's degradation and who shared his shame, was clean, neat and tidy. (Cheers.) Every portion of society showed the progress of improvement, as the highest leaf of the mistletoe displayed the rich greenness of the foliage which was spread over the tree from which it sprang. (Loud Cheers.) Instead of spending their evenings at the public-houses, they met at the Mechanics' Institutes. (Hear.) They have a reading-room and at least one lecturer. (Hear.) Then they take a comfortable cup of coffee and retire to their homes without excitement, and get up with a clear head in the morning. (Hear.) This was the case throughout Ireland, from the East to the West and from North to South. (Hear.) Look at Limerick. Last year, there were 450 public houses in that city—this year there are only 98 for license. (Loud cheers.) Look next at the houses of worship, and how happily do they attest the benefits of the change. Already the duties of the clergy have increased one-fourth. (Hear.) If the public-houses are empty, the railings at the chapels are crowded. (Cheers.) Thus religion has derived new vigour from the fact that the poor have voluntarily abandoned the only luxury—the only gratification in which their former poverty allows them to participate. (Loud Cheers.) He wished not to make any sectarian allusion: he had always most scrupulously abstained from doing so: but the moral dignity of the Irish people had ever been the subject of his thoughts, and their fidelity had been the constant theme of his tongue. (Loud cheers.) What he was going to say, he would say of the Protestants, if it had happened to them, he spoke not of the religion, but of the fact and of the principle. (Hear.) The Irish, for three hundred years, had borne a persecution of the most emaciating cruelty, and yet they came out of it more numerous than they went into it. He entered not into any theoretic dispute as to their faith, but he extolled that nobleness and firmness of mind, which thus made them unflinchingly adhere to what their conscience told them was right. (Hear, hear.) He claimed them the award of this moral elevation, and of this fidelity for the Irish people. He would have claimed it for them—he would have awarded it to them, if they were protestants. (Loud cheers.) He should be amongst them in the course of next week:—he should find the number of tee-totalers constantly and rapidly increasing: (hear) and before the week had passed, he might himself have taken the pledge. (Loud cheers for some minutes.) No man was more impatient to take it than he was, (cheers,) he cared for no taunts or reflections; the moment it was safe to take it, take it he

would. (Cheers.) He had beheld the efficiency of the total abstinence pledge, and no other pledge was worth anything. (Loud cheers.) All other pledges were mere maudling compromises with conscience: (cheers) they afforded no man the satisfaction of doing good, and left him the pleasure of doing evil; this was a species of mongrel morality, and it was only in the total abstinence pledge, that true consistency, or true morality could be found. (Loud cheers.) It was said, that temperance was injurious to health. In Ireland, they had taken the first medical opinions, and they all agreed, that except in cases of delirium tremens, in which a poor wretch might for a few days be kept alive by further doses of spirits, the use of them could not serve any one. (Hear.) He might mention a man named Higgins, of the town of Tralee, going that circuit, fifteen years, he (Mr. O'Connell,) had often seen him, but he was always drunk; he earned a good deal of money by serving processes, by messages, &c. but he spent it all in whiskey, and was never sober: nay, so fond was he of strong drink, that during the cholera, he feigned to have it, in order to get into the hospital for the brandy, (laughter,) he (Mr. O'Connell,) gave names, and the whole was literally true. This man had taken the pledge, and he was shortly as well clothed as any man of his class. (Hear.) His face, which was formerly red, and blotched, was rather pale when he saw him—but ere this, he doubted not, but the blush of health was upon it. (Hear.) When a creature so degraded, suddenly stopped in his career, and from such a drunkard one day, become a sober man the next—not only without injury to his health, but with advantage to it, is it not proof that the use of spirituous liquors is unnecessary, except for the fostering of those morbid sensations, which are opposed to the real happiness, and at variance with the dignity of man. (Loud cheers.) Yes! thank God, temperance is good for all. (Cheers.) He trusted that his countrymen in London would join them. (Loud cheers.) He called upon them to do so. Let them look at the home of their childhood—their fathers—their mothers who nursed them—their brothers and sisters who loved them, had taken the pledge and had abandoned drunkenness for ever. (Hear.) Would they shame their race, their country, and their people, by continuing addicted to the abominable vice? (Loud cheers.) Their friends had emancipated themselves:—would they continue slaves? (Cheers.) Father Mathew had intended to be in Manchester early in the summer, but he had been kept in Ireland, he had so much work (hear;) still he would come, and to London too. (Loud cheers.) Some might ask, “and what magic is there about Father Mathew, or in his

name.” He (Father Mathew) would tell them simply that there was none; how then came it that he was so much sought after? He was the first to begin this great work in Ireland; success attended him; the greatest blessings flowed from his labours; everyone he added to his list, added to the prejudice in favour of his name—and his fame rises as the people advance in the practice of the virtue. (Loud cheers.) His countrymen, who had exhibited so noble a spectacle to the world, were called the lower classes, by the whiskey-drinking, steeple-chasing, shodden half country gentleman of Ireland. (Laughter.) Why, their lower classes as they called them, were the upper classes, in point of morality. (Cheers.) What had they done? they had only one luxury, and they sacrificed it. What have those who call them lower classes, sacrificed? oh! they sacrifice nothing but the poor (loud cheers); he would not say he was right, but in politics he was a radical. (Laughter.) The movement in Ireland was a radical movement. It was rising men to virtue; it was teaching men to raise themselves. (Cheers.) It was raising the poor man, who observed his word, with all the solemnity, but without the profaneness of an oath. (Cheers.) It was giving conscience and mental rectitude their proper dominion. The faults of the poor man are their own punishment; his own conscience is his reprover. Regenerated, disenthralled and free, he stands in the majesty of his moral redemption;—not the equal—no, not the equal—but the superior of the gilded butterflies which flutter round him, emaciated, degraded, and verging on ruin, to the extent of their vicious indulgences. (Loud cheers.) He (Mr. O'C.) was glad that America had sent her delegates over the sea, and that they had witnessed that proud display of feeling and of principle. (Hear, and cheers.) He was glad to see the chair so worthily filled—he was delighted at the night's exhibition. There was not one in that vast assembly whom he did not implore to become an apostle of the principles which had been inculcated. (Hear.) He besought them to talk at home of what they had heard. Let them ask—was there any human being the worse for belonging to this society?—not one. Let them inquire if there was any man who belonged to it, that was not the better for belonging to it? (Loud cheers.) As heads of families, were husbands not more affectionate to their wives? Were not the children more dutiful? Was not the family circle more cheerful? Did not the wife feel that she was married to a man instead of being joined to a brute. (Loud cheers.) Oh let them think of these things when they went to their homes. At public meetings the speakers were almost compelled to use stilted language and to use well-rounded

sentences that they might fall harmoniously upon the ear:—but those sentences, and that language, did not go half so near the heart, as the frank chit chat round their own fire-side. (Loud cheers.) In Ireland, the rich too were taking the pledge. (Hear.) He knew many young gentlemen whom it was no credit to know before, but who having taken the pledge, were all that their friends and relations could wish them to be. (Hear.) They were now men in every sense of the word. In Maerroom, the tee-totalers had got a band of music, and they practised frequently. The love of music was so congenial with the feelings of Irishmen, that their having bands would do much to perpetuate temperance, from the delight which they felt in listening to, or performing the melodies of, their native land. (Cheers.) He saw at Maerroom a young man, apparently about seventeen years of age, who wore a temperance medal; he spoke to him, and found that he was not a redeemed drunkard. He said, "He had never taken spirits, or even porter: he was just out of his apprenticeship, he was likely to get on well, and he said, he wore the medal as an example to others." (Loud cheers.) He (Mr. O'C.) was glad also to find, that an immense number of ladies were taking the pledge in Ireland, (cheers) and amongst them, as the last newspaper informed him, was his own sister. He repeated, that all the temperance cause in Ireland wanted, was, to be kept perfectly free from all the divisions in that country, in regard to politics, or religion. He asked those who did not know his knowledge of Ireland, to rely upon his judgment, as to what was best for her. He had made up his mind, which was, to take the pledge as soon as it was politically safe for him to do so. (Cheers.) He now called upon men of every creed to rejoice at the union they had that night witnessed for the inculcation of a heavenly morality. This union was all they wanted; by softening down asperities, and coming together, they would find, that each other were better fellows than they had thought. (Laughter and cheers.) Let them henceforth bury in eternal oblivion, the feuds, the bickerings, and the hatred with which Christians have disgraced christianity, (hear,) and let nothing but friendship, union, charity, and peace prevail. (Loud cheers.) Let them rejoice at the progress of what had been rightly termed, "a holy cause." There was not a crime to the commission of which drunkenness was not an instigation. (Hear.) [The anecdote here introduced will be found in Mr. O. C's. first speech on tee-totalism, in this number, page 227.] The story, he said, sounded comically, but it was literally an exemplification of the conduct of those whom the demon of intemperance held in bondage. (Cheers.) Did they ever know an outrage,

or a murder, for the commission of which, the parties did not prepare themselves by strong drink? Did any body ever hear of a man preparing himself for a guilty deed by abstinence? (Hear, hear.) Many a miscreant had forfeited his life to the laws of his country, for a crime which he committed, when drunk, and which, when sober, he would not have thought of. (Hear, hear.) Drunkenness was the devil's armoury, and the weapons were drawn from Hell. Temperance gave to man that equanimity of spirit which fitted him for the discharge of all his social duties, and which enabled him with proper feelings, to come into the presence of his God. (Hear.) In societies which had the establishment of this blessed temperance for their object, they should indeed rejoice. He rejoiced in "the New British and Foreign Temperance Society:" he called upon them to rejoice in all kindred societies; in those at Manchester, at Leeds, and in every other place. (Cheers.) And oh, let them also rejoice in Ireland, in long and bitterly calumniated Ireland, who, with her seven centuries of woes upon her, was proudly raising into moral life, a proud example for all the nations of the world. Mr. O'Connell then resumed his seat, amidst great cheering, which was prolonged for some minutes.

A gentleman then proposed three cheers for Father Mathew, which were most earnestly given, and were followed by one more for Daniel himself.

The residue of this very important meeting, we regret to state, must unavoidably stand over till next month, although we have given FOUR EXTRA PAGES, which we can ill afford, owing to the heavy expense we have been at with the splendid engraving presented with this number; but we hope, in some measure, to be reimbursed by an EXTENDED circulation.

LIMERICK AND WATERFORD.—In the latter city, on Thursday, Mr. Sergeant Moore, who presided as judge, congratulated the grand jury upon the gratifying and extraordinary fact that there was not a single prisoner for trial in the city at this assizes. "No crown case," he repeated, "was to be placed under their consideration—a matter," he would add, "unprecedented, he was almost sure, in Ireland as well as in England."

Judge Bell, in addressing the City of Limerick grand jury stated, that there were only three cases for trial, and but one prisoner in the city gaol, a circumstance which was probably without parallel:—"I learn from the inspector of the prison," continued his lordship, "that his experience leads him to attribute it, in some degree, to the vastly improved moral habits of the people from sobriety."—*Morning Chronicle*, July 21.

MARYLEBONE AND ST. JAMES'S AUXILIARY.

Sir, I beg to lay before you a brief report of our meeting, held, for the first time, at the Wesleyan chapel, Salisbury-street, Portman-market. The chair was ably occupied by Mr. WELSH, until the arrival of the Rev. P. HASWELL, (Wesleyan Minister) who kindly consented to preside. After a suitable hymn had been sung, and the divine blessing implored by the Rev. JABEZ BURNS, the Chairman spoke at some length upon the great change that had taken place among the sailors through the adoption of the temperance principles; he having, and still using, all his energies in the spreading of our principles among the sons of Neptune. He was happy to inform the audience that they had able talent on the platform, and he trusted much good would be the result of this meeting.

Mr. LAMBERT stood forward as a reclaimed character. He owed his present happy circumstances to the adoption of the principles of this society, it had, through the blessing of God, brought him from a drunken course of life, to a life of sobriety, and to become a member of a Christian church. He was better in health, his circumstances were improved, and he had a happy home, and peace of mind, and he had now discharged his previous contracted debts, and had a few of the crumbs of comfort left, (he here produced ten sovereigns the fruit of tee-totalism) and would perform his labour, as a farrier, better than before.

Mr. JONES was always willing to bear his testimony, as he would leave the advocacy to those able advocates on the platform, to the benefits to be derived from adopting the principles of this society, though not as the former speaker as a reclaimed character, but it had, through the blessing of God, been the instrument in bringing him back to join the church of Christ; it had been the means of bringing more peace and comfort into his domestic circle, and, he thanked God, was blessed with a thorough out and out tee-total partner, who had carried out the principles with him, and under those circumstances where many of our female friends stop at, namely: nursing upon our principles, which she had done for the last twelve months without one drop of intoxicating liquors. He had also to thank God that it was through the instrumentality of a city mission that induced him to sign the pledge nearly three years ago, and he trusted that it would only end when time with him was no more.

Mr. WILD, of the Royal Horse Guards, bore his testimony to the advantages to be derived from adopting our principles. He had been a notorious drunkard, to the station house he had been frequently sent; a prison was not new to him. He compared

his previous course of life to his present, and then enumerated the blessings he had derived from adopting the principles.

Mr. GROSJEAN next addressed the meeting. He observed that after the field of battle which a former speaker had alluded to, there were two sorts of characters, who visited the field, the surgeon and assistants to bind up the wounds of the wounded, he appeared to them in the capacity of one to bind up the wounds of those who had been injured by intoxicating drinks. He also made a powerful appeal to the members of the Wesleyan committee, earnestly soliciting them to aid and assist in this noble cause. He also pointed out to them the amount of capital expended in this district would be sufficient in a very short time, to erect them a commodious building, in place of the small edifice they were now assembled in. He made a powerful appeal to members of Christian churches.

Mr. BALFOUR then addressed the meeting in his usual energetic style. He observed it had been stated that some of our advocates were Atheists and persons opposed to Christianity, but he would most decidedly contradict such a calumny, as none but those favourable to the progress of Christianity were, and he trusted never would be, allowed to stand upon our platform to advocate a cause second to none (Christianity excepted). He then made a powerful appeal to the working classes present.

Mr. MC. CURRIE presented himself to the audience, as a reclaimed character. He adverted to his drunken course of life, and observed it was his partner which induced him to sign the pledge, and adopt the principles which had been the means of bringing him from a garret, to become a respectable house keeper, and an useful member of society. He now felt a delight in his home, and his children, who once dreaded his appearance, now ran to welcome him on his return from his labour, with a song of praise on their lips.

Rev. JABEZ BURNS next addressed the audience. He would not call the attention of the audience to the amount of crime and misery, of wretchedness, and of death, and of the number who go down to a drunkard's eternity in the course of a year, but he would confine himself to answering some of the various objections brought against our principles by those who stood aloof from us. The Rev. gentleman proceeded at some length answering the objections brought among them. One was frequently used: "You tell us about the number who have signed, but not how many go back." He would tell those members of Christian churches that that was a two-edged sword, and that while it cut at our cause on one side, it cut at wounded Christianity on the other side. His answering the various objections we

trust made a good impression upon all who heard him.

Dr. HEAD came forward to inform the audience of the number of cases that had come under his notice, the effects of the use of intoxicating drinks. He spoke upon several cases where drink had ruined families that were once in affluent circumstances, and had been brought to an untimely end by the free use of such drinks.

Mr. SURCLIFF, sen., here stepped forward, feeling it his duty to give a public demonstration of his attachment to our cause, (though bordering on his eightieth year) by signing the pledge. He spoke from practicable experience of the blessings of a temperate course of life, which he had always led. In the course of his life he had turned his attention to the science of chemistry. He knew the effects upon the system which were produced by the properties of alcoholic drinks; but he felt it his duty to sign, for example to his fellow creatures.

The receiving of the signature of this venerable member of the church of Christ, called forth the congratulations of the assembled audience.

Dr. HICKS would not at that late hour of the evening, occupy much of the time. He had intended to point out to the audience the effects of these drinks; but he would confine himself to a few cases that came under his notice.

The various cases referred to by our esteemed medical friend, appeared to make a good impression upon the assembly. Thus closed a meeting long to be remembered by all who witnessed it. After a doxology had been sung, and the divine blessing implored, the meeting terminated. Twenty-five signed the pledge.

J. JONES.

WESTMINSTER BRANCH

OF

THE NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

ITS EARLY HISTORY—PRESENT POSITION— AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

THE committee of the above branch avail themselves of this public medium, gratefully to acknowledge the success which has attended their efforts in the prosecution of the great and glorious work of temperance reformation in this locality, and which in consonance with one of the most important and fundamental rules by which it is governed, they attribute solely to the blessing of God on those efforts.

In contrasting our *present position* with the early history of this branch, we are astonished at the progress which has been made—a progress far greater than the fondest wishes and most sanguine expectations of our best friends had anticipated.

At the period referred to, which is not
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much exceeding three years, it is in the recollection of several of our friends now in committee, that it was with difficulty a public meeting could be sustained, even monthly; that in some of the earliest of those meetings not twenty persons were present, and the number of signatures obtained were consequently very inconsiderable. A steady perseverance, however, in well doing, combined with the most strenuous and concentrated efforts, have produced the present very delightful results, of which it is perhaps not too much to say, that the branch now presents a state of prosperity, we hope equalled by many, but we think is exceeded by none.

Our public meetings, two of which are held weekly in the Temperance Chapel, Broadway, are crowded to excess, while the most encouraging appearances present themselves in the good order which is maintained—the intense interest excited, and the numerous instances of usefulness which are continually brought before us. Many drunkards have been reclaimed—numerous families have been made happy, and the once oft inebriated individual has been restored, not only to a more elevated position in society, but to a useful and honourable association with the Christian church; nor is it one solitary instance only, but with several, such have the committee become happily conversant.

A "Female Temperance Association," and a "Juvenile Society," have been recently formed, both of which contribute, in no small degree, to further the interests of the branch, and promise fair to increase both its numbers and efficiency.

Other societies, also in connection with the branch, we have great pleasure in stating, are in active and useful operation, viz., the "Westminster Temperance Mutual Benefit Society," the "Loan Fund Association," "Members' Loan Library," and newly formed "Temperance Tract Society."

Having thus given a succinct statement of the early history and present position of the branch, the committee are desirous of referring to its future prospects, an interesting feature in which is contemplated the opening of a temperance hotel and coffee house on an extensive and respectable scale, under the immediate auspices and patronage of the temperance society in Westminster, by our esteemed friend and coadjutor, Mr. William Russell, whose private character and long tried services in the promotion of the common cause, not only entitle him to the fullest confidence and support of the committee, but affords, in their estimation, an ample guarantee to the public for the suitable and proper conducting of such an establishment.

The committee look forward, therefore, with high expectations to its opening, conceiving that it may be made subservient, in a

variety of ways, to promote the general interests of the society; such as affording a suitable place in which to hold all its meetings for business—a place of resort for the moral and intellectual improvement of our members in the use of books with which its reading-room will be furnished—as a repository for the sale of the society's publications, and especially, which is very much needed in this locality, a point of concentration for tee-totalers out of employ, where societies, for their mutual benefit, may be formed, and where a registry in the several branches of their business may be preserved.

The committee most cordially invite their tee-total friends to unite with them in rallying round and supporting an establishment which promises so many advantages, and which they fully anticipate will not be exceeded in respectability and comfort by any similar establishment in London or elsewhere.

It is most eligibly situate in the centre of the Broadway, and a public opening, by a tea festival and subsequent public meeting, is contemplated on the 19th instant, but of which due notice will be given.

Signed, on behalf of the committee,

J. H. ESTERBROOKE, Sec.

Aug. 1, 1840.

NATIONAL AND SCIENTIFIC RECREATION.

Sir,—I was glad to observe in your notice, to correspondents for July, that the "West London Temperance Philharmonic Society," and the "City Choral Society" were in type, and that their separate claims on the public attention were likely to be presented in your subsequent number for August. I have long felt considerable interest in the subject, as I think such societies, if properly conducted, not only present a source of rational and scientific gratification in themselves, but are especially adapted to the present position of the great temperance cause in this metropolis; hence, I confess, that I felt considerable regret when, in noticing my first communication, you omitted to insert its most important part, viz., the *rules* of our newly formed society. Since then, however, circumstances have arisen to lessen that regret, and more than compensate for the delay, inasmuch as we have been favoured in obtaining a more eligible place of meeting, whilst the actual working of the society has suggested some important alterations in its rules. These I beg now to transmit in their improved form, and to announce that through the kindness of the trustees and managers of the infant schools, in Hart-street, Covent-garden, the meetings of the society will in future be held in the very large and commo-

dious room of that noble institution, where we hope to concentrate the musical talent of our brother tee-totalers, whilst we cordially invite the co-operation of all the friends of true temperance in the locality to assist us in carrying out the objects contemplated by this useful and interesting society

I am, Sir,

Yours, very respectfully,

W. B.

Westminster.

WE congratulate our metropolitan tee-total brethren, on the formation of Philharmonic, and Choral Societies, among themselves; believing that such associations will not only conduce to the amusement and improvement of the members, but serve to consolidate the society. A love of music is almost universal; but, unfortunately, the drinking customs of our country, have too often converted fascinating amusement into a means of spreading habits of intemperance; consequently, a taste for singing and music used to be the most dangerous talent a young man could possess. We rejoice that by forming tee-total associations for the cultivation of musical genius, the ordinary temptations which acted as a moral drawback of great importance, are removed, and the means of instruction and improvement, in a delightful art, provided, without the fear of forming improper habits or unwise companionships. The following are the rules of

THE WEST LONDON

TEMPERANCE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

I. THAT this Society be denominated "The West London Temperance Philharmonic Society."

II. That whilst it consists chiefly of members of total-abstinence societies, it is open also to all persons who are friendly to true temperance principles, if deemed eligible in all other respects by the committee.

III. That its affairs be managed by the officers of the society, (*ex officio*) in conjunction with a committee of not less than seven, with power to add to its number.

IV. That the practice and performance be confined to sacred music, or select moral pieces only.

V. That each member subscribe one shilling at entrance, and one shilling and sixpence per quarter, payable in advance, to meet the necessary expences of the Society in the purchase of music, &c., &c.

VI. That a meeting for practice be held every Friday evening, to commence at eight and close at ten o'clock precisely.

VII. That no person be admitted during the practice except introduced by a member, who will be at liberty to bring a friend or friends, especially if musical, and competent to assist in the performance.

VIII. Persons wishing to become members, to send their names and addresses to the Secretary, who will propose him or her for admission at the next ensuing meeting of the Committee.

IX. That the committee shall have power to expel any officer or member.

X. That an Annual Meeting be held in the month of December, to receive a report of the state of the Society, and appoint officers and committee for the year ensuing.

— — —
In another district we have an equally valuable society, the prospectus of which we submit to our readers, denominated

THE CITY TEE-TOTAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

THE glorious system of teetotalism has effected more for the real happiness of the people than any other since the introduction of the gospel. During the last four years, London has seen but the commencement of a period of the most interesting reforms that civilized nations can furnish. What teetotalism, fully carried out, can effect for the domestic happiness of the millions, remains to be shown, by the consistency, union, and steady perseverance of its advocates.

Man is a social being; and unless his social state is watched and tended, he will assuredly become worse for the other advances he has made, in what may be found to be but artificial civilization. The domestic hearth must be cultivated; all the affections which cling to home and its inhabitants, whether wife, children, or friend, must be tended by the most assiduous care by the husband, the father, the mother, the son, and the daughter: then will be seen that an exalted happiness is within the reach of all.

There is a delight for the German artizan, and the Swiss tradesman, which the English mechanic has not yet attained, and for which he generally substitutes the false pleasures of the intoxicating cup;—we mean the fire-side comfort of music and song, moral and devotional. This, with the other advantages that teetotalism adds to the intellectuality of its votaries, is likely to render the home of the teetotaler more truly his castle, surrounded by all that is endearing and cheer-fulizing, than any thing yet within his reach.

To aid in this important end, this Society is formed; by joining which, an individual, unacquainted with the science of Vocal Music, may soon be enabled to take a part in plain harmonies, both moral and devotional.

As one great means of encouragement, the following facts are referred to:—A gentleman, well known in the musical world, seeing the necessity for the formation of a more extended taste for Singing, has devoted a great part of his time and fortune to produce a number of elementary works, of such a character for plainness and perspicuity in the

acquisition of a knowledge of vocal music, that the happiest results are now being realized by hundreds in our metropolis, from adopting this new system of learning to sing.

To such teetotalers as have formerly, in following their habits of intemperance, cultivated a false enjoyment, by adopting the public-house system of singing, this Society offers advantages that will repay them in delights tenfold, for a little trouble they may take to acquire a correct ear, and refined taste, for the enjoyments of part singing to poetry of the most elevating and interesting description.

But to the humble worshippers in Zion, the aids of this Society will be of far greater service, by rendering them capable of uniting in devotional Singing with a becoming and delightful zest; and thus the harmonious enjoyments of our earthly temples will go far towards giving a foretaste of the Eternal Beatific state.

— — —
The members of this society meet every Friday evening, at Aldersgate-street chapel, from eight o'clock till nine, for lessons in singing, and at nine, for practice of the best pieces of a miscellaneous kind.

PHYSICAL ADVANTAGES.—The particular facilities of Britain are great,—greater, perhaps, than those of any other country; or they have, at least, been more generally developed. It possesses all the essentials for the furtherance of mechanical ingenuity, and the employment of manufacturing industry. Iron and coal, the two chief agents—the one in the formation of machinery, the other in its use,—are found in abundant quantities beneath the soil, and often in such close contiguity that they are readily made to assist each other.—*Railways of Britain.*

TRADERS IN PHILANTHROPY.—I have never known a trader in philanthropy who was not wrong in heart somewhere or other. Individuals so distinguished are usually unhappy in their family relations; men not benevolent or beneficent to individuals, but almost always hostile to them, yet lavishing money, and labour, and time on the race—the abstract notion. The cosmopolitanism which does not spring out of and blossom upon the deep-rooted stem of nationality and patriotism is a spurious and rotten growth.—*Coleridge.*

TEMPERANCE INTELLIGENCE.

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Signed, on behalf
J. I.

Aug. 1, 1840.

NATIONAL
AND
SCIENTIFIC L.

Sir,—I was glad to ol
to correspondents for J
London Temperance Phi
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the husband arrived, and we
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composure. He welcomed us most
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of contact, and eventually refreshed us
the table. Two other families, one
making a few individuals, had not
escaped the scandal, intemperance. It
between this peaceful and blessed
and the dissipation, folly, and sin-
cesses in the village, (for it was
that there was very striking, and
but not our feel that our kind host-
ness were feeling that religious ways
a peace, harmony, and comfort. Many
that the poor man has had to endure
a religious, but he has been strengthened
bear a good testimony to the value of
sector. At a colony named HOTTINGHAM
about ninety years from Okeana, there is
church in a very happy condition. They
have formed a temperance society among
themselves. This was done in the church
a series of months after an address and pro-
pion to the pastor. I presented him with
copy of "Earth's doom." Is not this good?
and the temperance society in the church
known. There is a dramatic-house in the
church, and a dramatic society in the church
and many more there a better place than
is to be found in the city will be. I have
and I have seen many other societies in the
of the church, and I have seen many other
with them to publish a "WITNESS" and
church in a very happy condition.

From HOTTINGHAM

THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY OF HOTTINGHAM

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE FIRST TEMPERANCE SOCIETY IN THE SOUTH OF RUSSIA.

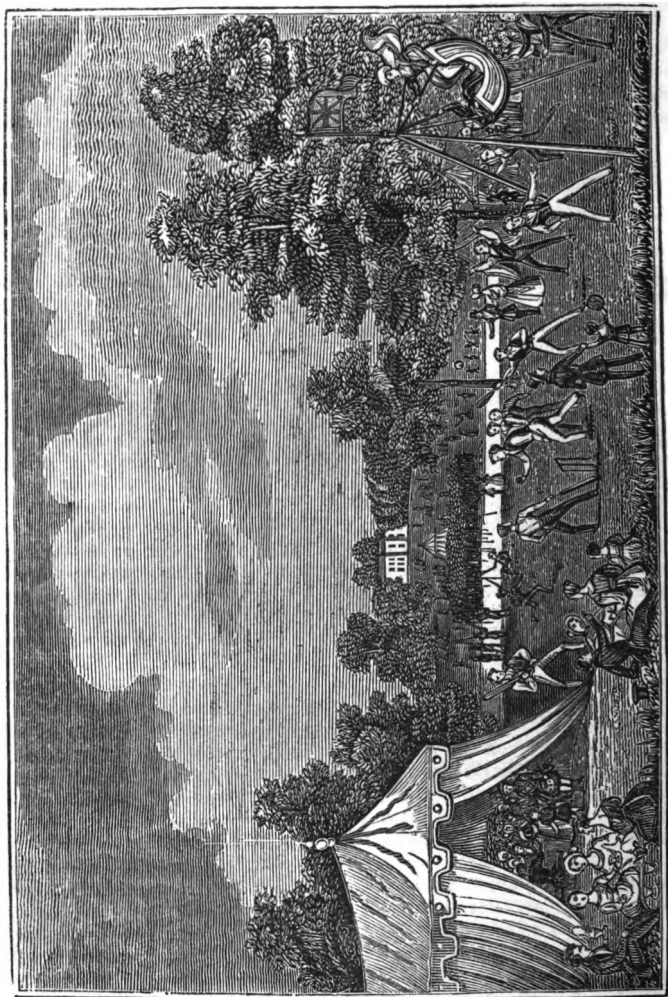
Extract of a letter from a friend at St. Petersburg.—Mrs. Mickleson and I took to LITTLE OKTA more than 600 tracts, and about 250 sheets, "against drunkenness," and on "Fasting." On crossing the ferry we saw in the main street a crowd; and going up to it were sorry to see a lottery of cups, and other small articles of household use, and the people most intently watching the throw of dice to determine the winner. Looking about for a place for ourselves, we observed, at a little distance on the opposite side of the road, the shop of a grave-stone cutter, and soon obtained leave to spread out our store on one of his stones in the street. We had previously determined to give one tract to each, also a sheet for the apartment of every lodger, and then to sell the rest; but from the number who pressed to our table as soon as the object was known, we were obliged to abandon the thought, and content ourselves with giving single tracts. Some, when they found that their tract was a history, begged to have it changed for a religious book; and some, whose faces indicated intoxicated habits, refused tracts, till reminded that they might do good to others. The sheets gave much pleasure, and the recipients faithfully promised to nail them to the walls. * * * * In Okta is a man who, some years ago, was a most fearful drunkard. Mrs. M. strove with him in every possible way, but to no effect. At last, almost in despair, she sent him "Familiar Dialogues for Children," and that simple book was the instrument of his conversion from drunkenness to sobriety. His family, notwithstanding the continual industry of the wife, was reduced to the depths of poverty, with no prospect for the future but beggary. This happened eight years ago, at least; and since then neither Mrs. M. nor I had ever visited them, although we had often talked of so doing. Well, we approached their small wooden house, which on the outside was not very tempting; however, we ascended the stairs, and entered a nicely-washed room, where the female part of the family were at tea. All around showed comfort, cleanliness, and sufficiency. In a

short time the husband appeared, and sweet and refreshing was it to see his calm and joyful countenance. He welcomed us most heartily, instructed us by his retired, unassuming conduct, and greatly refreshed us by the information that two other families, one consisting of twenty individuals, had also been enabled to abandon intemperance. The contrast between this peaceful and blessed family, and the dissipation, folly, and sin, we had witnessed in the village, (for it was a great holiday there) was very striking, and we could not but feel that our kind host and hostess were feeling that religious ways lead to peace, harmony, and comfort. Much persecution this poor man has had to endure, also much ridicule; but he has been strengthened to bear a good testimony to the value of abstinence. At a colony named HOFFUNGSTHAL, about ninety versts from Odessa, there is a church in a very hopeful condition. They have formed a temperance society among themselves. This was done in the church by a show of hands, after an address and prayer from the pastor. I presented him with a copy of Baird's book. Is not this good fruit?—the first temperance society in the South of Russia. There is a drinking-house in the colony, but on Sabbath days it is not opened to any body; nor is there a secret back door, as is too often the case with us, [i. e., in England]. On week days they are not allowed to sell to a colonist [i. e., native inhabitant,] more than ten copicks* worth a day. This church is in a very flourishing state."

British Temperance Advocate.

* Ten copicks are not quite equal to 1d. English.

SUNDAY TIPPLING.—The following is the German way of preventing Sunday tipping:—"All persons drinking and tipping upon Sundays and holidays, in coffee-houses, &c., during divine service, are authorised to depart without paying for what they have had. This would have a most beneficial tendency in improving the morals of the lower orders of society, and greatly contribute to the comfort of their families."



DYRKHAM PARK, HERTS, THE SEAT OF CAPTAIN TROTTER,

As it appeared at the Grand Te-total Gaia, on the 10th of August, 1840.

THE
LONDON
TEE-TOTAL MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

No. 7.]

SEPTEMBER.

[Vol. I.]

“A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.”

“Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.”

THIS is the season for wasps, who invariably attack the best fruit on the sunniest side; thus presenting an exact natural emblem of the conduct of certain journals, and upstart witlings, who vary the monotony of their proceedings by a wasp-like buzzing and stinging of the fine luxuriant popular fruit—*tee-totalism*—on its sunniest, that is, its Irish side.

A writer in the *Court Journal* of Saturday, August 15, has made a most amusing attack on Father Mathew in particular, and tee-totalism in general. And though we have no doubt that the good Father, if conscious of the buzzing of this literary wasp, will exclaim, in the language of Uncle Toby, “Get thee gone, poor reptile, surely there is room enough in this wide world for thee and me;” still for the benefit of the myriads of tee-totalers who may suppose this wasp possesses a formidable sting, we propose dissecting and analyzing the little, angry, buzzing, fluttering creature; and showing how really incompetent it is to make any thing worthy the name of an attack, either on the *individual* or the *GREAT AND PROSPEROUS CAUSE* that has aroused its malignity.

The article in question is entitled, “A Word with Father Mathew;” and the writer sets out with flippant assurance, as if he was speaking of something within the compass of his understanding, and talks of pointing out “the error of Father Mathew’s ways,” “and reconciling him with the bottle.” Such an announcement awakened the expectation that something original, in the shape of argument, would follow. However, notwithstanding this preliminary flourish of trumpets, we have the old objections raked up that have been answered over and over again, until they have become familiar as household words to tee-totalers, and “tedious as a twice-told tale.” Like all the defenders of drunkenness, Leitch Ritchie has the bad taste, as well as the bad faith, to endeavour to prove that their is scriptural authority for that which is morally wrong—a position to the full as daring and impious as any infidel could desire. It really appears that a numerous class of Bacchanalians, in the present day, have taken the bible under their especial protection, and are actually anxious to prove, no matter how injurious to the interests of religion and virtue, that sobriety, perfect

unqualified sobriety, is unscriptural. The following are Leitch Ritchie's scriptural views on the subject of drinking:—

"To begin at the beginning, I need hardly tell you that the position you have thought fit to assume is *unscriptural*. Solomon draws a clear distinction between temperate and intemperate drinking, and, to judge from his declamations against drunkenness, it would appear that the vice was as common in his time as in ours. The use of wine, in his opinion, was to elevate the depressed spirits, while the abuse led to redness of eyes (and it might have been added, to redness of nose too) and to strife and bitterness. These things are symptomatic of hard drinking, not of temperate drinking; and with the context of his other writings before us, it would be absurd to think that Solomon forbade us to 'look upon the wine when it is red,' unless when we felt inclined to drown our reason in it. If Solomon eulogized wine for its cheering effect upon the spirits, the apostle Paul, long after him, prescribed it to his friend Timothy as a capital medicine for the stomach. Paul, you may be disposed to allow, was a still more eminent apostle than your reverence; and Timothy, the tee-totaler, was not a mere P. P., but a bishop. Think of that, Father Mathew. As for the miracle at the wedding, it could hardly have been performed if wine was improper on festive occasions; neither would this beverage have found a place at the Last Supper and in the sacramental cup, if it contained anything desperately wicked. But these matters I touch lightly upon; they are all better known to you than to me."

True! we hope and believe such subjects are better known to every school-boy in Britain. What think you, reader, of the argument? Is it not an oversight for the writer to omit informing enquirers where "Solomon draws a clear distinction between temperate and intemperate drinking." Solomon had too much wisdom to attempt defining moderation, knowing that nature had left the point undefined, and varied it with man's varying constitution. The denunciations and warnings of Solomon are positive and clear, and admit no such laboured inference as Leitch Ritchie draws. As to the admirable remark about "Timothy the tee-totaler" being "a bishop," not "a mere P. P.," if it was intended as a reflection on the comparative humility of Father Mathew's clerical station, it is singularly ill-judged, and points, un-

fortunately, with most invidious malignity at the bishops of the present day. Oh fie! Leitch Ritchie! why provoke comparisons by talking of Timothy (who had known the scriptures from his youth up,) the tee-totaler and bishop? Who, when reading your very caustic paragraph, can fail to think of how few bishops now copy Timothy's example? and what a work of superelevation it would be for any one to write to the bench of bishops, and in zealous concern for their temporal well-being, advise them to take "a little wine" for their stomach sake!

We said the objections contained in this "Word with Father Mathew," were hackneyed and common-place; there is one assertion however, the originality of which no one will question—

"But your grand argument is, that moderate drinking leads to immoderate drinking—an assertion which is not merely untrue, but the very reverse of the truth. Immoderate drinking, on the contrary, leads to moderate drinking. The drunkard of youth becomes the modest tippler of age."

We hope that the boasters of moderation are satisfied with their champion's definition. According to his account, they have all arrived at their enviable moderation through a long practice of immoderate drinking; waded through the foul depths of intemperance, and landed on the slippery rock—moderation. Temperance advocates have been liberally censured as severe on moderation folks; but never did they say anything so grossly severe as this.

We will be more just to moderate drinkers than their champion is. We believe that his reasonings are false, and that it would be as wise for him to say that persons in a state of actual and complete blindness were the most likely to use spectacles, as to assert that immoderate drinking leads to moderate drinking. It is contrary to common sense and reason. On the subject of example, there are two glaringly inconsistent and contradictory passages—

"But all the world, it seems, must abstain tee-totally, lest the example of drinking be set to the lower classes. The lower classes, however, neither know nor care what the

higher are about in their houses; and if they did, they would be neither the better nor the worse for their example."

At the conclusion of this sapient article, the following remark occurs:—

"Tell the lower classes to *take example by the higher*, who within a small number of years have almost entirely reformed their intemperance habits."

Such contradictions require no comment; they are evidences of the pitiful weakness of the cause of intemperance, and the miserable twaddle its advocates are compelled to inflict on their readers, when struggling to "make the worse appear the better cause." When the lower classes are required to take example by the higher, surely "Leitch Ritchie" must forget the admirable example the Marquis of Waterford, and his host of satellites, display to the lower classes. (?) In the accomplishment of wrenching off knockers, racing in cabs, insulting women, and studying "thieves literature," our young nobility greatly excel the lower classes. We agree with this profound writer, that the lower classes are certainly none the better for the example of their (so called) superiors; that they are no worse for it, is mainly attributable to the unaffected good sense and innate worth of that large and important section of society, so sweepingly designated as the "lower classes."

The following is an equally untrue assertion:—"Domestic servants who are continually exposed to this unholy contact of their superiors, are by far the soberest of the lower classes." This sentence displays ignorance the most profound, of the character of the classes upon whom Leitch Ritchie pronounces so arrogantly. No doubt there are many excellent persons among the numerous class of domestic servants; but regarding them as a *body*, it would be difficult to find any other class so utterly ignorant and sensual as they are.* Better paid, and better fed, than any other portion of the producing classes, their intemperance may not be so *apparent* as that of the ill-fed, anxious, and sometimes despairing operatives; but it is, never-

theless, fully as great in reality, while sycophancy, treachery, ingratitude, and dishonesty are rife in this conceited and ignorant class, so presumptuously cited as models of superior sobriety to the working classes in general.

But while these opinions are thrown out as random shafts, it is on his chemical knowledge of the subject that Leitch Ritchie most prides himself—

"Alcohol, we are told, is a poison; therefore we must not drink alcohol. It is still alcohol, in whatever vehicle it exists, whether spirits or fermented liquors; therefore all such drinks must be avoided. Brandy may contain more of it than small beer, but why take even a *little* dose of poison? Now, all this, Father Mathew, is pure trash. It shows that you have never considered how fearfully and wonderfully we are made; that you have never looked upon the operations of nature with the eyes of your soul open; and that even if, at any time, you may have been startled into surprise by her apparent contradictions, you have never demanded of chemistry an explanation. If you had even the commonest smattering of this science, you would be aware that human life is sustained by poison; that we eat, drink, and breathe poison; that within us and around us a thousand poisons are in continual conflict, neutralizing each other, and preserving our existence as if by a miracle."

Then follows the old objections and inferences by which a host of scribblers, anonymous and avowed, have sought to convince the world, that because the all-wise hand of creative wisdom combines poisonous elements, and renders them harmless and salutary; that it behoves man, in a sort of left-handed imitation, to combine and blend harmless and beneficial substances, and educe from them a subtle poison, which, being eminently unnatural and non-existent in any production of Almighty wisdom, has no sympathy with man's physical or mental organization, and can neither be neutralised or amalgamated as other *natural* poisons are, but, in proportion to its strength, does its work *surely*, whether fast or slow. Had the poison alcohol been necessary to man, Almighty wisdom would have given it to him, and fitted it to combine with the elements of which his constitution is composed; but being merely the work of man's misdirected ingenuity, it has been demonstrated by

* See a letter from a domestic servant, at page 275 of this number.

But now for that woeful countenance; I am all anxiety to know the cause of it—is the wedding given up?"

"No, no!" replied Maria, attempting to smile; but which more powerfully discovered the feelings she attempted to conceal.

"Well, then, what is it all about? You look pale and anxious—this is not your usual way! Come, come, Maria, do tell me; why keep me in such suspense!"

"O, Ellen, how can I tell you, I am in a strait; must I give up principle or give up Charles?" Here, Maria unable longer to suppress her agonising emotions, burst into tears, exclaiming, "My Charles! my Charles! how can I give thee up!"

Ellen, starting up, seized the hand of Maria; and whilst her countenance was the index of mingled sorrow and amazement, she, with peculiar emphasis, desired an explanation of Maria's exclamation.

Maria desired a few moments silence to recover her composure. Ellen, meanwhile, poured out a glass of port for her young friend, fondly hoping thus to allay her perturbation. But Ellen mistook: she had yet to learn, that so far from alcoholic stimulants allaying nervous irritation, or soothing down mental excitement, they are positively injurious; and where there is a predisposition to irritability, they increase the malady and confirm the disease. Ellen was at a loss to conjecture the meaning of what she had witnessed; but how was her surprise heightened, when instead of Maria accepting the wine, she meekly said, "thank you, Ellen, you must excuse me taking it, for I disapprove of the practice of wine drinking; and it is this fatal custom which is the cause of those feelings you have witnessed in me to-day. I wish, Ellen, to converse with you freely on this subject; but such is my present agitation, that I am utterly incapable of calm discussion; and I am aware that the course of conduct I am about to pursue, will subject me to almost endless disputes, at which my very soul revolts; to act contrary to the views of esteemed friends, on minor subjects, is to me painful; but when called to act a decided part, in the most momentous event in life, a part opposed to the prejudices and preconceived

opinions of relatives and other dear, very dear friends, requires no small portion of firmness, and demands the exercise of *unswerving principle*." Maria paused; she had become animated; her heart and happiness were interested in the subject; but, again, her feelings became almost insupportable—tears refused their aid to ease her aching heart, and for some times she was the subject of the most distressing anguish.

Ellen saw her grief, but knew not how to mitigate or remove the sorrow of her friend; she could only give evidence of her sympathy by those tokens that love alone can know. Ellen's disposition was gay, but she had a heart to feel; and though as to the real state of Maria, she was a stranger, yet from long acquaintance she was assured that something of importance was passing on the spirit of her friend; she likewise knew that although Maria was ever gentle and to be persuaded in things *indifferent*, yet when she was convinced that character and *principle* were involved, however difficult the task, she would undeviatingly pursue that course of conduct she considered right, even at the expense of peace, love, and honour, so called.

At the commencement of Maria's Christian course, she had possessed the friendship of those she ever held dear; but she had read in the inspired page, "the friendship of the world is enmity against God." "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." She therefore humbly, though boldly determined to comply with the Divine injunction: "Come ye out from among them; be ye separate." This conduct subjected her to the contempt and derision of many; but she remembered the Saviour's words,—"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you; and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake: rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in heaven." Her characteristics were gentleness, humility, and kindness, and these were combined with energy, perseverance, and fortitude; some of these qualities seemed to be the spontaneous produce of nature's soil; others planted by creation's sovereign Lord, they had

been moistened by the dews of the Spirit, and flourished beneath the beams of the sun of righteousness. At the age of nineteen, she had accepted the addresses of Charles Lambert, a youth who was a few years her senior, possessed of accomplishments and personal attractions seldom surpassed; he had a cultivated mind, combined with Christian principle, and this was constantly developing and tested. In his secular concerns he gave evidence of the genuineness of his profession, and the rectitude of his principle. Such was the character chosen by Maria to be the partner of her earthly sojourn, a character viewed by her to be almost unexceptionable; he possessed her heart's sole affection; to her his words were as precious gems, and he appeared to her the fairest of earth's sons. The consummation of their youthful love was near; but one short month, and hymen's wreath would twine around her placid brow.

But how unforeseen are earth's events; the cloudless sky is soon overcast—the serene hemisphere vanishes from our vision—the gay landscape changes, and all is confusion, storm and tempest: such was the state of Maria, her mind which was generally calm and happy, conscious of the enjoyments of God's favour, and delighting itself in the affection of her earthly friends, was now in a state of agitation, the entire contrast of her former self: this was occasioned by the inward conflict between *reason, principle, and affection*. For some time Maria's attention had been directed to the temperance subject; it appeared to her novel and quite overstretching the prescribed rules of Christian requirement; she likewise conceived it to be an infringement on the usages of hospitality, and as likewise engendering an ungrateful spirit for those beverages which are viewed by many as the good creatures of God; she had likewise entertained the prevailing opinions that alcoholic stimulants are good for the physical frame. She, however, with a mind open to conviction, conscious that she had not attained to perfection, resolved to give the subject a fair investigation; she was aware that minds of mighty growth had not thought it beneath their notice; and since it was a subject so repulsive,

as opposed to her preconceived opinions, and almost fixed prejudices, it required an effort of firm resolution to surmount her antipathies at the outset. She read the *pro* and *con* of the subject. Amongst other standard and invaluable works, she perused Grindrod's "Bacchus," and the Rev. W. R. Baker's "Curse and Idolatry of Britain;" she solicited the opinion of those for and against the total abstinence subject; attended their meetings; and although she frankly confessed, she *wished* to be established in her old views, yet now her understanding was arrayed against her, and she began to suspect the fallacy of her opinions; her suspicions aroused a dim perception of her error, and this rendered the access of truth to her mind more easy. But the greatest obstacle she had to contend with, an obstacle increased by the tenderness of her devotion to him, was in the person of her beloved Charles; to this subject he was opposed—he was, according to the general acceptance, a sober young man; often he would say, when conversing on this subject, "I approve of moderation, I hate tee-totalism."

Maria was no stranger to these sentiments; she had often heard them, and now often reflected on them; she valued Charles' opinion, but her love was not that of a visionary; she anticipated being united, but her knowledge of human nature gave her to know that the most perfect of humanity possess nature's infirmities; her Charles was all the world to her: Jesus alone was fairer in her sight. She was fully aware that though he so much censured this benevolent cause, he had not given it an unprejudiced examination; he was, consequently, like many, unqualified to judge. "Can Charles," she exclaimed one evening as she sat pondering on the subject, "judge on the merits of a painting which he has never examined? Can he perceive its beauties, point out its defects, or suggest improvements? Impossible! Then he is not capable of pronouncing judgment on the abstinence question." She started at her own decision. "What!" said she, "am I detracting from Charles' abilities? Is it really so?" Again she thought, and again she exclaimed: "I do not detract from Charles' capabilities, for it does not argue a man's incapacity to see, if

he wilfully shuts his eyes, it only argues wilful preference of darkness to light; he possesses the organs of vision, but it remains with him to use or not to use them."

The unwelcome thought had by this time presented itself. How can I give Charles my hand, seeing there is such a difference in our sentiments? I cannot—I dare not give the fatal draught!—True, I may not drink myself, and so escape the danger of inebriation; but may I not, by giving, make unhappy victims? "Cursed be he that putteth the bottle to his neighbour's mouth." Still, still retains its curse. But my Charles! to give thee up, is to sever myself—to enshroud earth with a mantle of gloom! Maria bent her head upon her hand and wept bitterly. But in this moment of sorrow her soul was not left comfortless; her God, the guide of her youth, whispered the consolations of his spirit to her mind; a hallowed calm gradually succeeded the storm of mental conflict; a gleam of hope shed its soft radiance o'er her soul; and whispering angels seemed to say: "Daughter, be of good cheer—the spirits of the blest ones greet thee—a few more guns—a few more conflicts—and thou shalt dwell with us."

Maria's head ached, but her mind was calm; it was tranquil, but pensive. She felt that her Isaac was about to be bound—all things were prepared—her judgment was enlightened—her heart had yielded into assent to the truth; but still there was something more to be done—she resolved, she wavered, and then re-resolved, till at length she sought repose in Orpheus's slumbering arms.

At this time Maria was favoured with the loan of a tract, entitled "Moderation Delusive." She had just been perusing it when Ellen entered and found her pale and anxious; she had just read the circumstance which turned the scale of her determination. "I am now resolved," she exclaimed, just before Ellen entered the apartment. As she was not then in a fit state for conversation, she desired Ellen to take home the tract and carefully peruse the narrative which had thus affected her; requesting, at the same time, she would return in the evening with the tract and declare her

sentiments. Ellen took it, and read the following account:—

"Lucy B——, was the daughter of a respectable tradesman. She had received a good education; her mother died when she had only reached the age of nine, leaving Lucy to the care of an affectionate aunt, who, for some years, had resided at the house of Mrs. B——. This lady was highly fitted to rear the tender plant, and teach the young idea how to shoot. She directed her studies, checked the waywardness of youth, and imbued her mind with religious principles. Her person was pleasing; there was a free carelessness of manner which at once betokened volatility of disposition; reserve appeared to make no part of her temper; naturally incautious, she was painfully disciplined by stern experience.

"At the age of sixteen she left school to enter upon the multifarious concerns of life. Her mind now became steady, she observed, and reflected, and to her it was an ever-flowing source of pleasure to contribute to the happiness of those around her.

"After years passed swiftly on, and she became the subject of saving grace, she rejoiced with the apostle, exclaiming: 'Being justified by faith, I have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Like her divine Master, ever anxious to do good to the bodies and souls of those around her, she identified herself with the Ladies' Association for the Prevention and Suppression of Intemperance. She was now derided for being a tee-totaler, but she heeded not derision; the wail of the widow, and the cry of the orphan had reached her ears; the wretchedness and poverty of the drunkard's hovel had met her eye; the touching tales of woe, all originating in the much tolerated vice, had affected her heart; and her language was continually, 'what can I do to lessen the amount of these aggravated miseries!'

"She reflected on the conduct of her great Exemplar, who, for wretched, rebellious man, suffered hunger, persecution, ignominy, and death. 'O, thou Holy one,' she would exclaim in the midst of her heartfelt emotion, 'help me, help me to follow thy steps, to heed neither calumny nor reproach; but,

above all, to sacrifice self.' She had the happiness of seeing much good effected by her indefatigable efforts; by her labours, in many instances, the wretched were made happy.

"One so ardent, so amiable, it is not supposed could pursue the tenour of her course unperceived. For some time the families of the K——'s had been intimate at her father's house; Edward, the eldest son, was not a less frequent visitor than the rest of his household; each visit tended more deeply to root an affection unknown to all save its possessor. Long had he loved Lucy, but one impediment seemed to present itself to his mind—Lucy was a tee-totaler, and he hated tee-totalism. 'But, perhaps,' he would sometimes say to himself: 'I may so far influence her mind, as to lead her to renounce her *principles*; at any rate, I shall try; I will not declare my hostility at once; on this point I must act cautiously, for she is quick; I would not lose her for the world. Charming girl! What a pity thou art so infatuated!'

"Lucy, unsuspectingly, was allured by the kind attentions of Edward. At times she was ready to think that they were marked. Again she would check herself, saying: 'Oh, we are old friends, how foolish I am; Edward thinks nothing, means nothing, in all his attentions. Besides, he is not a tee-totaler; but I think he is not unfavourable either.' Edward, however, before long, gave Lucy to understand his intentions towards her. She hesitated, she demurred, at length, at the earnest entreaty of Edward, who was anxious to call her his own, she ventured to disclose the feelings of her heart.

"'You know, Edward, we differ on the temperance question.'

"'Well, Lucy, if that is all, I approve of moderation; you only go a step further, that's all; and so long, dear Lucy, as I am a Christian, living under the influence of the gospel, I think there is no danger; and, besides, Lucy, I must be a temperate man as I only take two glasses of wine a day; not much probability of me becoming a drunkard.'

"'What you say, Edward, is very plausible; but I have sometimes thought when I have heard persons urge the power of the gospel, that they honour it more with their lips than by their

lives; they boldly profess to be Christians, whilst, at the same time, they exhibit by their conduct none of the denying spirit of Christ. I have been thinking, Edward, it is quite unfair to plead the power of the gospel to prevent drunkenness and reclaim drunkards, if the gospel only saves those who place themselves beneath its daily influence. You regard me, Edward, with looks of surprise.'

"'Well, proceed Lucy, I am quite astonished.'

"'Well, I was going to say, if men with the gospel became drunkards, men without the gospel may become sober; and this is nothing to the discredit of the gospel, so far as taking, or not taking intoxicating liquor goes: the gospel has nothing to do with it. Drunkenness, and the appetite for drink, are physical evils, and require a physical remedy; no man in his senses would wish to begin a bible class as a substitute for hospitals, which are established to relieve and cure bodily diseases. How many saints have been deluded by the specious opinion: O, I am a Christian, and there's no danger. Did the Saviour, Edward, when tempted by our arch foe to cast himself from the pinnacle, act thus presumptuously. No! No! Far, far otherwise. But, look, Edward,' said she, raising her beaming eyes, eloquent in the cause she loved, Edward, meanwhile, beholding her in silent wonder and admiration. 'Look at yonder beautiful expanse of water. Were I to ask you to cast yourself into its depth, and thus wantonly to throw away thy life, by God bestowed, would you not start with horror at my request: most assuredly you would. But might I not act the same part in a manner so subtle and pleasing, that you would yourself voluntarily join me in the work of destruction. Suppose in the centre of yon bed of water a latent power of attraction, extending its influence to the utmost verge of its surface, so that whosoever ventured so far as to allow the soles of their feet to touch the ensnaring element, would experience such a buoyancy of spirits, such a heedlessness of the vexations of life, feelings at once so pleasing as to allure to one step further, one step nearer the brink of destruction; and such the fatality of the delusion, that the vision scared ro-

tary perceives not his rapid and almost irresistible approach to ruin; the frenzied dizziness of pleasure bewilders his perception; he is gradual in his retrograde steps from the brink, but suddenly coming under the strong influence of the attractive power, is suddenly hurled, by an impetus too strong now to be resisted, into the fatal spot, he sinks! sinks to rise no more! Now, Edward, is he not his own murderer? Will it avail for him to tell his Maker he did not intend drowning himself: No! No! Methinks he might justly receive for reply: 'Thou hast committed suicide, and by thy example been the means of alluring others to destruction.' Thus you perceive, Edward, had he not ventured into the alluring element, he could not have been swallowed in its vortex. Those who venture far are lost, and those who tarry at the brink lose the ardour of their devotion. You dare not jump into the river because you say a Christian cannot be a murderer; but dare go you where danger lurks—'

"'Stay! stay! Lucy,' he exclaimed, 'I see the application; I admit that even a Christian man who drinks these stimulants is on the road to drunkenness; and that although he may be a Christian at the outset, yet the very quality of the drink tends, naturally tends, to obscure his judgment, and to unfit him for religious duties; and I have myself been shocked to witness those about to enter on sacred duties, quaff off the wine and hasten to the pulpit! Bad, bad preparations, thought

I, for the discharge of the duties of such a sacred office.'"

"Lucy's heart bounded with delight as the last sentiments fell from the lips of Edward. 'Oh,' thought she, 'Edward is open to conviction; he will come over, I believe, to our side: oh, that he may; perhaps I had better not appear too strict, for he has got the idea that we tee-totalers are so uncharitable: he may be led, but will not be driven.' So thinking, she resolved on a course of conduct which she fondly hoped would bring him over; she would not of course drink herself, thus by her conduct she would reprove him; but she would avoid verbal discussion, as this would tend to confirm his pre-conceived notions of the bigotry of tee-totalers. Edward was not slow to perceive this change in her conduct, and he attributed it to its real cause. He was likewise desirous to flatter her expectations, he therefore carefully avoided making any unwelcome reflections on the subject, and would occasionally say he would never oppose so good a cause; it was a blessing to the drunkard.

"Lucy was allured, her heart loved Edward; she fondly hoped, and therefore believed he would one day embrace the temperance principles.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

* The devoted Richard Kaile says on this subject that nearly all the blemishes which have been found on the characters of ministers, for the last fifty years, have arisen, directly, or indirectly, from the free use of intoxicating liquors. Five-sixths of those who have been expelled, or obliged to withdraw, from the Christian church, have been cases of intemperance.—"*Idolatry of Britain*,"

TEE-TOTALISM NOT SECTARIAN.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

"And pray, my worthy friend," said the minister, with a smile, in which solemnity and sorrow prevailed, "what do you understand by a sectarian thing?" "A sectarian thing," said Mr. Sharp, "why I consider a sectarian thing to be a—I don't know, that I can exactly explain my meaning, but a sectarian thing is, I suppose, a—" "Well, well," said Parson Moody, looking at his watch, "I perceive I have already overstaid an engagement. I will call this

afternoon, for the purpose of continuing our conversation." He took Mr. Sharp affectionately by the hand, and departed; leaving him in perfect astonishment at his own entire ignorance of a term, which he had so frequently and so confidently employed.

The petty mortification, arising from this circumstance, was immediately lost in the contemplation of that deep domestic affliction, which seemed to be drawing nigh.

Mr. Sharp left the apartment to go in pursuit of Aminadab. He found, upon inquiry, that the boy was seen going, that morning, in the direction of the school-house; and he resolved to wait for his return, at the dinner hour. He then sought the apartment of Mrs. Sharp, whom he found engaged in the instruction of little Joel. Upon the first communication of this sad news, the tears came into her eyes; but she soon wiped them away, and turning to her husband, "I have shed these tears," said she, "because I cannot see you weep alone; as for that poor boy, he has had more already than his share of my tears and sighs. It has been, for a long time, the daily burthen of my prayers to God, that he would support us both, under this impending calamity; for I have expected it from the beginning. It was evident to me, long since, that Aminadab had acquired a fatal relish for spirit. What could I do? I would not reproach you, my dear husband, but, when I have seen him, so far the worse for liquor, as to be insolent and disrespectful, and have told him, that rum would make him a drunkard; he would reply, 'Father drinks it, three or four times a day; will rum make father a drunkard?' When I have said to him, that he ought to give it up and drink water only; he always replied, with a sneer, 'Water is a sectarian thing, and father says so.'—'Martha,' said Mr. Sharp, 'I have declared before our minister and before God, and I now say it before you; not another drop shall enter my habitation nor pass my lips. If I have been the means of ruining my poor boy, may God, of his infinite mercy forgive me: we have another child, who shall never appeal to his father, for a justification of his intemperance.' Mrs. Sharp was greatly affected, and shed many happy tears, at this joyful resolution of her husband. There is something contagious in such matters, even with those, who are scarcely able to comprehend the moving cause; little Joel rose from his cricket, and putting down his book, reached up to kiss both his parents, with his eyes full of tears.

When the dinner hour arrived, as Aminadab did not return, a message was sent to Master Lane, who stated, that the boy had not been at school, for

more than a week; that his previous absences had been very frequent; and had been passed over, upon his statement, that he had been employed, in his fathers' store.

This intelligence was not likely to abate the anxiety of these unhappy parents. They sat down to their meal, in silence and in sorrow.

The table had scarcely been removed, when, according to his promise, the good minister entered their dwelling. Mr. Sharp acquainted him with Aminadab's conduct, at Master Lane's school, and that he had not returned, since the morning. It was supposed, however, that, conscious of his detection, he was strolling somewhere in the village, and would not come back till bed time.

"Now, my friend," said Parson Moody, as soon as Mrs. Sharp had retired, and left her husband and the clergyman together: "if we can strengthen our good resolutions for the future, by an examination of our past errors, and a calm contemplation of all that we have lost; however painful the task, it is one of the most profitable exercises, in which we can engage. Suppose you had long been a member of the temperance society, and as zealous in promoting its important concerns, as you ever have been in the prosecution of your ordinary undertakings; you would, in such case, neither have partaken of ardent spirits, nor have had them in your house; is it not altogether probable, that you would have been spared that affliction, which now wrings your bosom? You have one child, to preserve, and another, if it be possible, to reclaim; you have resolved to abandon the use of ardent spirit. This is well. Why have you done this? Have you been actuated by any religious, moral, or philanthropic motive! Not at all. You have been moved, by a selfish regard to your own fireside, your own domestic welfare alone. I urge you, as a man of good feeling, as a philanthropist, to reflect, that you owe something to your fellow creature. Mr. Sharp your influence is great, for good or for evil. Justifying their conduct by your example, there are undoubtedly other parents in this village, who are now sowing the wind, and who shall reap the whirlwind like yourself: there are here other children; the children of those parents, who are

moving rapidly along, on the railroad to ruin. You have formed a good resolution for yourself;—proclaim it to the world, for the sake of your fellow man. Go, and with a firm hand, set your name to the pledge of the temperance society. Well, you say, that you have considered the temperance reform a 'sectarian thing.'—"Yes sir," said Mr. Sharp, "I have always supposed it was gotten up by the Orthodox, the Trinitarians; and I was greatly surprised, when I first learned, that you had become interested in the cause."—"You could not believe, that any good thing could come out of Nazareth," said the clergyman. "My friend," he continued, "you have honestly misused a term, which is nothing better than a crafty invention of the enemy, a mere watch-word of opposition. Would you refuse to be saved from drowning, because the hand of rescue was extended by a Christian, whose religious sentiments were different from your own? Would you persist in perishing rather than be drawn out of the water, by a Trinitarian? Some of the most useful and ingenious articles, in your factories, were invented by Calvinists, Baptists, and Episcopalians. Why do you permit them to be introduced?—are they 'sectarian things?' An infidel discovered the secret of inoculation; shall we therefore forego its advantages? We call ourselves liberal Christians; let us not forfeit that character, by any refusal, equally illiberal and impolitic, to go along with our fellow Christians, of any denomination, in a great work of universal philanthropy."—"Your reasons, my dear sir," said Mr. Sharp, "are very persuasive."—"But I have been reasoning on a false presumption," replied the minister, "for, if the attempt to abolish the use of inebriating liquor be a 'sectarian thing,' the prime mover and promoter of that 'sectarian thing' was very far from orthodoxy; Mahomet was not a Trinitarian. Even in modern times, the first president of the oldest temperance society in the New England States, the celebrated Samuel Dexter, was an Unitarian. Now, my good friend, neither you nor I, I am afraid, will be able to look into this matter more thoroughly than that great and learned man. The temperance cause furnishes a broad ground of neutrality, upon which men

of every profession and of every faith, by working, shoulder to shoulder, in the cause of humanity, may learn a little of the high and holy mystery of loving one another. I will now leave you to your own reflections. The temperance book is at my house; if you should decide to put your name upon the list of members, you can send for it; I shall press the matter no further."

Mr. Sharp thanked the good man for all his counsel, who, with a look of the greatest benevolence, shook him by the hand, and took his leave.

The supper hour arrived, and Aminadab had not returned. The shades of evening began to gather, and the parents became alarmed for his personal safety. At length it was ascertained beyond a doubt, that he had run away. One of his late associates, as bad a boy as any in Clatterville, gave the information, that Minny, as he was called by his companions, suspecting the object of the Parson's early visit, had listened at the key-hole, until he heard his father declare his resolution to give him a flogging, when he determined, as he said, "to clear out." Minny, the informant stated, had plenty of cash, for he had shown him the bills. The latter part of this intelligence induced Mr. Sharp to examine the writing desk in his chamber. He found it had been broken open, and rifled of a pocket-book, containing about three hundred dollars in bills.

Crime is a social creature. There are individuals, it is true, who appear to be almost exclusively addicted to some particular vice; but who would, in all probability, have been equally infamous, in any other department of iniquity, had time sufficed, and opportunity occurred. When the moral barrier is broken down, when a breach is once made, by the artillery of sin, the whole heart is not likely to be occupied by one solitary tenant. Crime, as we have said, is a social creature; it is gregarious, in a remarkable degree. Few there are, who have passed through the higher degrees of infamy, and finally settled down for life, on a fellowship in the state prison, who cannot remember the grog-shop, which was the primary school, where they received their elementary instruction. Aminidab had no sooner lost all respect for virtue in general, by becoming a tippler, than he

lost all respect for his parents, and all fear of God; and became almost immediately an idler, a truant, a liar, and a thief.

Such measures were employed as seemed best calculated to ascertain the direction he had taken, but in vain.

Upon an early day of the ensuing week, Mr. Sharp waited upon Parson Moody, and expressed a wish to subscribe the pledge of the temperance society. The good man brought forth the book with the greatest alacrity, and placed it with pen and ink upon the table. It was the merchant's usual custom to employ only the initial letter of his given name; but, on the present occasion, he wrote *Aminadab Sharp*, at full length, with a heavy hand, and, doubtless, with a heavier heart. He admitted, with perfect frankness, to Parson Moody, that he had totally misapprehended the character of the temperance reform; not because the subject was at all complicated in itself; but simply because he had not taken sufficient interest in the matter, to examine the nature of his early prepossessions against it. "Experience has been to me," said he, with a deep sigh, "a severe instructor; but the lesson will never be forgotten." He laid down the temperance book, and took his leave.

Shortly after his departure, Deacon Gurley called at the parsonage. It is to be regretted that the conduct of some other deacons should have excited unkind suspicions in the reader's mind, as is probably the case, in regard to Deacon Gurley. But this respectable man had never trafficked in broken constitutions and broken hearts. He was a steady supporter of the cause of temperance. — "Good news, Deacon Gurley," said the clergyman. "Ah," said the Deacon, "has neighbour Sharp found his son?" — "No," replied Parson Moody, "but he has found his conscience poor man, which is even a greater gain; he has signed the pledge of the temperance society." — "Can it be possible?" said Deacon Gurley; "bad luck for the dramsellers in Clatterville; for neighbour Sharp never does any thing by halves." — "Here it is," said the good Parson, taking up the book, — "but bless me, what is this? — he has not been sparing of his blotting-paper, has he?"

continued the minister, holding up a hundred dollar bill, which had been placed between the leaves. "That is very well," rejoined the Deacon, "but fifty such would be less beneficial to the cause, than the force of his example, and the effect of those exertions, which he will certainly make in its behalf. As I said before, Aminadab Sharp does nothing by halves."

The Deacon's predictions were speedily verified, to the letter. Mr. Sharp was in nobody's debt, and a great many people were in his. The importers, distillers, taverners, grocers, and retailers, with their retinue of tipplers and toadeaters, could in no way thwart or annoy him. He did not want their votes, for he would never consent to be a candidate for any office. He had a number of these people for his tenants; they were all promptly notified, that their leases would not be renewed. He was the sole proprietor of the principal hotel; he made an immediate arrangement with the lessee, and converted it into a temperance house. No person was admitted to work in the factories, who would not pledge himself to abstain from ardent spirits. He did all in his power to circulate information on the subject of the evils of intemperance; and, whenever he passed a group of idle boys, he was sure to rouse their better energies into profitable action, by throwing among them some good little book, or temperance tale. Several of Mr. Sharp's tenants agreed to continue their leases, selling no ardent spirit. — "*Sharp* is the word, now-a-days," said an old, gray-headed, fiery looking fuddler, as he turned off, disappointed of his dram, from the fourth grocery store, in a cold frosty morning! "if Clatterville folks put up with this, there's an end o' the good old spirit o' New England. If things goes on so, half the inhabitants will move over to Brandywine village afore Christmas, where there's no such sectarian nonsense a going on."

The old sinner was mistaken. Nobody moved over to Brandywine village, on account of the reformation in Clatterville; and the improvement, in the manners and habits of the people, soon became a topic of universal remark.

Days, weeks, and months rolled rapidly along, and no trace was disco-

vered of the runaway boy. Before this dark cloud settled over his dwelling, Mr. Sharp had appeared, like Sir Balaam, to believe, that God's good providence was a lucky hit. But he had learned an important lesson of the instability of earthly happiness. His pride had become humbled; and he was now perfectly satisfied, that the world was not made for Cæsar nor Aminadab Sharp. He now perceived that riches, even if they do not take wings and fly away, cannot buy back the peace of a broken-hearted father. The tongues of a thousand sycophants could not now charm away the bitter conviction that he was the parent of a drunkard and a thief. Sad were the feelings of this unhappy man, when he reflected upon the origin and progress of this domestic calamity, and remembered the words of the holy volume: "And Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man!"

It was very natural, that, at the period of this calamity, Mr. Sharp, in the compass of a few weeks, should have examined his own heart more carefully than during the whole of his previous life. Such was certainly the fact. He was introduced to a new code of sensations; he began to have a practical understanding of the passage, which teaches the broken in spirit, that the help of man is a reed.

In this season of affliction, he derived the greatest support from the consolations of an excellent wife; he began fully to understand the value of the gem which he had taken for better for worse. It was about a month after the departure of Aminadab, that Mr. Sharp, returning home in the evening, had retired privately to an apartment connected with their sleeping chamber. As he was sitting there alone, ruminating on his misfortune, his wife entered her chamber with little Joel; and supposing herself within hearing of no being but the Giver of every good and perfect gift, she proceeded to offer up her evening supplication. The yet unconverted husband sat listening to the prayers of a child of God. He listened for a while in solemn and respectful silence; but when in a voice scarcely audible for her sobs and tears, she asked of God his guidance and support, for a lost and a wicked boy, and that he would sustain an afflicted father, and

bring him into the fold in his own good time, he could no longer repress his emotions, but, rising from his seat, crept forward silently, and knelt by her side.

On the subject of family prayer, this was no longer a house divided against itself: and many other good things were admitted one after another. Joel became an uncommonly fine boy. He was carefully brought up in the way he should go, and there was no reason to apprehend that he would depart from it when he should come to be an old man.

About five years and a half after the departure of their eldest son, Mr. Sharp received a letter from the chaplain of the State Prison, in the State of ———, in the following words:—

"———, Dec. 14th, 18—.

"DEAR SIR,—Peter Jones, a convict in this prison, who is dying of consumption, has desired that the enclosed may be forwarded to you as soon as possible.

"Respectfully, your humble servant,

"W——— I———.

"Aminadab Sharp, Esq., Clatterville."

The enclosed letter was in the following words:—

"State Prison, Dec. 12, 18—.

"DEAR PARENTS,—Receive the dying words of a wicked child. I have but little strength, and my words must be few. When I left you, I took the Providence road, and came to New York, where my life was consumed in all kinds of dissipation, while the money lasted which I took from my father's desk. When it was all gone, I got into the company of those, who put me in the way of getting more. I have two or three times resolved to reform. At one time, I did not taste ardent spirit for three weeks; I worked till I had earned almost enough to bear my expenses home. I kept out of the way of ardent spirit, for my hankering was so great that I was afraid I should not hold out. One afternoon as I was on the wharf, a man came to speak to me, who had been drinking rum. I smelt his breath, and I could resist no longer. I went to the dram-shop, and my earnings were soon spent. For the gratification of my appetite, I was induced to rob a gentleman of his pocket-book, which brought me here.—Dear Mother, God will reward you for all your good counsel, though it has been lost upon your poor boy. If I could only see you, it would be a comfort to me, before I die. I would try to muster strength to crawl out of my bed, and ask your forgiveness on my knees. —Dear Father, don't let little Joel have any spirit, but heed the

last request of his dying brother.—I am known here only by the name of Peter Jones

"From your undutiful Son,
"AMINADAB SHARP."

The conception of that anguish, which this letter produced, is only within the province of imagination. I have neither the hand nor the heart to give it form. "O my dear husband," said Mrs. Shard, "let us fly to this poor prodigal before he dies." It was determined to start, on the morrow's dawn. Another letter from the chaplain came in the midnight mail—the victim of a father's imprudence was no more.

The last account I received of this family was in the fall of the year 18—. I then passed through the village; and,

while the horses were resting at the inn, I noticed a gentleman walking slowly alone, with his hands behind his back, who, every now and then shook his head in a singular manner. "Who is that gentleman?" said I. "It is Mr. Sharp," said the hostler, "who lost his son: he is somewhat melancholy, as you see; and, as he goes along, he often mutters to himself, *poor boy, poor boy!*"

Joel has grown up an excellent young man; and abundantly repays his mother for all her maternal care. He is a pattern for all young persons in the village, teaching them, by his example, to honour their fathers and their mothers, that their days may be long in the land which the Lord their God hath given them.

A SERVANT'S CONFESSION.

PERMIT me to request the insertion of the following production in your valuable magazine, with the hope that it may afford a useful lesson, both to masters and servants. I have been several years in service, and have lived in highly respectable families, and was always thought an honest, sober, and pious youth. But mark what follows. Intemperance has been my bane! my besetting sin. My first step was moderation; at first, I seldom drank above half a pint in two days; but the frequent wettings and fines amongst servants, produced that fondness for drink, that nothing could conquer. I became a drunkard! yet never (so artfully was it concealed) came it to the knowledge of those I lived with. I was dishonest! frequently had I occasion to go to the wine cellars for my employer; and shall I say it—as frequently for myself. At my first start, I took one bottle; after a while, two; and from that, to one dozen! Will you believe it, that during three or four years services, I have never been detected. And why? implicit confidence was placed in me, as an honest, sober servant.

And shall I say, during that time, I seldom drank less than a bottle a-day; besides various other intoxicating fluids. Nay, I have known, in the company of three or four fellow-servants, six or

seven bottles to be emptied; and I, with another, have gone to bed with a bottle of brandy to drink. Mark what follows. Often have I been so overcome as to forget my candle; and what has been my feelings, I leave you to guess, when awakening, to see the light of day once more, I have been horror-struck to find the candlestick and contents folded within my bed! While thinking on these things, the danger I have escaped, through the providence of God, I humbly desire my experience may teach others a useful lesson. And here it may be asked, Did you never see your danger, nor dread the consequence of discovery? Yes. Yes, often have I mourned over this sin; a thousand times have tried to avoid the tempter. But, alas! when the giddy mirth, and sparkling cup met me almost at every step, it were useless; my resolution failed; in vain I tried each art to conquer it. I joined myself to a church; I made my profession of faith; hoping, and earnestly praying, that it would be the means of preserving me. But, alas! what was this? the devil, under the guise of best, was continually assailing my weak side, and proffering the fatal cup, persuading, my too willing mind, that a little would do me good, and that it was no sin; and thus was I continually foiled in my attempts at refor-

mation, until, "blessed be God," the cause of total abstinence sounded as a trumpet in my ear; and through much opposition, wrought a powerful conviction, and proved, at once, that remedy I had so long sought for.

I now, thank God, enjoy that peace of mind which the world cannot give; I can now act the part of an honest servant. My master's life and property is safe from my intemperance; I am better in health, in spirits, can work better, rise earlier, endure both heat and cold better, and am earnest in endeavouring that my fellow-servants may enjoy the blessings which I now do. Let masters learn that if they have any regard for their lives and properties, they will do well "not to stumble in the cause of abstinence," but to promulgate and practise it, as far as lays in their power. Let servants learn the dangers which the love of drink causes to fall upon them: a known drunkard, none will employ them. Detection in

dishonesty is sure to meet its reward; but whether detected or not, God will not suffer them to go unpunished. I knew a young man who was discovered taking a bottle of wine from his master's cellar; he was tried, convicted, and sentenced for seven years transportation. Servants! here is your remedy; here is your safeguard from intemperance. Take a survey of our principle; and come forward and release yourselves from the dangers which threatens you. Hasten—banish the intoxicating drink from your homes. Your lives and properties are not safe where a servant drinks—and how are you to know that? Mine is no uncommon case; I could mention many, of like similitude, who have been thought sober, honest, and trustworthy servants. In concluding this brief sketch, let me hope it may be the means of awakening some one, of the very many, who are sleeping on the precipice of intemperance. A PENITENT SERVANT.

DRINKING CUSTOMS IN DEBTORS' PRISONS.

At the present time, when tee-totalism, as the sun in his majesty, has risen, and, by the powerful beams of incontrovertible truths, is dispelling the dark mists and dreary fogs with which alcohol has so long clouded the understanding of man; at this juncture there are many things that formerly seemed to be reasonable and just, that can now be proved to be entirely unreasonable and unjust.

Among the many inconsistencies which are being daily brought to light, the law which forbids the introduction of spirituous liquors into debtors' prisons stands very prominent. "What!" say some, "would you find fault with that law? How can you call yourself a consistent tee-totaler, and yet oppose that enactment which forbids the use of spirits, and imposes a heavy penalty, or degrading punishment, on those who do attempt to introduce them?" My answer is this, "I admire the law as far as it goes, but my objections to it are, it only endeavours to cut off one cause of intemperance, instead of ensuring perfect sobriety: it is a partial law.—While it will not permit men to poison

themselves with alcohol, in the shape of ardent spirits, it allows them to do the same thing by the agency of wine, ale, porter, &c. Every person confined may (*if he can afford it*) have half a bottle of wine per diem, and malt liquors *ad libitum*. The consequence is, that the spirit of the law is nullified. Men are drunk inside the walls of the prison from ten o'clock in the morning until two or three the next morning: for thus late are they enabled to keep up their revelries. The stewards of the sleeping-wards purchase a quantity of beer, &c., which they retail to the prisoners, and it is frequently drank by the latter while they are in bed. It is a fact, that more than two-thirds of the parties confined are in the daily practice of getting drunk; and if a man go into the place a sober, temperate (I should say *moderate*) man, he will most likely come out a hard drinker. Of what use is the law then? Drunkenness reigns triumphant, and laughs at the exclusion of spirits, while it has such numerous agents to accomplish its ends."

I will give you an instance to show the partiality of the law. A poor

woman (whose husband was confined some months back in one of these places) determined, foolishly, to take in a small drop of gin when she went to see her partner. The turnkeys discovered it; she was taken before the magistrates, and being unable to pay the fine, (10*l.*) was committed to the House of Correction for three months. At the expiration of that time she came out, and went to see her husband. She was refused admittance, and being at the time pregnant, the refusal so affected her that she was taken ill, and speedily died. The husband warned a relative of mine against bringing any in, and bitterly exclaimed against the law which punished some, and let others, equally guilty, go free. Nay, is not

the publican who supplies the enormous quantities of ale and beer more culpable? Does he not cause more misery? Assuredly he does, but then he does it legally. My object in bringing the matter before your readers is, to endeavour to stir some of them up to suggest practicable plans by which we may obtain an amendment of this unfair enactment.

In Whitecross-street prison, the beer is served, to the Middlesex prisoners, through the grating of a window; the stone is completely rotted by the dropping of the beer upon it, and nearly eaten through.

Quere.—If it acts thus upon stone, how must it affect the human frame?

M. A. G.

POETRY.

THE POOR MAN'S REFUGE.

He weeps that false friends, who in fortune's gay hour

Throng'd round him with flattering smile,

Are fled now that clouds of adversity lowr',

Nor seek kindly his woes to beguile.

Poor youth! little knows he the world's callous way,

Ever ready on riches to fawn;

Though esteem'd and beloved in prosperity's day,

The poor man is sad and forlorn.

Bethink thee, thou loved one, of Him who can give

Rest to him who in anguish doth roam;

That free from earth's trammels in joy he may live,

Where no sorrow can trouble his home.

MOTLEY.

HOME.

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,

A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside

His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;

While in his soften'd looks benignly blend

The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend!

Here woman reigns—the mother, daughter, wife;

Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life:

In the clear haven of her delightful eye

An angel guard of loves and graces lie;

Around her knees domestic duties meet,

And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet!

Where shall that land—that spot of earth be found?

Art thou a man? a Patriot? Look around—

O! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,

That land thy Country, and that spot thy Home!

J. F. T.

THE NEWSPAPERS AND TEE-TOTALISM.

BY MATTHEW P. HAYNES.

IN the consideration of great movements, men are too prone to form an opinion of their progress and merit by the details given, or by the course pursued by the newspaper press. The rule is a fallacious one. The press seldom rushes in *medias res*, and if its impulses to conduct are carefully and justly anatomized, it will be found rather to follow public opinion than to lead it. The influence of the press, as affecting any particular cause, is the child rather than the parent of the public feeling towards it.

At present, the English press* does not speak the sentiments nor mirror forth the convictions of millions respecting the total abstinence cause. In fact, those who are engaged in that great moral reformation, have hitherto had but little support from the journalists. By many of them, and those the most influential, the strongest opposition has been offered: some have pursued a kind of neutral course—they have briefly recorded the proceedings of the tee-totalers, but have refrained from advocating their principles; and a few, *rari nantes in gurgile vasto*, have assisted the cause by their advocacy and *their example*.

Months passed away before the "best possible instructors" even noticed the existence of tee-totalism. It was not until numerous societies had been formed throughout the length and breadth of the land, that the editors found themselves compelled to break their mysterious silence.

This tardiness to embrace a new subject is one of the characteristics of the press of England, and it is, at the same time, a reproach to it. Need we adduce instances of the *reluctance* to which we allude? We have only to refer to the history of every great public question; there is scarcely one, whether political or scientific, which did not at first experience from the press indifference, if not opposition. There is scarcely any

great invention which now administers to our commercial greatness, or contributes to our comfort, that the PRESS has not ridiculed, and affected to despise. Not many years ago, the inventions of WATT, in relation to the steam-engine, were sneered at. The engines upon NEWCOMEN's construction were *written up*, and persevering efforts were made to write WATT down. Who that looks upon the Thames and sees the fleets of steam craft plying, would believe, if it were not placed beyond the possibility of a doubt, that one of the most scientific men in the empire, and over whose moral character a heavy cloud has recently, unhappily, been spread: who would believe that this REV. DOCTOR, whose connexions with the press are widely ramified—who would believe that he for a long time devoted his ability to proving that steam vessels were unsafe, and that it would be perfect insanity to venture upon the water in a boat propelled by steam! Not long ago, MR. WINNER narrowly escaped being made the subject of an inquest *de lunatico*, for proposing to light London with gas! When he lectured upon the subject at the Lyceum theatre, he was considered, by the newspapers, somewhat in the same light as Captain ACHEERLEY of the present day, with his mystic "dial of Ahaz." Again, when the great discovery of JENNER was first promulgated, it was met with derision and scorn. The newspaper Solons actually declaimed against the cruelty, the folly, and the sin of adding *another disease* to those with which mankind were already afflicted. In their wisdom they considered vaccination as a species of morbid transmigration of an *afflicting principle* from cows to human beings, which could not fail to injure the latter, and which must be highly offensive to Almighty God, whose laws it was calculated to contravene. These instances of the fallibility and of the shortsightedness, if not of the folly of EDITORS, might be multiplied to fill a volume; but enough has been said to show, that the great unknown "WR"—gotists of the news-

* The Irish newspaper press is not now under consideration. The writer may hereafter have to advert to it.

paper press, have not an indisputable claim to be considered right in all that they advance concerning any new movement which is made in society, or any new principle which may be propounded in science.

On the other hand, there has never been a fantasy so wild, or a notion so eccentric, but that some of our scribbling *gobemouches* have been found to adopt it; avoiding what is practical and wise, they prefer often to advocate what is chimerical and absurd—they prefer wonders to worth. A “fire king” is a much better subject for a newspaper, than the reformation of drunkards by the use of water.

The English are, what the Irish call, “an easy going people.” They like novelty, but they are not *gluttons* at it, as the French are. We do not adopt novelties merely because they are so—we “try before we buy;” and every day’s observation shows, that there are always fools enough to try experiments upon novelties, which wiser men can quietly watch. To the credit of the character of the English people, scarcely ever is a novelty adopted and retained in use, unless it is beneficial and useful. Englishmen are particularly averse to any inroad upon their *old habits*. The “reign of lucifers” has been most wonderfully retarded by a respect for the old tinder-box; and the contest for ascendancy will yet, for many years, be carried on between flint and steel, and the combustible ingredients of which lucifers are composed. Without referring to other instances in which even comfort and convenience are sacrificed to *prejudices*, we will assert, what no man can deny, viz., that the stomachic prejudices of an Englishman are the strongest which govern him. The custom of English society, and even the tendency of English education, is to impress an Englishman with the idea that *drinking* is one of his chief social duties. Foreigners say we can do nothing without eating. They are right; and we all know what bouts of drinking follow. The opening of a bridge, or the closing of a grave—the erection of a jail, or the consecration of a church—the marriage of a queen, or the trial of a criminal—in fact every public duty and every private obligation, is considered to be imperfectly

discharged, unless an extensive dinner is devoured—and it is absolutely necessary that the wine merchant or the tavern keeper should share the patronage shed upon the cook. These eating and drinking habits have caused immense sums of money to be embarked in the wine and spirit, the ale and porter trade. The “licensed victuallers,” as a body, yield not in wealth to scarcely any other class of traders. They are well organized—they get money easily, and they spend it freely—they uphold some valuable charities, and they take care to tell the world of it—whilst not a word is said by them as to the social ruin, the individual woe, and the social calamities which the articles in which they deal occasion.—That ruin, that woe, and those calamities, are the origin of those *charities* of which they so ostentatiously boast. Upon these *charities* we shall hereafter have to remark.

We have now chiefly to notice that immense wealth is embarked in the publicans’ trade. Look at the brewers and distillers;—count the men and horses they employ: they have travellers to buy corn; clerks to keep the books; clerks to collect the accounts; agents to take houses and to sell them: they have brewers, smiths, engineers, coopers, wheelwrights, porters, draymen, and gangs of excisemen and permit writers, who in a great degree owe their employment to them. The property in the breweries, vast as it is, is held in shares, by many individuals. There are many more *brewers* than is generally imagined: no adequate idea is entertained of the number of those, and many of them are termed “*pious*” and “*religious*” people, who live upon annuities and profits drawn from some or other of the great fountains of liquid death. The consequences of the brewing and distilling trade, in all its branches, from the malt kiln to the pewter quartern, having thus insinuated itself into the monetary construction of our complicated commercial relations,—is, that a great opposition will naturally be raised to any project which tends to limit or affect that trade. This opposition is the more formidable and determined, because it is *purely selfish*. The brewers and distillers can flourish only on the prosperity of the tavern and the gin-

shop : these can gain prosperity only on the *drinking habits* of the people,—and hence, as a matter of course, of business and of personal advantage they are the opponents of tee-totalism.

These remarks may seem ill-placed in an article like the present,—but it will be seen that they tend powerfully to illustrate the conduct of the newspaper press, in relation to the tee-total cause. We have briefly adverted to the *drinking habits* of Englishmen, and to the force of those habits. We may add that our national songs have been written to stimulate them. To the force of these habits the power of wealth has been superadded. Avarice and appetite are thus both leagued together against tee-totalism ; and it is unfortunately the case, that too many of the newspapers pander to the popular prejudices, because it procures them readers ; and to wealth, because it provides them with purchasers and patrons.

Nor is this all. In many cases the *practices* of the conductors of the press are in direct opposition to the *theory* of total abstinence. We make no invidious allegations : and we are well aware that though in its generalization the remark is just, there are still some exceptions. However, taking Editors as a body, and coupling with them the reporters, they are a class who render most liberal suit and service to the “jolly god.” Their temptations are certainly great ; wit and genius, a similarity of pursuit, late hours and much labour, all combine to render them readily susceptible of the charms of wine, and prompt them, in the state of constant excitement to which their profession exposes them, to attempt to drown in the bowl, whatever of care or pain may oppress them. How many and melancholy are the instances in which the seductions attendant upon the pursuits of the PRESS, have lead to the clouding of brilliant genius—to the decay of high principle—to the degradation of character once held dear, and to the premature loss of lives which were calculated to be honourable, distinguished, and useful.

To a portion of the press, *political considerations* suggest an opposition, if not to tee-totalism, at least to tee-totalers, and particularly in Ireland. Long and severely has that country suffered

from political discords : they have made her bleed at every pore,—they have left her exhausted by the road-side—and now that the handmaid of sobriety is binding up her wounds, let not party feeling interrupt the work of compassion.—Let CHRISTIAN POLITICS—the policy of charity—prevail. Let not deeds of virtue be forcibly construed into actions of vice. Let not the filth of the world's slander be thrown upon a pure and healing undertaking. Leave men to do good, whatever may be their path, or whatever religious principles they may espouse : “He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.”

It is deplorable to find the *Times* denouncing the tee-total progress in Ireland as a “Popish,” and “Ribbon,” or “Repeal” *ruse*. It has been misled to this by the violence of political contest ; but we implore the influential conductors of it, amidst the warfare of parties, TO REMEMBER THE PEOPLE. Even were Lord Melbourne's ministry all that they are represented,—and upon this we give no opinion,—we would not to remove them, impede the progress of a nation in morality. The mischief of the outcry of the *Times* against tee-totalism as an *alleged* party movement, ends not in its own columns. It gives power to the selfish opposers of *total-abstinence*, who re-echo the cry because it is calculated to promote their views, although at the time they know full well that they are inflicting a grievous and undeserved injustice upon the *always* generous,—and *now*, thank God,—*sober* people of unhappy Ireland.

There are great excuses, though not sufficient ones, for the newspaper-press, for the manner in which it bows to influence, feeling, and wealth. In the first place, *fashion* is every thing. Secondly, newspapers are merely matters of commercial speculation ; and the editors consider it their duty to serve their employers in the best way they can. There scarcely ever was a newspaper conducted solely with a view to *principle*. The sum of money required for the establishment of a newspaper, is very great. Twenty or thirty thousand pounds have been spent upon ably conducted papers, which have, notwithstanding, failed. But when a newspaper is firmly established, the income derived from it is considerable. It is,

however, a property held by an insecure tenure. It depends upon the public support; that support is gained with difficulty, and is easily lost. Hence,—the newspapers,—upon the very principle of self-preservation, are reluctant to engage in the advocacy of any great new movement against which the prejudices of the country, the habits of the people, or the interests of a numerous and wealthy class are arrayed.

These reflections will probably afford some clue to the better understanding of the course which the newspaper press has adopted as regards the tee-total cause. The reader will probably now see the force of the remark, that “the press will follow public opinion rather than lead it.” It opposes what is opposed generally. When the public hesitate, the press seldom takes upon itself to decide: it changes as the public change; made to be popular, because popularity is that upon which it lives. A tee-total people will find among them a tee-total press,—and the fact that the English newspaper press which *was so long silent upon tee-totalism, now occupies itself so largely with the subject*—is the most conclusive proof of the importance which the cause is daily attaching to itself.

We shall reserve, for a future paper, the consideration of the newspapers and magazines in detail. From one or two further observations we cannot however refrain. The *Morning Advertiser* is the property of the licensed victuallers, and a large sum—a *very* large sum is annually derived from it. We trust that this fact will have due weight with the adherents of the total abstinence principle; and that in due time, they will themselves put into action, for the defence of sobriety, the powerful machinery of the press, which has been rendered so useful and profitable to the publicans. It is not necessary, nor indeed would it be advisable, even if it were practicable, for the total abstainers to commence a daily journal; but by a *weekly* organ they would at once effect much moral good, whilst it would be to them a source of great pecuniary gain. The “moral good” would be effected by a calm and a dignified, but a *thorough* exposure of the slanders, the rancour, the ridicule, and the delusions which are propagated; the “pecuniary

gain” would arise from the encouragement which tee-totalers would afford to it; and that encouragement could scarcely be other than liberal, when it was known that the profits, instead of being pocketed by any individual or number of individuals, would be devoted, under the management of an efficient committee, to the defence, the propagation, and the honour of the tee-total cause. Is not such an organ required? It is true that there are already periodicals attached to the great work—and exceedingly useful and spirited they are. Still, however, a *stamped defender* is required to rebut *stamped attacks*: and as anti-temperance newspapers are sources of so much profit, we know not why the tee-totalers should not take a hint from what is passing around them, particularly as a tee-total newspaper would collect its profits by the dissemination of virtuous habits, whilst the papers of the publicans amass theirs from the encouragement given to habits of excess.

We have already intimated that we shall, in future papers, present our readers with some curious details as to the newspaper press. The *Era* and the *Britannia* will merit special notice. The former of these has recently changed its editor. The gentleman originally entrusted with its management, was Mr. LEITCH RITCHIE, a pretty romancer, and an amiable albumist. He soon found himself quite out of his place, when through Lord Brougham's interest with MEUX AND Co., he found himself in the unpoetical position of recommending gin and defending XXX. His attempts thereat were mere “half-and-half,” and the editorship passed into other hands. Of this, more anon.

Determined again to try his hand, Mr. RITCHIE has made his re-appearance as an anti-tee-total writer, in a paper called the COURT JOURNAL.—He is certainly better calculated to adorn the boudoir, than to amuse a tap-room; but he is so determined to write *prettily*, that he cares not to write *truly*. His language is not free from profanity, and as it will hereafter be our province to prove, his pretensions to philosophy are only thin disguises thrown over ignorance; whilst his precipitate and self-sufficient conclusions are as baseless as the ill crutched posi-

tions from which he affects to draw them, are insecure.

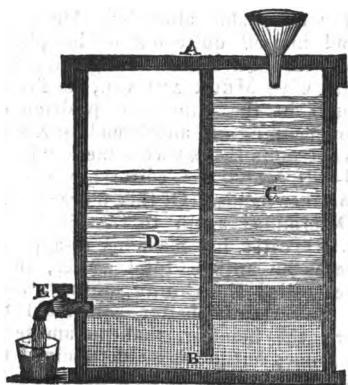
"The ERA and Mr. LEITCH RITCHIE," will form the subject of our next paper.

In the meantime, violent in its opposition, or negligent of its duties as the PRESS may be, as regards tee-totalism, there is no ground for despair. Upheld by a higher power than any human hand,—supported by stronger claims than those with which any eloquence can invest it,—tee-totalism is making a glorious and triumphant progress.—London is now lighted with gas in spite of the invectives of the newspapers

against poor Mr. WINNER. JENNER'S great discovery is not now regarded as an additional disease, but is going forth saving and to save; its progress, its adoption, its protective influence and its ascendancy, are each a convincing proof of the fallibility of the PRESS; and as that PRESS could not stay the career of vaccination, neither can it stem the tide of total abstinence, which, with the blessing of God, and the aid of good men, will, ere long, shed its blessings over every land, destroying the influence of vice; establishing, securing, and hallowing the ascendancy of virtue and happiness.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TO PURIFY WATER.—The following is a description of a filtering machine* which I have constructed, and have had in use a considerable time, and strongly recommend it to all who wish to obtain pure water, it being extremely simple and economical in its construction, at the same time purifying the water, equal to any of the *patent filters* now offered for sale to the public, and which many are prevented from using on account of their expense.



A represents a square or cylindrical vessel made of any suitable material; the one I have constructed is of zinc, which is cheap and durable. B a partition fixed so as to divide the vessel A

into two chambers C and D; the bottom of this partition must be bored full of holes, or made about one inch shorter than the vessel A, so as to allow a free passage for the water between the two chambers. E is a cock to draw off the filtered water in the reservoir D. Procure some sea or river sand, and after having *well washed it*, fill both the chambers C D with the same, to the height of five or six inches. After having done this, fill the chamber C with *good charcoal powder*, to the depth of two or three inches—the machine is then ready for use. Pour the water to be filtered into the chamber C, and it will descend gradually through the charcoal and sand, and ascend through the sand in the chamber D beautifully clear and pure. Particular care must be taken to *thoroughly cleanse the sand*, and have *good well-burnt charcoal*, which ought occasionally to be renewed. A lid should be fitted to the top to keep out dust, &c. And it is an improvement to pass the water through a strainer, or sponge, placed over the chamber C, this will prevent the charcoal from becoming foul, so soon, from the grosser impurities. My apparatus which is only twelve inches diameter, and eighteen deep, will filter about one gallon per hour, but of course the rapidity of filtering, and in proportion the purity of the water filtered depends much upon the depth of the strata of sand and charcoal.

* From "The Magazine of Science."

Thornton Lodge, Cheshire.

G. S.

GRAND TEE-TOTAL GALA,

HELD IN DYRRHAM PARK, THE SEAT OF CAPTAIN TROTTER, AUGUST 10, 1840.

How bright, though brief, has been the career—how brilliant the achievements of Total Abstinence! Long and extensively may its hallowed influence be owned in the many grateful families regenerated and made happy by its power,—and millions of individuals daily return thanks to God because tee-totalism has rescued them from a degrading vice, to associate them with the delight and the dignity of ennobling virtue. This blessing, now so widely spread, is daily working itself upwards and onward. The small stream, once scarcely to be traced in its progress, is now swollen to an extent of ocean vastness; and the great reform which, for a time, was limited to the controlling of the conduct of a few unostentatious men, is now becoming, nay, it has become the guiding principle and the rallying point of merry-faced multitudes. The Gala to DYRRHAM PARK was a delightful attestation of this consolatory truth. An Auxiliary to one of the great total abstinence societies, (and it is a pity that there is more than one,) by its great exertions, has incurred a debt; that debt is trifling, it is true, but the owing of money is contrary to the good economy, the independence and the highmindedness of tee-totalism; and hence it was determined to resort to some adequate means for enabling the society to cancel its obligations. Without referring to other circumstances, we may state, what is indeed already well known, that the committee found in the person of Captain TROTTER, of DYRRHAM, a prompt and generous co-operator for the promotion of their great design.

Well! the gala was resolved upon—Monday, the 10th of August, was fixed as the day; and Dyrrham Park, the magnificent seat of Captain Trotter, was to be the scene of the festivities.

Very early on Monday, as bright a morning as the sun ever adorned, was heartily welcomed by many anxious thousands whose hearts were already "in the park." Ample appetites did full justice to breakfasts of proportionate amplitude; the neat apparel of the Sunday had to discharge another day's duty; and many a smiling head of a family, with his happy wife and offspring, sallied forth at seven o'clock, laden like *perambulatory ham and beef depôts*, to take their seats in the "pleasure van."

As we are not like Sir Boyle Roache's bird, we cannot be in two places at once, and hence we shall not attempt to describe the bustle, and yet the regularity of the morning

muster. The drapery of pleasure-vans floated in every street, and scores of temperance vehicles rattled over every pavement. Mr. Inwar's, of Theobald's-road, and several other gentlemen, galloped from street to street, as commanders-in-chief of the great moral *gens d'armes* for the day. Russell-square, a perfect dowager amongst the metropolitan quadrangles, beheld more heads at the windows than a dozen weddings would have roused from their night caps; the peaceful retreats of St. John's Wood could not imagine what had happened in London that so many should leave it; and each butt-built Cerberus of the toll-bars forgot, for the day, the master-trouble which oppresses him, and said nothing against railroads. No pen, nor pencil either, can do justice to the litany of vehicles which lined the road—carriages, vans, gigs, cabs, elastic business carts, trucks with solid provisions, ornamented receptacles of buoyant ginger-beer, unwieldy omnibuses, the carriage of the squire, the "cab" of the *beau*, the neat "four-wheeler" of the retired tradesman, and the prancing steed of the equestrian, each in their turn attracted attention; whilst scores of spring vans, "specially arranged for the occasion," still adhered to their vocation of "*carefully removing goods to the country*." As the cargoes of happiness rolled along, many a drinking, yet dry bystander attempted an old joke; but whilst the sneer was on their lip, or the taunt on their tongue, how many of them felt a sadness of heart that their drinking habits had rendered them unfit, and *peculiarly unable*, to form one of the merry throng. How many a good tee-totaler replied to the mocker only with a silent yet fervent prayer, "*Oh that he were, what we are*."

In many of the vehicles were musical instruments, and others were as choirs pouring forth, in rich streams of melody, various temperance hymns. Who could behold that immense—that most interesting procession, without exclaiming, "*What a change has been wrought! The hand of sobriety is here*." Not many years ago the very road which was so *usefully* thronged, so *edifyingly* crowded, was frequently as densely filled with demoralized and unhumanized mobs, to witness those beastly boxing exhibitions, which turned men into bull dogs; exhibitions of which PUBLICANS were the parents—of which intemperance was the offspring—and of which vice, debauchery, and hell were the support and the consequences. Oh IT IS A

happy change! Pugilistic blackguardism has hidden its head—sobriety comes forth in its radiant loveliness, strewing, with perfumes and flowers, the daily widening path which leads to the inmost recesses of pleasure's court and of virtue's temple. Instead of striving to gain a PRIZE by battering, bruising, and breaking, with bloody hands, the face of a fellow man, the image of God—men now struggle to rescue that image of heavenward aspect from each bleared defilement and feculent distortion.

Along the line, every thing conspired to show that the day was regarded as one on which every body had a right to some relaxation. Even the *parish lapidary*, breaking stones on the road, made many "straight backs" to take a view of the proceedings, and the servant-maids of every house displayed primmer caps than usual from the windows above, whilst the coxw master and mistress quietly "took a sight" from amidst the holly-oaks in the flower-plot below. Without further attempting to describe what was in reality indescribable, we will now bring the reader to Barnet, *the town of inns*, and the elysium of postboys. Its haughty hill displayed a goodly scene. Hundreds of tee-totalers—stout, sun-burnt rural tee-totalers—gave hearty welcome to the crowd as they made their cockney approaches from the valley below; music lent its aid; and magnificent banners, variegated as the fruits of the fertile fields beneath, waved in the timely breeze. Young people of both sexes, wearing their rosettes and medals, gave rich promise of the constant fruits which will be yielded throughout their day and generation, by the seeds so early sown; and if that delighted crowd suggested a difficulty, it was only as to which knew the highest rapture—the reclaimed father looking on his protected child—or the child, assured in virtue, as he looked upon his rescued parent.

The town of Barnet was excessively crowded; the banners were so numerous, that time did not permit the writer to take a list of them; and truth to tell, there was matter more attractive in faces than in flags. The vehicles from the rural districts, boasted not the drapery which at once shaded and decorated the London vans,—but its place was well occupied by the rich decorations which nature supplies, festoons of flowers and arches of evergreens. These country varieties afforded a most pleasing contrast.

On arriving at the park, a considerable time before the approach of the grand cavalcade, which was formed at Barnet, we found that the doings of the morning left no room to doubt what would be the proceedings of the day. For some distance from the noble entrance to the park, a number of "touters" were stationed, each of whom importuned the stranger to patronise his stable, with as

much solicitude for the welfare of man and horse, as is shown at Greenwich for the comfort of visitors, by the ever-courtesying and chattering purveyors of "nice tea and fine shrimps, at only ninepence a-head." The stabling accommodation was very good at the neighbouring farm-houses, and many an old citizen-hack seemed to muse with more satisfaction in a green field, that is derived from his ordinary MEWS-ing.

In, and about the park, we found a few policemen, under the direction of Mr. Inspector Evans. It was a pleasant day for "the force," for they had nothing to do; they were as little employed as if they had been rusticated in a thoroughly teetotalised parish in Ireland.

In the park itself, our attention was early attracted by CAPTAIN TROTTER, the noble owner of it. He was mounted on a splendid charger, which was as frisky as a tee-totaler; and the gallant rider was busily engaged in seeing that due order was observed in the arrangement of the tents, &c. These were now in a state of great forwardness; the swings were beginning to "wheel about:"—aged oaks for the first time found themselves giving roofs to temporary coffee manufactories; whilst the feathered tribe took alarm at the artillery of pop bottles. Various "fish companies" had already "taken the field to try the water," in order to produce the commodity, without the conversation for which Billingsgate is famed, and several had excellent "takes." Preparations were in progress for archery, for oyster repasts, and for donkey riding. There was a locality for a coffee coterie, and there was a mart for those about to embark in the "tea trade." There were also bulwarks of beef to stay the advances of hunger; and such was the number of hams, that they could have been provided only by despoiling a swinish multitude of their fair proportions. Of the lighter meats there was an equal supply, and Dyrham Park was as near as Cheapside to "the POULTRY!" There was "fine pickled salmon" for the epicure,—and the potatoes reminded many "an exile of Erin" of the land in which he had learned, at one and the same time, to *'ate them and love them*.

Whilst we were surveying "these preliminary indications of approaching activity," a loud shout proclaimed the approach of the cavalcade. They all appeared so dusty and delighted as to think nothing of either dull care or clothes brushes. It required no ordinary patience to wait until all the cargoes were discharged—but wait we did, reviewing the motley mixture to which we have before referred—and here, gentle reader, is the result. Not less than FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY vehicles were present. Some contained TWENTY-FOUR persons;—others TWO:—but the specimens of wheelwright

industry, taken in the aggregate, were no fewer than FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY!

We shall not attempt to give an accurate description of this great cortège. It was impracticable to discover from what vicinity many of the parties came: great numbers of the vans, &c., had no distinguishing name or sign, and in the hurry and pressure it was not possible to make particular inquiries. We will, however, venture to notice a few of the leading features. The "Barnet Total Abstinence Society," made a noble display at the head of the procession; and the Uxbridge and West Drayton Societies followed. In this part of the cavalcade there were some magnificent banners and flags. Upon one we noticed the words:

"Inflaming wine pernicious to mankind,
"Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind."

The Waltham Abbey banner was much admired for its chasteness and simple richness. We noticed also the following—although many others escaped our attention, though perhaps equally, or more deserving of it. A handsome blue banner, on which was a picture of domestic bliss had the words—

"Temperance:—Will you join us! Eh!"

The "Islington Temperance Society," made a brilliant display; and so did the society from Walworth.

The "West London Auxiliary" had a great number of vans in the line, which were richly decorated with union jacks, flags, &c.

Upon an omnibus was a very handsome model of a ship, surrounded with several union jacks.

The "St. James's and St. Anne's Society" had a very beautiful banner.

The "Dunstable Society's" handsome banner, had on it "Good will to men."

A "black bottle," with a serpent's head out at the neck, was displayed from one of the vans, on a wand, and caused much laughter. On it was printed: "Stings to death 50,000 a year."

The "Lisson Grove and Paddington" banner, and also those of "The West London Auxiliary for the Suppression of Intemperance"—"The Southwark Tee-total"—"The Soho"—"The Edmonton"—"The Westminster"—and the "St. Pancras" branches, were very splendid.

The "Farringdon Brotherly Gift Society" mustered in immense numbers, and displayed great taste in the decorations of their vans.

Amongst the other flags and banners we must not forget to notice those belonging to the "Coal Porters," and those from Clerkenwell, and Pentonville; from Finsbury, Enfield, Bethnal Green, Walworth, Luton, St. James's, South Mimms, Cheshunt, and Kent Street.

Mr. BALFOUR's carriage bore a splendid silk American flag, and with him was

the indefatigable Secretary of the Chelsea Branch, Mr. BARON. Others were displayed from several vehicles.

We deeply regret our inability to render full justice to the magnificent display; and it was a great gratification to find that so many "Youths Societies" joined in the proceedings of the day. Many, or rather, most of the flags bore inscriptions remarkable for their terseness and appropriateness. We are sorry that circumstances did not admit of our duly copying them.

ARRIVAL IN THE PARK.

The admission tickets (price sixpence,) having been passed at the gate, and the conveyances having filed off to the farms belonging to Mr. RICKETTS, and others,—the company were engaged in taking a *coup d'œil* of the park, when they were suddenly summoned to a part of the *démense*, in which all the banners, &c., had been planted, so as to form a square. In the middle of it one of the bands was stationed, and after it had played for a short time, Captain TROTTER rode up, and the crowd having gathered round him, he addressed them to the following effect:—

"He was delighted to see so many of his tee-total brethren present. He had invited them to attend there, chiefly with a view to cultivate a right understanding and to establish a good feeling amongst them, by the uniting, if possible, of all the societies.—(Hear.) He could not but again express his delight that so many had attended, and he hoped they would be able to find in that park sources of sufficient amusement. (Loud cheers.) He hoped also, and indeed he felt assured, that such would be their conduct—such would be the harmony amongst them, as to impress the people of that extensive neighbourhood with a proper respect for their cause, by showing them what tee-totalers in reality are, and how they can act. (Loud cheers.) There were many who had prejudices against them, and who were anxious to find fault with them; but by their proper demeanour on that day, he believed and trusted that they would go far toward the removal of those prejudices. (Loud cheers.) The gallant Captain then said he would order the bridge to be thrown open; and the only request he would make was, that they would not go beyond the parts where they found the word 'boundary' written up. He heartily wished them a happy day."

Three rounds of applause were then given

for Captain Trotter, and three hearty and loyal cheers for the Queen. The "boundary" to which Captain Trotter alluded, excluded the visitors only from the private grounds immediately attached to the mansion. Up to the time that Captain Trotter addressed the company, only one portion of the park, viz., that in which the numerous booths and tents were erected, had been open, but the gate on the bridge was immediately removed, and each could then roam at will. The sports immediately commenced in right good earnest, and cricket was played in several parts of the park. Many retired to the well stored marquees to partake of refreshment, and the hedge-rows were lined with parties devouring their own provisions, whilst the same operation was performed under many of the fine old oaks in the park.

Subsequently, many gentlemen addressed large crowds in favour of total abstinence, and many cheering statements and powerful appeals were made. Several meetings were held at the same time, in different parts of the park. Of many of the speakers we were unable to learn the names, but amongst them we noticed Mr. Greig, of Leeds; Mr. Warren, of Dunstable; Mr. Catton, of Plaistow; Mr. Lovatt, of Nottingham; Mr. Bicombe; Mr. Stovell; Mr. Hudson; and the droll M'Currie, who showed his unabated zeal for the principles of tee-totalism, from which himself and family have derived such incalculable blessings, and who, as he expressed himself, had a large square of people formed "round" him, &c. &c. Many of these gentlemen, as their names will guarantee, delivered speeches well worthy of being recorded, but were we to report them, we should go far beyond the limits prescribed for this publication.

Whilst these meetings were in progress, it was intimated by Captain Trotter that some Socialists had found their way into the park, and were distributing their poisonous tracts. He said he had the promotion of religion too much at heart to permit such conduct, and he called upon all to point out any Socialist who pursued it, that they might be turned quietly out of the park. The intruders were soon detected, and ejected. The utmost abhorrence was expressed at their intrusion, and to show their detestation of their detestable principles the tee-totalers tore up their tracts and threw them to the winds. Some of the speakers, particularly Mr. Greig, briefly remarked upon Socialism; and had any of the pretended adherents to it been present, bad and hardened as they are, they must have blushed at the picture drawn of themselves.

No other circumstance occurred to mar the happiness of the day. In the morning, however, some *thimble riggers* and other petty gamblers tried to gain admission, but were told by Captain Trotter that if they did not

move off, the police would prevent them from doing so. Thus, the only annoyance experienced was from the black legs who were not let in, and from the Socialists who were turned out.

GREAT EVENING MEETING.

The appearance of the Park strongly indicates that it is not of yesterday. It is well timbered, and the grounds are beautifully undulated. The mansion is spacious, but of modern erection; a beautiful lawn spreads itself in front; it is bounded on the park side by a sunk fence, and is otherwise skirted by the ample and well laid out pleasure grounds. The view from the lawn is one of the most English, and at the same time one of the most *beautifully* English that can be described. On a kindred elevation, at a becoming distance, is the noble, the almost princely residence of the veteran member for Middlesex, Mr. Byng. A rich valley, studded with timber, intervenes; and, in short, the view is one peculiarly fitted for "a fine English gentleman," and a happy peasantry to gaze upon. Upon the lawn, a private marquee was erected, and we observed an artist taking a sketch of the scene, so that this happy day will, no doubt, become, as it ought to be, a memorable and a recorded one in the family of the Captain. Towards evening, Captain Trotter requested the company to attend a meeting before his house in the park. The proposal was readily assented to; and then was displayed, one of the most imposing spectacles of the day. The band struck up an enlivening march; the Captain on his charger placed himself in the front, feeling, no doubt, more pride than when at the head of his company,—and thousands followed. During the day, the number of visitors had not before been seen to advantage; but as they advanced up the hill, nearly half a mile in length, in an avenue of noble trees, the sight was magnificent in the extreme. Having gained the summit, many of the company took their seats on the grass to afford a better view to the ranks in the rear. The form of the terminus of the lawn was crescent like; this, together with the sloping of the sunk fence, caused the vast assembly to range themselves as if in an amphitheatre; chairs, sofas, &c., were placed on the lawn, from which the speeches were delivered,—and Mrs. Trotter, with a great number of ladies of surpassing beauty, and in splendid attire, added a charm and an interest to the occasion. Many of the ladies wore medals, and were loudly cheered. Happy will it be for England, when rank and influence, in every village are, by example, allied with the cause of sobriety and virtue.

When the immense multitude had taken their places, the following very appropriate

Temperance hymn was selected by Captain Trotter:—

Pledg'd in a noble cause,
We here each other greet;
And bound by temperance laws,
As friends and brothers meet,
To make a full determin'd stand
Against the foe that rules our land.

'Tis true the work is great;
Our army is but small;
The foe is potentate;
But if united all
In close array, our little band
Shall chase intemperance from the land.

Then onward let us move,
Our cause is good and great;
We'll put to flight the foe,
And renovate the state.
Not for a moment quarter give;
Resolv'd for this to work and live.

The singing of this by so many voices, the words being given out by Mr. Greig, produced a most striking, pleasing, and imposing effect. It seemed to carry the mind back to the early days and the first dire struggles of infant Christianity, when owing to the rage of persecutors—beneath the canopy of heaven the Framers of it was worshipped. In one point the parallel fails. A spirit of toleration is abroad, and men can now meet without fear. Let us hope, however, that in another point, the parallel will hold good, and that the rapid extension, and the permanent sway of Christianity will be equalled by the onward progress, the wide extension, and the permanent ascendancy of sobriety.

Captain TROTTER then briefly addressed the assembly. He repeated the statement of the motives which had induced him to bring them together—which he made in the morning; and heartily congratulated them on the spirit which they had manifested during the day, from the proceedings of which he had derived so much, and such real pleasure. As some present might not have heard the doctrines of tee-totalism advocated, he had called them together, at the present time, in order that they might have that opportunity, and he begged their attention to the speakers who would address them. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. GREIG then came forward amidst great applause. If ever he felt inclined to swerve from a rule which he had laid down, of abstaining from all personal matters, it was on the present occasion, in order that he might endeavour to pay a tribute to the gentleman by whose kindness they had been able, on that day, to witness so magnificent a display of the principles of tee-totalism. (Cheers.) He (Mr. GREIG) knew that they felt the utmost gratitude for Captain TROTTER's generosity (cheers); who separating himself from the prejudices of his class, had

opened his park to the people for so noble a purpose: he had himself mingled amongst them, and if he (Mr. GREIG) did not say more in his praise, or to express their gratitude, it was only because he felt assured that no eulogy would be so gratifying to the Captain as the glorious display of tee-totalism which he had that day witnessed. (Here.) It was no common subject which had brought them together. He had to address them in support of a society, the claims of which, upon every moral, patriotic, and Christian man, he believed to be greater than those of any of the many excellent institutions which swell the catalogue of the societies that adorn our land,—he had to address them upon a society with a noble—a sublime object in view,—and, though to the accomplishment of it they had made a great, an almost miraculous, progress,—they had yet much to do. (Loud cheers.) He did not come there to argue the question of the utility of tee-totalism. He had only to look around him for thousands of proofs of its efficacy and salutary influence. (Here, here.) He had only to look at its progress to satisfy him that the cause was good. A short time ago it was the scorn and reproach of the people. Look at it now. It had, as they saw before them, reached, if not the very highest in, yet some of the highest in the land (loud cheers); whilst thousands and tens of thousands were showing, by their improved demeanour, and walk in life, what men can do when they associated and banded together in the cause of sobriety and morality. (Loud cheers.) Five years ago a man would have been accused of idiocy if he had foretold that such a meeting as this would have taken place in a gentleman's park,—and that so many thousands would separate without one farthing's worth of damage being done to the estate (Hear.) The eloquent gentleman then proceeded to show the effects of tee-totalism on man in all his relations, socially, morally, and domestic, and as belonging to the Christian church. It secured his private peace, his personal welfare, his public utility, and his eternal bliss. (Loud cheers.) He next exhibited the contrary effects of sobriety, and showed how all, in every class, might promote its furtherance, until, like the spirit of God upon original chaos, its powers should every where be felt, and its presence owned. (Loud Cheers.) What words could portray the prostrate and degraded condition of the drunkard. The bird had its nest in which it reared its young: the fox had a home in the hole which it had made—but there was no home for the drunkard. (Hear.) His vicious habits deprive him of it; it gave no protection, but was a source of sorrow to his offspring; it afforded himself no delight: he was a drunkard; he had neither home nor friend; like Ishmael of old, his hand

was raised against every man and every man was against him; even the sworn partner of his life feared his drunken fury, and dreaded his presence; all that was violent in passion; all that was bad in immorality; all that was demoniacal in vice, was concentrated in the drunkard's crime. (Cheers.) And yet so noble was the object of their society, that no drunkard was so bad that it did not aim at his regeneration. (Cheers.) None was so low that it did not seek to raise him once more to the dignity of man, to the delights of a father, and the consolations of a husband. (Loud cheers.) It required no logic, rhetoric, or oratory, to convince persons of the benefits of tee-totalism, for every one who had witnessed that park on that day, must have found the pores of his sympathy drinking deep of the pleasure which was every where spread around. (Hear.) But, after all—great a work as was the reformation of even one drunkard, they would have done little even if they had reclaimed every drinker; for they had the innocent to guard. They had not only bound up broken hearts but how many hearts had they prevented from being broken. (Hear.) When the barrier of sobriety was thrown round the innocent and the young, how changed would be the face of the next generation? (Loud and long continued cheers.) They had also, as tee-totalers, to spread the blessing to every land, and to make it familiar with every generation and people. (Cheers.) Even if this great work were completed, and the song of triumph could be raised, still the enemy would again come upon them, unless they exercised a rigid vigilance. (Hear, hear.) The poisonous tree would again grow up if they did not destroy the root; the evil would again be spread if they did not destroy the traffic. (Cheers.) If the enormous evils of the traffic were fully known to the sellers of strong drink, he doubted not that many would lay it aside. A large distiller was standing on his premises and one of his men was employed in driving the last bung into a large barrel of spirits. As he gave it the last blow, "There," said he "God knows how many souls you will be the cause of ruining?" (Hear.) These words had such an effect upon the distiller that he withdrew to his counting-house in serious thought, and resolved to deal no more in the abominable trade. (Loud Cheers.) In the ranks of society they would now find persons of every condition, age, and class. They had the lisping child, and the hoary-headed parent; they had the sturdy sons of toil, and the man who would now say that hard work could not be performed without strong drinks, would be laughed at. The rapidity with which tee-totalism had spread, was proof of its high merits. A short time ago it was no bigger than a man's hand, and now the cloud over-

spread the land. Encouraged thus, let them proceed; let them go forth, not to the parks, but to the lanes and the hedges; and let them not cease from their labour so long as there was a poor drunkard to be reclaimed. (Loud cheers.) If this land were threatened with invasion, what efforts would not be made to repel it. But did they not know that there was a foe—a most desolating enemy—which had established itself amongst them? It was tarnishing every home; it was wringing tears from every family; and blood was upon every hearthstone. (Hear.) Would they do nothing to subdue such a tyrant foe? (Hear.) Would they not rather rise and go on from conquering to conquer, until that murderous enemy was banished for ever from the land. (Loud cheers.) They could easily do this—they could do it with merely their thumb and finger. (Laughter and cheers.) They could do it, by signing the glorious charter of tee-totalism. (Hear.) He conjured them by every noble motive to come forward; the time was propitious, and the occasion was a rare one. (Loud cheers.) By their love of home—by their love of their children—by their sympathy for their fellow-men, so long the victims of vice, he implored them to come forward. If they did, heaven would bless them; the angels would bless them; the gratitude of their fellow-men would reward them; the smiles of the infant would applaud them; and the dying old man would sleep in peace as he saw the cause advance, which would make

—All sects and parties fall,

And Jesus Christ be all in all.

Mr. Greig, after his most eloquent speech, of which the above is a meagre sketch, retired amidst great applause.

R. WALKDEN, of Pinner Park, Esq., was received with loud cheers. He congratulated them upon the great numbers present, which far exceeded those who attended Pinner Park, there being hundreds present here, for the tens which had mustered there. Upon that occasion, however, they had enrolled a great many tee-totalers, and some hundreds must now be enrolled to display as much fruit, proportionately speaking, as the Pinner Park meeting. The unanimity and pleasure which had that day so happily prevailed, would, no doubt, make the 10th of August, long a memorable day. (Cheers.) Temperance was making astonishing progress in that neighbourhood, and they had only to look at the Temperance Hall, at Barnet, to show what a little resolution could achieve. (Hear.) He rejoiced that tee-totalism was now become the admiration of the world; and how could its blessed effects do other than command respect. (Hear.) Look at Ireland, so long the scene of excess and disorder; the guns were dismounted, and the garrisons were either empty, or the soldiers had nothing to

do but to preserve from danger the crowds which thronged to tee-total meetings. (Loud Cheers.) He trusted that the mighty change would still advance, until every remnant of drunkenness was destroyed, and until every part of the world could exhibit such glorious displays in behalf of tee-totalism, as that which he had then the delight to contemplate. (Hear and cheers.) That meeting was indeed a proud one; it was truly a gratifying sight to see such an assembly of persons with the appearance and the conduct of gentlemen, and he trusted that each would retire from it resolved upon increased future exertions for the diffusion of its glorious principles. (Loud cheers.)

Sir CULLING SMITH next addressed the meeting, and apologised for his unpreparedness to address them. He had recently received a letter from Ireland, an extract from which he read to them. It was from the county of Longford, a part which Father Mathew had recently visited. The writer of the letter said, the reform he had wrought was most astonishing and complete; habitual drunkards had become sober men; ragged clothes had been followed by good garments; and many windows, in which the writer had never seen glass, were now well glazed.—(Loud cheers.) Many who had not taken the pledge were sober from fashion, and the people, although Father Mathew disclaimed it, persisted in attributing to him miraculous powers. This was not to be wondered at, when the change he had wrought in them was remembered. They say that as soon as they have taken the pledge, it seems as if Father Mathew had taken the thirst out of them. (Laughter and cheers.) This was the substance of the letter, and Sir C. Smith then proceeded. He said that upon entering Lincoln, there were seen ranged on the same hill, the jail, the workhouse, the lunatic asylum, the infirmary, and the cathedral. He had always said if the last had fair play, it would soon be full, and all the others empty. (Loud cheers.) Tee-totalism was calculated to give it this fair play. (Cheers.) He hailed tee-totalism, and whilst he looked to higher than human instrumentality for the reformation of man, he could not but admit that the greatest enemy to religion was that vice which tee-totalism undertook to correct. (Loud cheers.) He should be glad if all men were so imbued with religious principles, as to become temperate because they were religious; but such was not the case, and hence he supported the temperance cause, in order that by its men might be led to a sense of their religious duties. (Loud cheers.)

The Rev. Mr. WHITTY, (episcopal minister of St. John's, Surrey,) then addressed the meeting, but the rev. gentleman's voice was so weak, that in the position which we occupied, we could scarcely hear him. We understood him to remark, that nothing but tee-totalism ever met the drunkard's case. There was no other means for his reclamation, for even the ordinary ministrations of religion did not

reach him. (Hear, hear.) It was often said of the drunkard that he was "only his own enemy." Was he not the enemy of God by his sin? and was he not also the enemy of man by his bad example? (Loud cheers.) That meeting gave cheering promise of future good, and he hoped that the fondest expectations would be realised. (Loud cheers.)

B. ROTCH, of Lowlands, Esq., J.P., was welcomed with three hearty cheers. In casting his eyes over that vast assembly he met with some familiar faces, and there were no doubt many who knew him whom he did not know. Every body knew Tom Fool, but Tom Fool did not know every body. (Laughter.) He (Mr. R.) laboured under the difficulty of having to address many whom he had addressed before, and to whom all his jokes and good things were known. (Laughter.) He also laboured under the difficulty of having to speak after one of the most eloquent displays he had ever heard, viz., that of Mr. Greig's. (Hear.) After that, his speech would be mere *humdrum* (laughter), but as some might be present who had not before listened to the doctrines of tee-totalism, he would endeavour to occupy their attention for a short time. (Here.) A clergyman of the Church of England was recently on a visit with him, and was quite staggered upon hearing that malt liquor contained no nutriment. He boasted of his excellent ale—it was home-brewed; and he thought himself very clever for having spoiled so many bushels per annum of excellent barley in order to spoil good water. (Laughter.) He could not, however, understand that there was no nutriment in it; and the assertion made him determine to give the subject the utmost consideration. This was all they wanted people to do—they wanted them to *think*, and then they would cease to *drink*—finding that strong drinks possess no single virtue, although a great deal of mischievous cunning. (Laughter and cheers.) This was not only "the poor man's cause"—it was the cause of every man. (Loud cheers.) And how was it that so few of the upper classes joined it? (Hear, hear.) They said, "*Oh it may do for the poor—I hope it will do them good.*" (Loud laughter.) Yes; and it would do for the rich; and a great deal of good many of them would reap from it. (Laughter and cheers.) There were others—"moderate men"—drinking only two or three glasses of wine a day, and they said there was no harm in it. (Loud laughter.) Well, if they drink so little, the less would be the sacrifice of giving it up. (Cheers.) And what man would not give up a little for the benefit of the example he would thus set to millions of his fellow-creatures. (Loud cheers.) As one of the visiting justices of Cold Bath Field prison—one of the largest in England—he would state what no officer of that establishment could deny, viz., that means had been used there by which the thirst of habitual drunkards had been cured without a drop of their usual beverage being allowed. (Hear.) There was one poor woman committed for twelve months. She was one of the most debased drunkards that could be imagined, and she took large quantities of opium—a habit which is nothing but the ex-

trement of drunkenness. (Hear, hear.) She was sent to Cold Bath Fields from Newgate, and a medical certificate was sent with her, that so debased was she, that unless something was allowed her, she could not survive a night. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Wakefield, the surgeon, said, that might be the opinion elsewhere, but that it was not his, and that she should not be allowed any of the pernicious stimulants in which she had indulged. (Hear.)

When he (the speaker) went to the prison, he found her in an absolute frenzy; she seemed as if torn with the fiends of hell; she threw herself on her feet and implored him to order her something. The treatment of the surgeon was persisted in; he ordered frequent and strong infusions of gentian, and, in a few days, though she had not regained her appetite, she had lost that desperate craving which had caused her such dreadful agony. (Hear.) She remained there for twelve months; her health improved, and she got up her looks. When she was discharged, the magistrate who committed her, and upon whom her deplorable condition had made a strong impression, did not know her, so much had she changed for the better. (Hear.) There were ordinarily about 1,500 persons in Cold Bath Fields—a pretty good family upon which to try the tee-total principle. (Loud cheers.) All within its walls were subjected to the same rules;—there was no distinction between the treatment of the parish pauper and that of the peer. (Hear.) Of those confined there, nine tenths were drunkards; and yet they never tasted any strong drink whilst within the walls. The jailers said that owing to this they began to fall off in flesh, at the end of about six weeks, but a little work—a little digging in the garden, had, in every case, restored them. (Laughter and cheers.) The speaker then referred to the testimony of Mr. WILLIAMS, the missionary to the South Sea Islands, whose name and piety ought to be held in everlasting remembrance. (Loud Cheers.) He mentioned a case in which, by the introduction of strong drink into an island with about thirty thousand Pagans, they had been enervated and deprived of their territory by the whitemen. (Hear.) Having forcibly dwelt upon striking instances of the ruin and degradation caused by national drunkenness, he next alluded to a most interesting exhibition which he had recently witnessed in London. He meant that of the portraits of American chiefs. One of them struck him as being the finest representation of a man that he had ever seen; but near to him was one of such mean and diminutive stature, and of such ill proportions, that he turned from it as unworthy of notice. Having inspected all the other pictures, he returned to that of the crooked and decrepid chief, in the outlines of whose features he thought he traced a resemblance to those of *Wisejohn*, the powerful leader whom he had so much admired. He found upon closer inspection that the ill-looking chief had two necks of bottles appearing from beneath his dress,—and that the two pictures represented the same chief—the first on his way to Washington when he was temperate, the second on his return from it, where white

Christians, having made him a drunkard, had sent him back a beast, having robbed him of his territory. (Hear, hear.) The meeting of that day was a glorious event. The magistrates of the country were engaged in preventing large assemblies because they led to intemperance, which caused disturbance. (Hear.) This was owing to the prevalence of drunkenness; but where was there a disturbance to day. (Cheers.) As a magistrate, he was delighted at such a noble assembly. (Cheers.) They were putting down fairs because they led to excess. Had they not had a fair that day? (Cheers.) Mr. R. then said, (pointing to Captain TROTTER), "Here is the 'lord of the fair,' and what do you think of him?" (Loud cheers.) Sure I am that you do not think higher of him than he deserves of you. There too, (pointing to Mrs. TROTTER) is the "lady of the fair," (loud cheers,) and what do you think of the fine young tee-totaller on her knee. (Loud cheers.) After a few other observations, the worthy magistrate said that though by no means an elegant man, he could yet address them for a long time. He had yet much to say, but he would reserve it till he had the pleasure to meet them again, and for the present would wish them a very good night. (Loud cheers.)

Captain TROTTER presented himself and was cordially greeted. He did not come forward to make a speech. The day had passed without any unpleasantness, except the intrusion of the Socialists. They had done so against his wish, and yet they had said it was with his consent;—an assertion to which he gave the flattest contradiction. (Loud cheers.) He begged them all to accept his hearty thanks for their conduct during the day, and for the noble illustration of tee-totalism which they had exhibited. (Cheers.) He thanked them for their company, and should ever be happy to promote their pleasure, and to aid the cause.

On the call of Mr. Rotch, three times three hearty and genuinely English rounds of applause were given for the Captain and his family.

"The brightest day must have a close," and the shades of evening were now fast approaching. The meeting immediately broke up—the tents were filled with those intent upon taking a parting cup of the liquor "which cheers but not inebriates," and the immense crowd of pedestrians, and the long line of vehicles were soon "on the road" to Home, sweet home." Few are the days of such felicity—and long will the festivities of Dyrham Park be remembered with delight by thousands who mingled therein. To Captain Trotter the most unbounded gratitude was expressed, and for many and many a day will it be as warmly cherished as it was nobly won.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

GREAT MEETING AT EXETER HALL.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., on rising, was loudly applauded. After stating the disadvantages under which he laboured, by immediately following his illustrious friend, who had held them so long enchained by his eloquence. Mr. Thompson said that he stood there in no equivocal character, inasmuch as he was in principle and practice, a teetotaler. (Loud cheers.) He had had experience of moderation in all its degrees. He had never, however, indulged in excess, and he could safely say, he knew not how alcohol could in any way be taken, without producing the most deleterious effects. (Hear.) They had heard that in morals there was only one safe side—that was the safest which was the most enduring, and that he feared not to say, was to be found only in the principle of the total abstinence pledge. (Loud cheers.) To that meeting which had met to banish strong drinks from society, and to place them, if they had a resting place at all amongst them, on the shelf of the apothecary. It could not but be gratifying to hear what their ancestors thought of ardent spirits. They would thus see the wonderful change which had taken place. Hollingshead, in the sixteenth century, thus launches into the praise of ardent spirits, otherwise alcohol. (Hear.)

"In the sixteenth century, one Theoricus, wrote a treatise upon the wonderful virtues of alcohol, in which he observes, 'It sloweth age, it strengtheneth youth, it helpeth digestion, it cutteth flegme, it abandoneth melancholie, it relieth the heart, it lighteneth the mind, it quickeneth the spirits, it cureth the hydropsia, it healeth the strangurie, it pounceth the stone, it expelleth gravell, it puffeth away ventositie, it keepeth and preserveth the head from whirling, the eyes from dazzling, the tongue from lispings, the mouth from snaffling, the teeth from chattering, and the throat from rattling; it keepeth the weazan from stifling, the stomach from wambling, and the heart from swelling; it keepeth the hands from shivering, the sinews from shrinking, the veins from crumbling, the bones from aching, and the marrow from soaking.'"

Such was the testimony of the chronicler Hollingshead, and great were the numbers who, until recently, held similar opinions. But now in every class of life—men of the proudest intellect—men most distinguished in literature—men most profoundly skilled in science—men whose pursuits require great

physical strength—and even men who are exposed to different climates—all agree that ardent spirits are not only necessary, but that they possess neither nutritive, nor medicinal qualities, and that they are alike destructive to the intellectual and the physical constitution of man. (Loud cheers.) He rejoiced that such progress had been made in man's regeneration on the other side of the channel, and he also rejoiced that the advantages had been as widely spread on the other side of the Atlantic. (Hear.) It was not often that he complimented the Americans; not because it was not in his heart to do so, but because they were intimately, and he was bound to say, dishonourably connected with another system of slavery besides that of drunkenness.—(Hear, hear.) But viewing them in connexion with temperance, he hailed them as the friends and liberators of the human race. If experience could be cheering, if facts were important to establish theories or to sustain hope, or if they were needed to show that the temperance cause is as triumphant in its operation as it is pure in principle, they had only to look at the United States from one extremity to the other. Cheers.) They began with moderation in drinking, which had failed, and then they went to the total abstinence principle, which had been so successful. (Cheers.) And yet to show the strange inconsistency of that people, he might mention that he had been present at a meeting in Boston, at which he heard the magnificent organ pealing forth its melody beneath one of the noblest roofs under which he had ever been. His friend now at his left, the worthy Mr. Lloyd Garrison, was present at the meeting, which was for temperance, and he (Mr. Thompson) was asked to give his testimony in regard to temperance in England. As he was from this country, it might have been expected that they would have been glad to hear him, but no, the governor was in the chair, and the committee said they were afraid to call upon him (Mr. Thompson), because he was a friend to the abolition of slavery from those who were not voluntary slaves, but who were doomed to a personal and unmitigated bondage from which he sought to set them free. (Loud cheers.) If this society were not for man's total emancipation by means of the total abstinence pledge, it would not have had the support which it enjoyed.—(Hear.) The admonitions were in words,

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"Sweet as angels use," and like the gospel, "Whispered peace." (Hear.) He cared not who might allege it—for a thousand ministers could not prove—that there was anything irreligious or anti-christian in total abstinence; on the other hand, he thought it culpable and disgraceful for any minister to stand aloof from temperance, when it had been proved desirable and necessary. (Hear.) Who could doubt that this proof had been given? Had they not all seen it? Were not many of them whom he addressed living evidences of it. (Hear, hear.) For himself he had seen those proofs in steam-boats, in the taverns, and in every part of the United States. He had seen these proofs in the peace of the cabin, in the stillness of the tavern, in the morality of the villages, in the sobriety of the towns, and in the sanctity of the Sabbath everywhere. (Cheers.) The whole of New England was a proof of how fraught with amelioration, of how lovely, and how tending to divine, was total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. (Hear.) If they wished for the best soil in which to sow the seeds of virtue, if they wished to find ears most willing to receive, or hearts most ready, and intellects most able to appreciate the great truths as necessary for man's guidance and welfare—they would find them to be the ears, the hearts, and the intellects of those who, despising the customs of men, which bound them to the earth or kept them near to it, had burst their fetters, and had risen into a higher and a clearer atmosphere, where the mind could dilate and the heart expand. (Loud cheers.) With such proofs before him, and they were to be found wherever temperance had been introduced, he could not hesitate for a moment to throw his energy into the support of such a cause. (Cheers.) He begged now to withdraw, in order that they might hear one whom they probably would not again have an opportunity of hearing; he meant his friend Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, of the United States, who, from his first efforts, had ever been the friend of the slave. (Cheers.) He had done his best by the advocacy of temperance, and by befriending the negro, to vindicate man's purity of body, and to emancipate his mind from a bitter bondage. (Loud cheers.) He (Mr. Thompson) trusted, nay, he was sure, that the total abstinence cause would progress—that Ireland would by it be rendered what she ought to be—(cheers)—that the hills and glens of Scotland, now so disgraced by the drunkard's vice, would soon exhibit the loveliness of the opposite virtue, and that the blessings of the temperance reformation would be spread and felt wherever a trace of the footsteps of man could be found. Mr. Thompson resumed his seat amidst loud cheers.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Esq., was

received in a flattering manner. He said he was quite unexpectedly called upon, and as another of the American delegates (Mr. Rogers) had been named to address them, he feared to occupy their time. (Go on, go on.) He trusted that he should not forfeit a title to their respect, when he avowed himself an American abolitionist—(cheers)—and he believed that he should not suffer in their estimation, when he further declared that he was an American tee-totaler. (Loud cheers.) He was proud of the honour of having edited the first temperance newspaper which was ever published; it was called the *National Philanthropist* and had for its motto, "Moderate drinking is the down-hill road to drunkenness." (Cheers.) Drunkenness had extended through every class of society—it has poisoned every relation of social life, and the project of correcting the evil seemed to be a chimerical enterprise. (Hear, hear.) When they undertook it in America, the clergy, and the classes calling themselves respectable, were against them; they said it would put an end to all hospitality. Nothing was then done without the bottle, and even at burials it was handed to those who had come to weep over such as had gone to their rest. (Hear, hear.) Before the Massachusetts Society for the Abolition of Intemperance was formed, they had acted pretty much the same in relation to excessive drinking, as the old Anti-Slavery Societies had acted in regard to slavery.—(Hear.) That had denounced drunkenness as bad, but they had gone on drinking moderately. They had tried this for years, and they only found that the tide of intemperance was rising higher and higher. (Loud cheers.) They then proclaimed total abstinence—(cheers)—and very great was the opposition which was raised against them. The apathy of the clergy here had been spoken of, but he remembered the time when it was considered a great wonder if an American minister preached a regular tee-total sermon. (Hear.) He had observed, that in such movements, the people generally lead the clergy. There were some brilliant exceptions to this—men who were first in word and work, not fearing "what men could do unto them." (Hear.) But as a general remark he might say, that in reforms which were unpopular, the clergy seldom or never went ahead of the people. (Hear.) Why were they called upon to abstain from strong drinks? Not because societies had been formed for the suppression of the practice, but because it was a duty, and because the scriptures desired them to do themselves no harm. (Hear.) They were told not to take alcohol, because it was a poison. (Hear.) If they were so fond of taking a little alcohol, why were they not fond of a little arsenic, or of a little prussic

a-id! (Laughter.) Why did they not take a little blood from their veins, because the loss of a little would not lay the system prostrate! (Hear, hear.) He appealed to their own consciences—to their self-respect to guard themselves from the seduction of strong drink. Let them see how strength had been fretted away—how beauty had been spoiled—how genius had been humbled, and how piety had been shipwrecked.—(Hear, hear.) Let them beware of temptation, lest they incurred the penalty and the ruin of the sin. (Hear.) They often might hear it said, "We know how much to take, and shall not get drunk." He would grant that there were many who were sincere in this; but he warned them that thousands of the noblest minds had been wrecked upon the same rock—(hear)—and had been hurried from the path of prudence, which they fondly meant to pursue, to a grave of infamy. (Hear, hear.) He looked upon total abstinence as a John the Baptist in the wilderness, making straight the paths for a glorious advent. It was the pioneer of christianity and religion. In America, the Slavery Abolition Society followed the societies for the abolition of intemperance—(cheers)—and it was always observed, that the best friend of the negro was the warmest adherent to the tee-total reformation. (Loud cheers.) They were regarded as one cause? and it was unnecessary for him to state the good which they had achieved already, or that which they hoped yet to accomplish. In the temperance reform, was the element and material of all other ameliorations. (Hear, hear.) Where was the people who had no burdens to be removed? Were there none in England? Need he say that in Ireland there were many and heavy ones? (Hear, hear.) These, then, were glorious days—they were days of certain and consistent and thorough reform. (Cheers.) The friend of the black man must be the friend of the white, and anxious to strike from both every fetter and bond. (Cheers.) The speaker then alluded to Mr. O'Connell. At a meeting that morning he (Mr. G.) had preceded Mr. O'Connell, in addressing a meeting on behalf of the people of British India; he was happy, in the evening, to follow him in favour of the abolition of intemperance. He beheld, with delight, what a hold he (Mr. O'Connell) had upon the affections of the people, which he so well deserved by his constant and untiring exertions in behalf of all that can serve or dignify humanity. (Cheers.) He (Mr. G.) with millions of others, had watched him for years; they had been told that he was acting from selfish and ambitious motives, but if selfishness and ambition consisted in always being ready at every sacrifice, to advocate the rights and welfare of man, he only hoped that Daniel O'Connell

would continue selfish and ambitious to the end. (Loud cheers.) He had asked Mr. O'Connell that morning if he intended to advocate there, the total abstinence pledge, and he had at once said "yes." (Cheers.) He had done so, and gloriously had they received him. Mr. O'Connell claimed for himself perfect liberty of speech, and he (Mr. G.) knew that he would grant the same to him. He would then say, that he was not wholly satisfied with the reasons which he had given for not at once taking the pledge. (Hear.) He did not think that he meant to evade it. Oh, no; but he begged to impress upon him, that the best time for performing a righteous act was the present. (Loud cheers.) Daniel O'Connell had never held back his name from the abolition of slavery societies, and why should he from the temperance society? It was not for Daniel O'Connell to refuse his name, because a bad use might be made of. (Hear, hear.) He congratulated him upon his love and sympathy for Ireland, and long might that country have such an advocate. (Loud cheers.) But, in the name of Ireland, he (Mr. G.) conjured him at once to take the pledge. (Loud cheers.) Had he a lease of his life? Did he know what a day might bring forth? (Loud cheers.) Oh! then, he implored him to take the pledge, and thus associate his name with that of Father Mathew throughout all time. He should like to ask him (Mr. O'Connell) what he meant by saying he would take the pledge when it was politically expedient?

Mr. O'CONNELL said, he had used the words "politically safe;" and now as he was pressed, he was going to make a declaration which he should not otherwise have made, and which might displease many. The fact was then, that he was returning to Ireland exceedingly dissatisfied with the imperial parliament, and with a determination to preach the repeal, and he did not want the question of tee-totalism to be mixed up with that subject.

Mr. GARRISON resumed. He did not wish to interfere with Mr. O'Connell's judgment, and he would only add, that in his opinion, that which was morally right must be politically safe. (Loud cheers.) In conclusion, he begged to thank them, as an American, for the kind manner in which they had received him. He must, however, confess that since he had been in this country, he had been much pained by the extent to which the use of strong drinks prevailed. (Hear.) He ought however to remember, that the tee-total cause was much more recently introduced into England than it had been into America. (Hear, hear.) Yes, he could not but remember that the temperance cause in England was still young, but he saw in it already a spirit which would ensure the

regeneration of the kingdom. (Loud cheers.) He exhorted them to go on, and God would prosper them. (Hear.) They must however be prepared for every obstacle; they would have to meet calumny and taunts; scripture itself would be perverted against them, but the principles of tee-totalism would prevail, because they were the principles of God. (Cheers.) As those principles spread, it would be found that as men cast off the burdens of drunkenness all other burdens would pass away. The speaker sat down amidst loud cheers.

N. ROGERS, Esq., another of the American delegates, said, that at that late hour he should occupy their attention for a very short period. He had hoped that his humble name, though it had by some means found its way into the notices of the meeting, would have been permitted to remain in obscurity. He did not, however, hesitate to stand boldly forward as an advocate of tee-totalism. (Cheers.) He was also an abolitionist—(loud cheers)—and he looked upon those as twin enterprises;—(cheers)—and they ought and ever would go together. If this or any other country were to be redeemed by reforms, the first reform, as the basis of all others, should be the tee-total reformation. (Loud cheers.) Reform in America had been preceded by total-abstinence, and so had the remarkable revivals in religion which took place in 1831. (Hear, hear.) There was one point which he wished particularly to impress upon them; it was this, that to expose themselves to the danger of drunkenness, by what was called moderate indulgence, was not only unsafe, but it was also a sin. (Hear.) He would not, however, longer trespass upon that multitudinous auditory. He was glad to hear good tidings regarding England; he was glad to hear the same concerning Ireland, and he hoped her noble champion Daniel O'Connell would agree to become, with Father Mathew, the co-champion of the world for its liberation from the degrading slavery of strong drink. (Cheers.) If England needed reforms, the people must reform themselves. No parliament could reform a drunken people. (Hear, hear.) Let them avoid strong drinks, and all necessary reforms would be safe. (Hear.) In conclusion, he begged to express his fervent hope, that ere long, kingdoms and nations would cease to be divided in this great cause, and that society would know no other difference than that which existed between intemperance and sobriety. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. GARRISON, explained that he did not wish to be understood as saying that any man ought to be marked for not enrolling himself in this society. He had not found fault with persons in America, because they were not enrolled against slavery, but because they were pro-slavery men; if a man had a consci-

entious objection to joining an organized society, he did not wish to interfere with him. Mr. O'Connell had done nobly: he had given in his adhesion to the doctrine, and that was enough for the present for him, (Mr. Garrison.) He had pressed Mr. O'Connell to join the society, because he had not declared himself opposed to joining organized bodies.

Mr. GRUBB was here loudly called for, but Mr. Greig, stated, that he was detained by illness in the north.

The Rev. JABEZ BURNS said, it would be impolitic in him to detain them long after the great variety of talented speeches which they had heard. They had heard speakers from different countries, and of different persuasions. They had heard gentlemen from America, and one from Ireland; they had heard one episcopalian clergyman, two baptist ministers, and now they were addressed by a third. That was a platform, on which all Christians could take their stand together. (Cheers.) There had been for a long time, much talk about a Catholic feeling and so forth, but it was reserved for the cause of tee-totalism to bring it into active practice, and to make such a display of united Christian feeling, as they then beheld. (Loud cheers.) There they had no heterodoxy but drinking. (Cheers.) They were not met to discuss theology, or principles of religion, but men of all classes in politics, literature, religion, and science, were here combined. (Cheers.) He had said, there was nothing political in the society, for the most determined conservative could join it as well as the most ardent republican. (Hear.) The episcopalian bishop, might here join with the ministers of every class, in a community of exertions for the general good. (Hear.) An ancient philosopher had said, that if he could but find a place on which to rest his lever, he could move the world. That place had been found; and if they worked the tee-total pledge consistently up and down, through and through, they would find that the world would be moved by it. (Hear.) Nay, it was moving the world already. In the East Indies, there were tee-total societies, (cheers,) and also in Australia, in Africa, in America, and there was now also a small tee-total society in "ould Ireland." (Loud cheers.) He said, then, "success to tee-totalism!" Success to it, wherever its banner had been unfurled, and further progress to it all over the world. (Cheers.) They must however, have more of it in the metropolis. (Hear, hear.) They must train up the young to it; and he was delighted that at the schools attached to his chapel, from thirty to fifty persons signed the pledge every week. (Loud cheers.) The cause was rapidly progressing, and happy was he to see around him, so many of his hearers, who had laboured with him for its

extension. (Hear.) There were two objections which had been frequently urged against the society, to which he would briefly refer. They were not objections of straw, raised by him for the purpose of answering them, but they were such as had frequently been urged in his presence. One was, "that the societies were vulgar, and if they were more respectable, people would readily join them." That was at best, but a matter of taste. What one would consider respectable, another would not; some might think, that to be seen eating was not respectable, and yet, they would not leave it off. (Laughter.) Whether respectable, or not, he knew that temperance was opposed to a vice which destroyed the happiness of home, which caused the jails to be enlarged, and the workhouses to be multiplied: a vice from which the palace was endangered, by which the church was robbed of its most precious ornaments, and by which immortal souls were everlastingly damned. Respectable, or not, whilst the doings of temperance went to remedy this domestic, this social, this religious desolation, he, for one, would glory in it. (Loud cheers.) Another objection was, that tee-totalism, "is uncharitable." He was delighted that that evening there had been no half-and-half speaking, and that the use of alcohol, has been denounced as a sin. (Hear.) It was said, that they excluded all from the character of being benevolent, or good men, who were not tee-totalers. He had heard this said in a company of his acquaintances, and how had he answered them? He had said, some years ago, it was hard to tell what a man was, in regard to drinking. It was easy enough to know, that one man was an out-and-out drunkard; others were perhaps seen occasionally to be a little drunkified. (Loud Laughter.) Some again were never seen so in public, but it was rumoured, that they took their drops privately. (Laughter.) Some again were muddlers, and others were so used to drinking that they could not get drunk. (Laughter.) The tee-totalism which was called uncharitable, had drawn a clear line of distinction between the drunkard and the sober man. (Hear.) Was that uncharitable? On one side, were all who drank, from him who took a drop, to him who was a drunkard: on the other, were all who totally abstained from the use of strong drink. Was that uncharitable? (Hear.) He thanked God that he belonged to those who touched not and tasted not. He was highly gratified to find the American clergy so nobly zealous in the cause, and he hoped that the ministers in England, would soon imitate them. (Loud cheers.) He wished to see all combined in this glorious cause; priest and people, clergy and laity, rich and poor, and the unknown as well as the favourites of fame. (Loud cheers.) He wished to see all united by

their talents, their purse, their influence, and by their example too, to banish the demon of intemperance from this and from every land. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. WHITTAKER having been loudly called for, then rose amidst loud cheers. They had heard so many speeches; that he was afraid to begin, lest his speech should be a *moving one*. (Laughter.) He should keep his eye on the door, and when he saw them going out he should conclude they had had enough of it, and he should stop. He could not say he was an Irishman—he could not say he was sorry for it, and yet he almost wished he was one. (Laughter.) He had attended many meetings in that hall, but except at tee-total meetings there was always somebody who could not be heard at the far end of the room, so that it must be admitted that the tee-totalers have the best lungs. (Hear.) He felt in a very awkward position, which reminded him of an anecdote. In Lancashire they eat porridge—(laughter)—and in one family of seven children, there was a spoon for each, and one of them was a wooden one. This wooden spoon was always the last that was chosen; he felt that he was the wooden spoon to-night, for he was the last speaker, and he feared that his speech would be a very wooden one. (Loud laughter.) This was the first time he had addressed the society in that hall; but he could not forget he had been the first reclaimed drunkard that had raised his voice in that building. (Loud cheers.) Since then, he had come two or three times ready to burst with a speech and had not spoken; but now when he was unprepared, he was called upon to speak. He wished particularly to speak to working men upon what they called enjoying themselves at public-houses. They thought if they had not their beer at public-houses there was no happiness for them. He once thought so too, but he happened to go to a tee-total meeting where he heard facts which set him a thinking, and when he began thinking he left off drinking. (Laughter and cheers.) The drunkard had not a leg to stand upon. When talked to about his vice, he either confessed it or took the pledge. Let them now just see what was the drunkard's comfort. (Hear, hear.) He enters the public-house, sits at the fire, and gets his pot and pipe. Of course he is a politician of some sort; the landlord, or somebody reads the paper, for he is too busy with his pot and pipe; something soon turns up that offends his politics; he gets vexed, and drinks as much more, and smokes as much more out of revenge.—(Laughter and cheers.) He then jumps up, and in a rage, thumps the table, makes the pots dance and the pipes fly about, and calls out, "Liberty or death." Liberty! thou poor slave, will never be thine whilst thou art the slave of strong drink. Liberty can

never be thine whilst thou art the publican's slave. (Cheers.) Well; he gets drunk and goes to sleep, but that wot do, for the landlord wants to sell his beer, and he knows how to jeremy diddle the poor drunkard out of his money. He says the man's near dying, he'll never get through his work to-morrow, for he is not taking his beer. (Loud laughter.) Come, says the landlord, strike up a song, and somebody begins, "Rule Britannia." This rouses the drunkard from his *comfort*. He opens his eyes, licks his lips, and joins in the chorus, "Britons never shall be slaves." (Laughter.) This is his *comfort*, but he opened his mouth so wide, that the dust got into his throat (laughter), and down goes another pint, and up goes another song. (Laughter.)

"A very good song and very well sung.
Which nobody can deny." (Laughter)

But drunkards are always dry, and off he starts again—

"We wot go home till morning."

and he doesn't go home as long as he has a shot in the locker. He finds no trouble in getting drunk; the trouble is in getting sober. (Hear, hear.) Well, at twelve o'clock, this Briton as wouldn't be a slave, having spent all his money, is told he had better go home, for his wife is waiting for him, because for the credit of his house the landlord must shut it up. Thereupon he sings again—

"A very good song and very well sung.
We wot go home till morning." (Laughter.)

Hollo, says the landlord, you're making a noise there, and the doors are soon opened wide for the "Briton." The "Briton" is pushed into the passage; the landlord takes the Briton by the scruff of the neck; he never looks to see if the kennel is clean, or if it is soft lighting or not. (Laughter.) But out goes the "Briton" slap in the sludge. (Roars of laughter.) There, "Briton," will you now sing—"Britons never shall be slaves!" (Laughter.) Where are you now Briton? You may stay in the gutter and enjoy thyself, for nobody will touch thee. (Laughter.) After a while, he doesn't like this "*comfort*," and having scraped his limbs together, gets up. He scrapes off the dirt, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, up to the elbows, finds them empty, and may sing, "Pockets to let." (Cheers.) He looks up—the lights are out—he hammers at the door to try to get credit, but of course he gets none; and then he shakes his head, and begins to think he's been a bit of a fool. (Laughter.) "Briton," will you now sing—"Britons never shall be slaves," whilst thou art not only a slave, but keepest men to make thee one. (Laughter and cheers.) Having escaped himself, he sets his face for

home, and being determined still to sing, he begins—

"Home, home, sweet home." (Laughter.)

Ah! home, indeed; why didn't thee go there at first, Briton. He manages to find his house, and the windows, mended with many coloured papers, leads him to it. There he lies, in the middle of the floor; and what does the Briton find at "sweet home?" A miserable scraping of a fire. Behind the door there is a long water mug, or rather part of one, for one night, when he came home drunk, after quarrelling with some one, he took the mug for his enemy, kicked at it, and broke off the spout. (Laughter.) On the window-board is a sooty tea-cup or two, and if there is a table, it is so broken, that it can hardly hold together. On the hob, is a dirty coffee-kettle, shedding tears for the tinker. (Laughter.) On a miserable bed lie his children, who went to bed without their supper, though they wanted it, and had cried for it. It was a cold night, and the rain pattered against the broken window. The fire, for a moment, glimmered up, and showed him the sorrow-worn faces of his children, upon which the tears they had shed for their supper had become baked. They had gone to bed tired, after a hard day's work, and how little would they be fitted for the labour of the morrow. (Hear.) Their hard father calls for his supper. What "Briton," do you want your supper, after spending two or three shillings in what you call *nutriment*. (Loud cheers.) The blacksmith was right, who said, ale is not nutriment; if you want nutriment you must put your teeth to it. (Laughter.) Well, what is there for supper. There's a bit of the scrapings of a butter tub, a pennyworth of yellow fat bacon, and a piece of *brown George*, so hard and dry that it made the mice shed tears every time they went on the shelf. (Laughter.) "These are his necessaries of life"—This is the house of the "Briton"—This is the "sweet home" of the man who has been shouting for liberty. (Loud cheers.) His wife has neither meat nor meat. She is haggard, and has no colour upon her face, but the marks left by his merciless hands. (Hear, hear.) He begins again to assault her—his weak children jump or rather crawl out of bed, and throw their feeble arms round their father; but he is a drunkard and heeds not their cries. (Hear, hear.) These are the comforts of the drunkard; a furnitureless house—a cupboard without food—a wife in sorrow—his children in rage—and himself, the scorn of others, and a burden to himself. (Loud cheers.) If that man took the pledge, God would bless him—his wife would bless him—his children would bless him—and the neighbours themselves would bless him. (Loud cheers.) This picture was not too

highly coloured. If they doubted its truth, let them go to the rookeries, to Saffron-hill, or to Spitalfields, and there they would see what he had so feebly attempted to paint. He would now ask those who stood aloof from them, what they thought of the teetotal societies? They had now been long enough before the public. If they were right, all should join them. If they were wrong, why did not somebody show their error. (Hear, hear.) For what did they think the tee-totalers came there? Not for popularity, for this was the wrong way to get it. He was rejoiced to see so great a meeting. He remembered the time when he saw the temperance cause, in the little drunken town of Blackbarne, rising, as a spot not larger than a man's hand. See how it was now spreading; it was breaking the bars of the captive, and it was setting the prisoners free. When he was reclaimed, he did not tarry in the streams of moderate drinking, lest he should be hurried back to the ocean from which he had been rescued. But he had taken his stand on the rock of total abstinence, and there he kept his footing. (Loud cheers.) He was grateful to acknowledge in this the help of God, and to exclaim, "by the grace of God, I am what I am." (Loud cheers.) If the total abstinence society had only reclaimed him, one drunkard, it would have done a great deal, but it had reclaimed myriads. (Cheers.) They had not begun too soon; years ago that great man, Robert Hall, had called ardent spirits "liquid fire and distilled damnation;" years ago John Wesley called those who trafficked in them, "Men of blood driving souls to hell as sheep were driven to the slaughter." They had not come forward until the foe had swept away generation after generation—they had not come out until those moral slaughter-houses, the accursed beer-shops had been opened in every part of the land, inviting men "to be drunk on the premises" (laughter and cheers)—they had not come out until the gaols were being made larger, and the number of the workhouses was increased—they had not come out until the flowers of the land had been driven from home by their parents' excess, to live on the wages of prostitution in the public streets—they had not come out until the husband in his drunken frenzy had jumped on the bosom of the woman whom he had sworn to protect, and who was ever ready to wipe the tear of affliction from his eyes—they had not come out until mothers had deserted their children—until the hangman's rope was stretched, whilst hell seemed to come up from beneath to meet half-way its victims—they had not come out until God was outraged by the belching blasphemy of the drunkard, nor until cholera, and epidemics had manifested his wrath—they had

not come out until the gin-palaces, (those whitened sepulchres, which, though spledid without, contained nothing within but rottenness and dead men's bones,) had erected their attractive lamps, which, like streams of fire from hell, were lighting mankind to their ruin. All these causes were abroad, and was it not time for the tee-totalers to come out? (Tremendous cheers.) Was it not time to carry the lame, the wounded, and the dying to the hospital, that their wounds might be dressed and cured? Was it not time to open the temperance societies as cities of refuge? Was it not time to rescue men and women too, in thousands and millions, from death and hell, by calling on them to abstain "from filthy lust which war against the soul." (Loud cheers.) The banner of temperance was unfurled, and long might it float in peace amid the blessings of the world. The light of gospel duty was dispelling the darkness of the drunkard's destiny. He had himself visited more than four hundred towns, to carry to them the glad tidings of temperance, and in each town he had seen drunkards reclaimed, who, after having long abandoned God, were brought to belong to some christian church, and were now by their good conduct adorning the doctrines of Christ. (Loud cheers.) The finger of scorn might be pointed at them, but they were labouring for those souls for which Christ had died, and he for one, should be sorry to lose his share of the labour or of the great reward. (Loud cheers.) In the reformation which this society had wrought, it had succeeded beyond their best imaginings. (Hear.) A wider halo of glory was before it, and its operations would never be completed, until every where, instead of blasting, they heard praises; until there was holiness where now there is sin; until public-houses are turned into houses of prayer, and until the drunkard is so changed, that instead of having the landlord for his parson, the public-house for his chapel, and *Bell's Life in London* for his bible, he would be brought to God and made rich in the glorious promises of His Word. (Loud cheers.) Seven years ago, only seven persons founded the tee-total society in Preston. They knew what had been done, and what might they not expect would be done in the seven years next to come. (Hear, hear.) In this metropolis they had shown that they were in earnest; they had shown it by their magnificent procession (loud cheers); they had shown it by their medals; by their new suits; and by their smiling wives (loud cheers); they had shown it by their chariots and horsemen. (Loud cheers.) Yes, they had shown the gin-splainers, that the days of their ungodly traffic were drawing to an end, and that soon, over the mires of drunkenness, millions of regenerated men would, in trium-

phant delight exclaim, "Alcohol, alcohol, alcohol, is fallen, fallen, fallen," (tremendous applause,) during which, Mr. O'Connell shook Mr. Whittaker most cordially by the hand.

The Chairman then rose and called upon all reclaimed characters present to hold up their hands, a forest of hands immediately rose, it was indeed an inspiring sight; it was felt as such, and a loud enthusiastic shout of triumph was raised by the thousands who filled the hall. The Chairman then read the pledge of the society. Thanks were voted to him, which he briefly acknowledged, and the immense meeting after singing the doxology separated, long to remember with the highest gratification the delightful proceedings which it was their privilege to witness.

DESECRATION OF THE SANCTUARY

(From a Correspondent.)

You may perhaps imagine my feelings, on observing, within the walls of our parish church, on Sabbath day, the following piece of the most vile production the agents of Satan ever ventured to place there, in the form of a notice, which I copied, and runs as follows:—

"To the churchwardens and overseers of the parish of —, and to all whom it may concern.

"I, A. B., now residing at the — inn, in the parish of —, and for six months last past having resided in the said parish, do hereby give notice, that it is my intention to apply at the next general annual licensing meeting, to be holden at —, on the — day of —, for a licence to sell exciseable liquors by retail, to be drunk in the house, or the premises thereto belonging, situate in the — street, in the said parish of —, called the — inn, and now used as an inn, alehouse, or victualling-house, and which I intend to keep as an inn, ale-house, or victualling-house.

"Given under my hand, this — day of —
"A. B. BONIFACE."

Is it not time, I would now ask, for the church especially, and all my brethren, to awake from their lethargy, to shake off such corruption, and cleanse themselves from such filth and degradation. Be wise in time, and provoke not the Almighty by so polluting his temples. The feelings of the pious Christian must be of no enviable description, when entering the courts that are dear to him, to have his eyes disgusted, and his heart pained, at the sight of such abominations; well might it be said, "our house is left unto us desolate."

Let us then petition, and agitate till we have it removed; and, Oh, ye senators! learn true wisdom, and dare not trifle with the offended Majesty of heaven, or expect

the vengeance of a just yet angry God, is the earnest appeal of a sincere friend.

Ross, Herefordshire.

T. S. S.

EAST INDIES.

"Delhi, Dec. 19th, 1839.

"DEAR JOHN,—By the blessing of Providence I am still alive, and, what will give you scarcely less delight to hear, I am an altered man. Adversity, and illness unto death, have wrought great changes in me; but I had better give you an account of what has happened to me since I left you, four years ago, a cursed and silly drunkard. Never shall I forget my feelings when I awoke the morning after that fatal night, and found myself bound to a service which I detested. The idea of perpetual banishment from my country, and the certainty of leaving my bones in a foreign land, almost drove me to distraction. I remained in that state, driving away reflection as far as possible, by drinking as much spirits as my pay would afford, till long after I had arrived in India. Here signs of diseased liver were not long in showing themselves, and the doctors looked on me as a doomed man. I could feel the fatal enlargement in my side, and not till then did I think of leaving off the use of the poison which was killing me; and at this anxious time I fortunately got acquainted with a comrade of the name of James Stevenson, also a Northumberland man, who was a staunch tee-totaler, and, by acting on his principles, had preserved his health here for twelve years, whilst hundreds of his fellow-soldiers, who were without his wisdom, fell victims to disease. By his advice and example my mind was strengthened, and I practised temperance, drinking only pure water for the last nine months, and at present I feel myself better both in spirit and body than I have been for many years. Oh, John, if you have not done so, let me beg of you to lose no time in joining a tee-total society. Oh, that I had been so blessed years since. What misery and sorrow would it have saved me! We have got up a temperance association among the soldiers here, which is weekly increasing in numbers. We have now thirty members in it, and I am secretary to it. We find that we can get many little comforts now with the money that drink used to swallow up. We often think what a pleasure it is to know that we are engaged in the same great work with so many of the wise and good of our own dear country. The natives here seldom or ever taste spirits among themselves, and this accounts for their escaping the fevers and diseases which kill so many Europeans. "ALEXANDER THOMPSON."

T. Harjette, Printer, 16, Craven Buildings,
Drury Lane, Strand.

THE
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AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

No. 8.]

OCTOBER.

[VOL. I.]

MEDICAL MEN AND TEE-TOTALISM.

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.*

UNDER this title a pamphlet has recently appeared, and the only fault we can find with it is, that it is too short. The able writer of it has done much, and we hope that other productions will issue from his pen, for the further development of the desolating effects which he has undertaken to trace to their cause. There are several circumstances which impart an extraordinary interest to this little work, and one is, that it is the production of A MEDICAL MAN. Many, nay most of the leading physicians, on both sides of the Atlantic, have borne their testimony to the dreadfully pernicious effects which the use of spirituous liquors produces on the human frame. Before Father Mathew undertook his mission of mercy, he fortified his case with the solemn and deliberate opinions of certain surgeons in Dublin, whose skill has gained for them an European reputation; and the author of "Anti-Bacchus"† has published a list of physicians and

surgeons, including nearly all who enjoy any repute in the profession, and they unanimously combine in condemning the use of those drinks against which the tee-totalers have undertaken the crusade. It might be expected that such admissions from these Leviathans of the "healing art," would have exercised great influence upon the smaller fry who undertake "to kill or cure," and who succeed in the former if they do not accomplish the latter. It is, however, a lamentable fact that medical practitioners, whether they be those gentlemen who drive cabs in towns, or those who ride cobs in the country, contribute much to the repute in which spirituous liquors are held, and consequently to the extent to which they are consumed. Most of our modern doctors are equally the friends of the distiller and the sexton. We know well that in attacking the faculty, we are attacking a hornet's nest. Few men are considered of more importance, and perhaps no class of gentlemen exercise stronger and yet tenderer influence upon families, or upon individual members of them. We are the last to doubt the skill or to under-rate the important functions of an accomplished surgeon.

* The PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE exhibited in the morbid influence which ardent spirit exerts upon the Human Constitution. By CHARLES THORNHILL, Surgeon. London, 1846. Pasco, Paternoster Row.—pp. 51.

† Vide pp. 39.

There are, however, many—and, alas, too many, who, by their scanty attainments and ruthless practice, are ill calculated to be entrusted with the life and limb of their fellow-men. Our system of surgical and medical education, may be theoretically good; but all who know the loose habits, the excesses, and the *rouéism* which so generally accompany what is called “walking the hospitals,” will wonder, not that we have so few good surgeons, but that we have not more bad ones. It is true that the *examinations* previous to “passing,” are, to a certain extent, a guarantee that the aspirants to Esculapian honours, possess a given amount of knowledge. But how do they prepare themselves for such examinations? In some departments, a personal routine attendance is more regarded than severe mental application or scientific experience; whilst in other departments, the preparation is effected by the *grinding* process—a process of artificial *cramming*, which consists in an experienced pedagogue preparing a young man to answer certain questions without knowing exactly the why or the wherefore. Students are “made up” for examination, as horses are for a fair; and a “grinder” is to them precisely what the padding, the wadding, and the bustles of a West End *modiste* are to a misshapen frequenter of Almack’s.

1. One of these “well crammed” young gentlemen, on his arrival in some rural district, is looked upon as a prodigy of learning. He generally belongs to a family of some standing, and thus a footing is at once given to him in his neighbourhood. His visits to London have greatly improved his external experience; a certain air of *ton* has infused itself into his earlier manners; and it is at once concluded, that the advancement of his professional knowledge has at least been in proportion to the improvement in his “outward man.” The fashionable metropolitan tailor, and the hospital lecturer, are presumed both to have done their work similarly well. A facetious writer, in speaking of the shop of a country apothecary, has said—“The window displayed some half-dozen of plethoric bulbous bottles filled with coloured water, displaying, on their protuberant

sides, antique symbols of astrologic quackery. The mysterious triangle, the influential crescent, tailed and untailed planetary signs, impressed many a gaping rustic with an awe and respect for their potent contents, which would have been wonderfully abated, had intelligible English inscriptions informed them what they really held. A few tin covered gallipots, filled with the simplest vegetable unguents, bore the crabbed inscriptions of the old and exploded pharmaceutical nomenclature; and here and there a glass jar filled with spirits, displayed some monstrous freak of Nature, in the shape of a juvenile pig with six legs, or an embryo lamb with none. These, with some poppy heads,

“And a beggarly account of empty boxes.

With rose leaves scattered to make up a show.”

completed the stock in trade.

In the medical practice there is a great deal of useless mystification; the simplest drugs are called by the hardest names; even pure water is termed *agua pura*, and all this is for no other purpose than to make the “Doctor” a man of more multiplied importance. His profession is essentially one of “craft and mysterie,” as the old deeds have it; and in nine cases out of ten, the village pump would effect a cure, or prevent a disease much better than the village apothecary; the gentlemen themselves are aware of this, and hence their jealousy of the humble hydraulic conductor. But after all, simple water is the most useful ingredient to the compounder of medicines. Two-thirds of the pint mixtures which they send out, at the pretty price of half-a-crown, and so tastily hooded with nicely scissared tinted paper, are little better than coloured water, with some harmless, but rather unpalatable adjunct to make it *taste like physic*. In fact, *once* in his life, the writer met with a candid doctor! and he admitted “that it was necessary to give patients *something*, but that it was often very difficult to know *what* to give them, because they *wanted nothing*: and that the only way to meet the difficulty was, by giving them something which would do them no harm, and *could* do no good, except forming an item in the bill.” This is only one peculiarity of the physic vending fraternity; and it

is far more harmless than that we are about to mention.

None know better than medical men, the baneful effects of spirituous liquors. Those effects are displayed in many of their books of study; and instances of them are daily brought under their own eyes. Coroners,* mad-house keepers, and medical men ought, if conscientious, to be the standard bearers of tee-totalism. Many years ago, an American surgeon wrote a treatise, in which he traced the first existence, or the fatal termination of almost all the ordinary diseases, to the use of ardent spirits. On the other side of the Atlantic it created a great sensation, and it was re-printed with permission in England, in one of the early numbers of that useful work of reference—the “PAMPHLETEER.” But why refer to written works? What is the daily experience of medical men? We repeat that none know better than they, that it is the use of strong drinks which produces local derangement and disease; spotted livers—affections of the heart—insanity—and frequently death itself, often by lingering illnesses, frequently by apoplexy, and sometimes even by spontaneous combustion. Medical men cannot but know and see these things—they know them by theory—they see them in the persons of scores of dying drunken sinners. But notwithstanding this circle of ruin in which they move, they remain insensible to the evils of the havoc which the dæmon of intemperance is spreading. They see the strong man fall his victim—they behold lovely woman become his prey—they hear widows and orphans curse his sway, and yet they pay homage to his throne—they know that his attendants are as messengers of death, and yet they follow in his train.

It is an undeniable fact—a fact for the truth of which we may appeal to every family, and almost to every adult individual, that medical men, not only

by their practice in social intercourse, but by their language, and often by their professional advice, inculcate the use of spirituous liquors. Their example is indescribably hurtful—for those who see them drink strong drinks, and particularly those who are themselves attached to the use of them, argue thus. They say, “if they were hurtful, the doctors would know it, and would not drink them; but they do drink them, and therefore they are not hurtful.” In reply to this, we might refer to the array of first-rate medical testimony to which we have already directed attention; and similar testimonies might be multiplied to almost any extent, as they are to be found in almost every medical work. We have dwelt at such great length upon the medical profession, because of a solemn conviction of the importance of medical men being enlisted into the cause of tee-totalism. We will not say that their co-operation is absolutely necessary for the triumph of the cause, but their assistance would greatly contribute to its speedy and happy consummation, in the same manner as their hostility, whether passive or active, or both, must necessarily retard it. They belong to a profession called “Liberal,” and we cannot bring ourselves to say, that any selfish feeling influences them in opposing tee-totalism, or withholds them from coming forward in its support. Certain, however, it is, that total abstinence (although it can never remove the ills to which flesh is heir) will materially diminish the demand for physic, and occasion a proportionate falling off in the receipts of the physic vender. Many an apothecary has pretty pickings, merely from selling the sedatives which are required after a night's hard drinking; and how much greater are the profits they reap from the numerous tonics which are necessary to regulate the system which too much drinking has disorganized. Add to this the frequent severe attacks, the confirmed diseases, and the frightful accidents which are the result of intoxication,—and a person, by no means inclined to be harsh in his strictures upon medical men, will at once admit that they have good cause, *selfish speaking*, to dread and oppose the

* Mr. Wakley, M.P., surgeon, Editor of “The Lancet,” and one of the coroners for the County of Middlesex, has declared his conviction, that from 10,000 to 15,000 persons die annually in London from the effects of gin drinking, without any inquests being held over them. He says also, that of those over whose bodies inquests are held, more than a thousand a-year are brought to their end by dram drinking.

gress of total abstinence. We do not say that medical men allow this selfishness to influence them; we only describe the temptation they are under to yield to it. Mr. Thornhill certainly has not yielded to the tempter. His practice is in a district in which intemperance has been and is widely spread. In the district of the Staffordshire collieries and iron works, including Wolverhampton, Bilston, West Bromwich, Dudley, Darlaston, Wednesbury, Gospel Oak, Sedgley, &c., the population work hard and drink hard. The colliers, the foundrymen, the modellers, the casters, and those who toil in the heat of the huge belching blast furnaces, have long been the victims of excess. Their prejudices, their ignorance, and their avocations, have led them, more than freely, to indulge in the noxious cup. Amongst these, the professional labours of Mr. Thornhill are cast, and he mentions (pp. 43) a curious fact which has come under his observation, and which of itself is sufficient to show how intemperance injures the human frame, sapping its strength, and preparing it for suffering, unfitting it for endurance, and predisposing it to ruin. Intemperance destroys health; and how then can the intemperate man bear up against any additional burden (occasioned by disease or accident) which it requires all the influence of health to dispell. Our author says—

"If the limbs, for example, become the seat of injury, and there be either a large complicated wound or a badly-fractured bone, it is not uncommon to witness such high constitutional irritation as ultimately to terminate in fatal collapse. Even a simple scratch will often put on the most frightful symptoms; and sometimes bid defiance to the best-concocted means. Among the coal-heavers, and porter-brewers of the metropolis—a very drunken set of men—it is found that even the very slightest accidents are often fatal, while the robust and temperate collier of South Staffordshire, who spends half his time in the bowels of the earth, and who is constantly exposed to accidents of the most fearful kind, is enabled to sustain with impunity the severe injuries which arise from the nature of his daily employment."

It is unnecessary to remark that drunkards are more than any exposed to accidents, which are likely, in them, to lead to such fatal results. We know

not whether the hospitals in London and the large towns have any comparative statistics upon this point; if they have not, it would be well if they had, for we have no doubt they would show that a great proportion of the accidents which occur, happen to drunkards; and that of such as suffer under them, the drunkards are far more difficult to cure, if cured at all, than those whose lives have been sober. When the nation is sufficiently alive to the importance of the total abstinence movement, it will not, as it is now, be too much to expect that our hospitals, and all the other public institutions, will be directed to draw up and publish such details as experience may justify, to establish and enforce the claims of strict sobriety upon all who seek for the welfare of man in all the relations of life, whether individually, domestically, or socially. Another of "the physical effects of intemperance" is, that it exposes those who have indulged in excess, "to the first attacks of any epidemic or contagious disease." Where is the man who has not witnessed this? Intemperance leaves a man poor; it leaves him either incapable of taking nourishing food, or unable to purchase it; it also leaves his family in rags and filth. These alone are powerfully predisposing causes to contagion. It is amongst such that we find fevers originate; and amongst them they prevail most malignantly and fatally. Often is the father the conductor of the fatal destroyer into the bosom of his own family; often does he bring from his haunts a serpent into his own household to destroy himself, his wife, and their offspring. When the Almighty discharged a vial of wrath upon this land, and we saw the cholera go forth on its career of desolation, the drunkards were slain to mark its progress. The writer of this article was in Staffordshire in 1832, the period of the awful visitation which was most prolific in horrors. We are told that then "the irregular, the dissolute, and the depraved—in other words, common drunkards and dram-drinkers—were those most susceptible of the cholera's influence, and least capable of eluding its grasp." We well remember visiting the cholera hospital on the race-course at Wolver-

hampton, in company with Dr. SIMPKISS, a highly intelligent man, who, at every step, made some remarks confirmatory of the solemn and awful illustration of the drunkard's doom. Again, with what melancholy force was the same truth attested by the depopulating mortality which raged in a place near Wolverhampton, called "Hell's Lane?" Has the awful warning been of any avail? Has a total abstinence society been formed in that strong-hold of excess, in which death and putridity seemed to have entered into a compact with each other, to speak through deeds of appalling terror to the hearts of drunkards? Have sobriety and righteousness been there established? or does the unreclaimed sot, who saw his kindred die, mark his gratitude to God who spared him by continuing to

—"Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drained,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear—*DRYME!*"

But we proceed from the consideration of these general "physical effects of intemperance" to notice others more minute, but still more extended in their operations, and neither less fearful, nor less fatal in their action.

In order rightly to appreciate the physical evils of intemperance, some knowledge ought to be had of the construction of the human frame, in order that the readiness with which it is disarranged, may the more fully appear. To convey that knowledge here is, however, totally at variance with the extent to which this essay is necessarily restricted. Suffice it then to say, that the arrangements of the several parts of the system are most complicated; that their sympathy with each other is most minute and perfect, and that an indescribable delicacy of function and of structure pervades the most important portions. Glance at the *circulating* and at the *respiratory* systems. What can be more perfect, and yet what can be more attenuatedly delicate? The heart pulsates not less than 100,900 times in each twenty-four hours: life or death depends upon each of these pulsations: they again are regulated by the minutely delicate arrangements already referred to, and these arrangements, the least excess is calculated to injure or disorganise. How mysterious are the passages through which the

vital fluid travels: how complex are the *filtering* processes which it undergoes! As the blood undergoes these various processes, it gives up "this or that element of its composition for the establishment and recruit of the various tissues and for the formation of the various secretions which perpetually take place." (pp. 9.) A considerable loss is thus sustained, and it is to repair that loss *that food* is taken. And here again in the processes which each meal undergoes, we have a repetition of all the minute and important processes abovementioned, and all the machinery and "elaborate range of organs" before alluded to are called into action. Thus it is from new supplies of blood that the system is upheld: these new supplies of blood flow from new supplies of food. As it is into the *stomach* that this food is received, and as it is there digested, that organ will necessarily occupy an important portion of our remarks. Hence, as Mr. Thornhill observes, how just is the remark of the poet, when he says of the stomach:—

"It is the storehouse and the shop of
The whole body True it is
That it receives the general food at first—
But all the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From it receive that natural competence
WHEREBY THEY LIVE."

What then is this *STOMACH*? We cannot describe it better than in the words of Mr. Thornhill. He says, (pp. 27)—

"The stomach is a hollow pouch somewhat resembling a bagpipe in form, capable of containing from about a pint and a half to two pints of fluid. It is, in common with the intestinal canal, lined with a very delicate and exquisitely sensitive membrane. This membrane, to use the phrase of a popular writer, '*is no thicker than gold leaf*;' and it is well known that a leaf of gold can scarcely be touched without destroying or at least injuring it. In like manner, the stomach is readily inconvenienced by having any thing brought into contact with it that is of deleterious tendency;—a kind provision of nature in order that mankind may not err in their choice of aliment. Now, in the healthy state, the blood-vessels that ramify through every part of the stomach are so small as scarcely to be discernable to the naked eye, except here and there, where a faint line may be traced branching off in various directions, indicating that it is supplied with the necessary quantity of blood for organization.

But, almost immediately after spirits have been drunk, a great change is produced; and the channels that heretofore were invisible, on account of their minuteness, become so *turgid with blood*, as not only to be prominent and perceptible to the naked eye, but to present almost the appearance of a red patch-work of vessels. This is occasioned by the debilitating effect which is produced upon the returning vessels of the part, through diminished nervous energy, and by the increased violence with which the blood is driven through the arteries generally from absorption of the spirit—causing it to distend the weakened coats of the vessels of the stomach which the spirit has temporarily paralyzed. That such an effect is absolutely produced upon the stomach is evident, not only from the train of symptoms to which it gives rise, but from the appearances which have been witnessed after death."

Our author having proved this by reference to experiments tried upon dogs and animals, proceeds thus, (pp. 28)—

"Such a condition must, of course, more or less, prevent the secretion of gastric-juice, and, therefore, *materially interfere with the digestive process*. The contrast which exists between the smooth, glistening, and almost semi-transparent appearance that marks the healthy stomach, and the fiery aspect which is so quickly kindled up through the action and influence of diffusible stimuli, is great indeed! Such an injected state of vessels is reckoned among the characteristic phenomena of inflammation; and inflammation is not unfrequently the *actual result of a draught of raw spirits*.

"But the delicate membrane undergoes a strange alteration in the *habitual* drunkard. It not only becomes temporarily injected by the contact of spirits, but it seems gradually to acquire a *permanent turgescence of vessels*. Hence arises that unpleasant nausea and excitability of the stomach which are experienced each morning ere the wonted *potation* is resorted to. Those who have been in the habit of indulging in spirituous liquors can bear ample testimony to this fact. They can speak in cogent terms of the great inconvenience they experience in the morning after the night's debauch. They can tell of the uneasy sensations with which the stomach is oppressed—the heavy load and the overpowering nausea under which it labours, and the frequent but useless efforts it makes to relieve itself."

Mr. Thornehill thus describes the effects of intemperance upon the thin mucous membrane which lines the stomach—

"From being constantly *picked in spirits*, it sometimes becomes gradually changed into soft gritty substance and even ultimately into cancerous disease. Tumours, of irregular shape, and varying in size from the circumference of a half-crown piece to that of a small tea-saucer, and presenting different states and stages of morbid growth, have been found towards the small extremity of the stomach, and nearly filling up its interior; and instances are on record where disease had involved the whole organ which exhibited nothing more than a complete mass of indurated thickening and cancer. From one or other of these Protean forms of disease, the individual may be doomed to drag on a miserable existence; and, while made deeply sensible of his wretched condition by the pain and anguish he is constantly suffering, he is left to lament his *lost health and happiness when it is too late to effect their recovery*."

Let not the moderate drinker lay "the flattering unction to his soul," that these frightful afflictions are occasioned solely to the confirmed drunkard; they frequently result from "*moderate drinking*," and bring upon him who thinks that he needs not the protection of tee-totalism, a premature old age, a life of pain, and a death, which the forebodings of a smitten conscience renders horrible.

Nor is the *stomach* the only organ which intemperance thus debilitates. The *LIVER* suffers in itself, and affects the system in an equal, if not in a greater degree. It becomes enlarged: a heavy weight and great soreness are felt on the right side. A loss of appetite follows: the very sight of food produces nausea, and numerous diseases are the result. Yellow spots fix themselves upon the "*drunkard's liver*," and in these spots a nasty unhealthy foul secretion is deposited. In such a state of things there can be but a very trifling secretion of *bile*. Bile is absolutely necessary for healthy digestion; upon digestion, almost every thing in the system depends; and this digestion being checked by the want of *bile*, it is impossible to picture the evils which follow.

We have thus briefly adverted to the evils of intemperance upon the *digestive* organs; let us now for a moment consider how it affects the organs of *circulation*. And first, as to the *HEART*. Nothing is so injurious to the heart as *undue excitement*, and this is produced

in the worst degree by the use of ardent spirits. Dilatation, pressure, and stimulants, irritate the muscular fibres of the heart, and, ere long, unfit it for forcing onward, with precision, that flow of blood which is required for the support of life. The heart's chambers then become surcharged—the fibres which form them distend—the open space or cavity is enlarged—and at length, in any unusual exertion, their long over-stretched power gives way—a rupture takes place—and, what is literally and truly a *broken heart*, consigns the wretched man to “death and judgment.”

But after all, it is the **BRAIN** upon which intemperance inflicts the direst havoc; the brain which is the centre of “the beautiful and intricate system of the *faculties of sensation and perception*.” Between the brain and every portion and fibre of the body, a constant, an intimate, and a most sympathetic correspondence is maintained. The action of spirituous liquors upon the brain is most intense. Their action upon every part of the body acts, as it were, in special combination from all the parts upon the brain. This action produces a temporary mental palsy. By it apoplexy is frequently brought on, and mental palsy, and ruin of intellect, are permanently established. Mr. Thornhill records several melancholy instances of death produced by the action of ardent spirits on the brain; and where is there a medical man, in any practice, who cannot do the same?

Our space warns us, that, for the present at least, our observations must be brought to a close. We regret this, because there are many points which deserve notice. But has not enough been already said to show the evils of the curse of intemperance? Indeed, why is it necessary to go into written details, or into scientific remarks at all? Where is the village, and, alas! we may almost say, where is the family which has not, within itself, some mournful proof of the destroyer's power?

Look in the **STREETS**: those bleared eyes—that tallowy complexion—that church-yard cough—that halting gait—that once erect form, now decrepid and bent—those crutches—that living skeleton, filthy, sore, and diseased—

these are proofs of the *physical* evils of ardent spirits. Through these ruins of the body we look in vain for the strength, the light, and the lustre of the mind.

Go to the **MAD-HOUSES**. Look at the **MENTAL SUICIDES**! the victims of dram-drinking. See man, made to the image and likeness of God, chained down and degraded lower than the swine! With such, even genius is a curse, and mind an affliction. Out of 495 patients admitted into a lunatic asylum, 257 had been brought to that dreadful state by intoxication. The books of other asylums, at home and abroad, furnish details not less appalling.

Follow the drunkard to his **BED**—for **HIM** the balmy restorer has neither solace nor rest. Oh, it is in the hour of solitude—yes, it is even when the fumes from his stomach are fretting and racking his brain—even then as he turns, thirsty, lip-burnt and feverish; on his bed—disquietude, remorse, and conscience, are at their work of torture. In the words of our author, (pp. 39)—

“His repose—if indeed it can be called by that name—is interrupted by unpleasant dreams; and his wakeful moments are embittered by the goings and stings of accusing memory.

His fevered brain
Reels dizzily awhile; but ah! too soon
The slumber of intemperance subsides,
And conscience, that undying serpent, calls
Her venomous brood to their nocturnal task.”

Gloom, fantastic shapes, devils, hell itself flit before his maddened, trembling, stricken down and yet infuriated mind.

Go next to the **CHURCH-YARD**. Stand ye on the grave of a suicide. In most of the cases, it is intemperance which caused the victim's death. The sinning drunkard, hateful of life, but to religion and dead to hope, throws himself in his paroxysm of despair, into the doom of eternity. In the receptacles for the dead, the long rank grass which waves over early graves, is so frequently, that it may be said to be, *ordinarily*, waving over drunkards' tombs. Nor do the evils of intemperance end with those whom they slay. No; the children to the third and fourth generation bear the consequences of their proge-

nitor's crime. Rooted diseases, a crippled offspring, mental imbecility, lives of sickness and deaths in early life, are the consequences of excess in parents; they bequeath to the descendants of their own loins a legacy of sorrow, and gives them ample cause to hang their heads with shame at the bare mention of their name. To himself, to his family, and his country, the drunkard is a source of scandal and of injury. We have said nothing of the *moral* pestilence which goes forth from his **EXAMPLE**. We have said little compared with what might be said upon the physical evils which his vice entails; but we trust that we have said enough to rouse some to *serious thought*, and to induce all to labour for the abatement of the monster-curse which is crowding our jails, filling our asylums, employing our sextons, and caus-

ing in hell a fendish joy, which makes the angels weep.

The work of Mr. Thornhill appears to have been put up by a country printer, to whom it does great credit. The limits of the essay prevented Mr. Thornhill from going thoroughly into his subject, which would require volumes to do it justice. It is, however, an admirable outline, which may be filled up by those who have the inclination and the leisure for further reading; whilst for those who have not, it contains more than enough to warn them from the "physical effects of intemperance." It is written in a very plain manner, and will recommend itself to the plainest reader, by all abstruse and affected scientific terms being excluded from its pages. Few works have appeared better calculated to serve the tee-total cause.

CONSISTENCY TRIUMPHANT.

BY A LADY.

(A Member of the Sunderland Temperance Association.)

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

Shortly after this, Edward declared his affection and intentions towards her; he was anxious to make Lucy his bride—her affection for Edward overruled her principles, she consented—thus Adam sinned—

—“He scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceived,
But fondly overcame.”

On the 30th of January, she became the wife of a Christian; yet, alas! not an abstainer from that fatal cup which “biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.” Lucy was happy, and sweetly did her imagination pourtray blissful years of love to come. Edward was ever tender and affectionate; his manly spirit exulted in contributing to the happiness of his fair Lucy; the ardency of young attachment was succeeded by a deep deeply-rooted affection which sweetened the bitters of life, and enhanced its joys.

Before two years elapsed, Lucy became the mother of a lovely boy. He was named Richard; and as days fled

on apace, the charming boy daily entwined himself more closely around the hearts of his parents; but soon another fair blossom was added; another, and yet another, till Lucy's bouquet of blossoms became large and beautiful, yielding odours of delight to the happy parents. They were, indeed, fair buds of promise.

But we must pass over the many years of delight Lucy experienced in her sweet family—save the common inconvenience and petty vexations of life. Lucy knew little but happiness; Edward was ever kind; the sun of prosperity shone upon her; but still Edward was a moderationist in the use of alcoholic drink, and at times she feared he took more than enough. She was disappointed at his not giving up the practice of taking little snags. His temper began to be somewhat quarrelsome, occasionally reflecting her on the house expenditure; the education of the children might be less expensive. Lucy was deeply wounded as she witnessed

this strange alteration in Edward's manner. At times she felt irritated, and concealed not her displeasure; she would, with an air of independence, state her various needful outlays, and requested to know how she could reduce her expenditure. His judgment assented to her plans of economy; but his insatiable propensity for the intoxicating draught daily increased, nor could he ever be satisfied, it seemed continually to say—give, give. Although Lucy was at times led into this spirit, it was ever succeeded by feelings of anguish; in secret, her heart would throb with grief. "O," she would say, "how is my Edward changed; for years I never saw a cloud of sternness on his placid brow; when our expenditure exceeded our present expenses, no reflection then escaped his lips; I cannot bear this from my Edward, this is too much." Then again she would burst into tears and weep to ease her aching heart. "But what is the cause of this change," she would say. "Ah! the little sups have become large sups; he is no longer himself; how true it is, strong drink completely changes man's character. Once, Edward possessed an unruffled temper, a generous heart; but O! this drink has broken his temper, transformed him into a selfish being, grasping at all to uphold him in his downward course. And me, me! am I not reaping the harvest of the seed sown in youth? I was inconsistent to my principles, and gave to others. I tolerated moderation. I saw him dally at the brink of the fatal stream, and now he is fast verging to its centre. O, my Edward! my poor Edward! I imagine the end; he will become a drunkard, and I and my darling children must participate in a drunkard's fall—ruin and disgrace." She at length ventured to mention her fears to Edward; he was indignant at her insinuation, and again pleaded the powers of the gospel. She meekly expostulated, urged upon him the entire abandonment of the dangerous habit; "for," said she, "if gospel moderation allows you to drink two glasses, the two will create an appetite for a third; and, thus, when once on the descent, it is not easy to avoid sliding to the bottom." Thus Lucy reasoned, and at times she seemed almost to have persuaded Edward, but habit

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had become stronger than resolution; and instead of having more grace to support him in the midst of increased temptation and danger, the grace he had once was dwindled away.

Ere long, pale and trembling at midnight hour, Lucy paced at times the parlour floor; and then again endeavouring to recover her composure, she would suddenly imagine she heard footsteps, for Edward was not yet returned, he was carousing at the nightly fêtes; and, perhaps, she thought he may be brought home; but "away the horrible thought," she would again utter, "he has often been out late and returned well." He did return; but, alas! more a child of the devil than before. No sweet interchange of affection now existed, all was tumult and distress in the mind of Lucy, vexation and madness in that of Edward.

At this crisis, Richard, who had been at Edinburgh, taking out his degrees, returned home. The anxious mother turned with fond hope to her child, expecting to find in his heart's affection an elysium; that her love, which had been the support of opposing currents since it was dismissed from the bosom of Edward, might find there a nest to nestle in. But how were her hopes blighted, she saw, with agonized emotion, her son, her darling son, was already entangled in the drunkard's snare. A father's example had not fallen point, less to the ground; a mother's toleration had likewise contributed its part to hasten his ruin.

Richard had become a nightly carouser with the jovial sensualist. Lucy's cup of grief seemed well nigh filled; but one more sorrow and her misery was complete—deeply she drank the cup of remorse. "O the delusiveness of moderation!" she would exclaim. "The delusiveness of moderation! But the past I cannot recall!" As usual, the great bell of the cathedral sounded the hour of twelve—Edward had not returned. Richard, where was he? Again the silence of midnight was interrupted by the sonorous ding—fifteen minutes past twelve. Lucy started as if she heard her Edward's funeral knell, or perhaps something has befallen my child; they were never so late! "What! two o'clock come. O me, my heart will burst! this fatal drink! this fatal

2 M

—." Suddenly footsteps are heard—a low muttering sound—Edward enters—rage and despair are strongly depicted on his countenance, whilst the oozing blood from his face showed there had been some terrible conflict.

"O my Edward!" exclaimed the distracted wife.

"Yours! yours!" he muttered out, "I say yours!" "Go," he exclaimed, raising his voice, and endeavouring to connect his words, "and see your son—I have given him it—the scoundrel was drunk—aye, and told me flatly I was drunk!"

The frantic Lucy rushed from the house, scarcely knowing whither she was going. She had gathered sufficient to understand that the son and father had somewhere met, they had quarreled, blows ensued, and the son sunk beneath the father's ire. Mingled sounds at length reached her ear—she found the police just conveying her son, her darling son, to the hospital.

"There is life in him," said some voice. "He is sorely wounded," said another. "Poor fellow, I wonder who he is!"

"Lucy heard no more.
Earthly sounds affected neither heart or ear;
One look her blue eye gave, then closed for ever
On the tumultuous scene of grief and horror!"

It needed only be added, that Edward, the gospel moderation man, and his family, became the inmate of a work-house.

Thus the industrious and sober of the community are incessantly taxed by the extravagance of the drunkard, and prodigality of the moderationist.

Ellen returned the tract. Maria looked upon her with an inquisitive eye.

"Well, Ellen," said she, "what think you?"

She replied, "I think, Maria, you have wisely resolved; painful it must be to act so noble a part, but present pain is better than future misery—I would never marry unless I could have a tee-totaler!"

Maria faintly smiled at Ellen's warm, though sincere assertion.

"I shall write," said Maria, "tomorrow to Charles, and give him my decision; he will blame me—this cuts me to the very heart. But I am now resolved, the event I must bear. I

have purchased a tract the same as the one you have returned, this I shall send him. May the Lord grant the eyes of his understanding may be enlightened."

Early the following morning, Maria penned the following letter to Charles:

"DEAR CHARLES,—Yours of the 20th, I received with pleasure; would that I could reply to it with similar feelings, but far different feelings possess my mind. Charles, is our destiny fixed? What a question! but how confused! how unconnected! how has my self-possession gone! I must try to disclose my sentiments. Well, Charles, you know for some time I have been regarding the temperance question with seriousness; I have now resolved to unite, with its advocates, in an effort, not to moderate, but exterminate the vice of drunkenness and all its evils. Many say the gospel can effect this; but the question is, has it done it? Drunkards have the gospel, and they are drunkards still. Six hundred thousand, amid all our gospel privileges, still afflict our country. You say you only take a little; and so did every drunkard at the commencement of his career. You say you are a Christian; but as a Christian you break a positive command by drinking malt liquor; you encourage Sabbath breaking. Malt cannot be made without a desecration of the Sabbath; of this you are aware, but perhaps have not seriously considered the subject. Once I viewed this stimulant as the good creature of God; but how absurd was the idea, that the grain given by God for the support of man, was ever intended by the Creator to be perverted to the injury and destruction of both body and soul.

God gave the gift to man;
But man, with fatal skill
Incensate, form'd the plan,
And changed the good to ill.

God gave the golden grain
To hungry man for food;
But, querulous and vain,
He spurn'd the proffer'd good.

"I once thought these liquors were good for the body; but now I think it would argue imperfection in our physical constitution, if, when in health, these stimulants were necessary for us. And this we cannot admit; for perfect are all the works of the Most High. I likewise thought Paul's advice to Timothy favoured the customary use of wine; but I did not notice the particular phraseology of the apostle's exhortation—'Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomachs sake, and thy often infirmities.' Showing that Timothy was a water drinker, not an encourager of the use of strong drink. He was also desired to take it for bodily infirmities—not when in health, not for custom or fashions sake. Some

people lay great stress upon the admonition, 'Be temperate in all things.' And in order to justify themselves say, that intoxicating liquor is included in the 'all things,' and that therefore they ought to drink them moderately; but what absurdity such a literal interpretation involves—according to this, we might indulge in a little of all things, a little lying, a little stealing, a little arsenic, in short, a little of every poisonous product of nature. Whilst thus writing, Charles, I have been carried beyond myself, for a transient period my mind has forgotten its grief. I must conclude; but how must I conclude? My courage fails! dear Charles I dare not, I cannot approach with you hymen's altar, till you have declared war against intemperance; till you boldly espouse the glorious cause of humanity we advocate. Blame me not, Charles; attribute not this decision to want of affection; say not I commit, by this act, a breach of honour, for it cost me all to do it, except the favour of God and the testimony of a good conscience of upright principle. It cost me my highest earthly enjoyment; without you I shall feel myself 'to be a weed uprooted from ocean shore.'

"You have ever concurred with me in the opinion, that wherever there exists between two persons a dissimilarity of sentiment, or an important subject, that dissimilarity will be likely to form an aperture for the outlet of affection. Thus, Charles, it remains with you, whether our individual interest must ever be more closely united. One, in affection, we are; but that it may so continue, we must be one in sentiment. If, dear Charles, you still cavil at my resolution, I pray you to give the accompanying pamphlet a careful perusal. May the eyes of your understanding be enlightened; and after you have read the tale of Lucy, write to your unworthy Maria an honest statement of your views.

"Yours, as ever,

"MARIA L——."

A few days brought the happy Maria the following reply:—

"DEAREST MARIA,—Yours is the 'triumph of principle;' you won my heart by the chaste consistency of your Christian conduct, and now have rivetted me by the unswerving integrity of your principles; the heroic self-sacrifice you had prepared to make, has thrown a halo of glory around your character, that the world might gaze upon in wondering admiration. I tell you, Maria, you have won me to the cause of teetotalism; you have removed from my eyes the film of prejudice; you prayed that the eyes of my understanding might be enlightened, and, like our blessed Saviour, you first anointed my eyes with ointment—this was the salve of conviction. I tried to look at the truths you advanced; as I looked, the

scale of prejudice fell from my eyes. I read of Lucy and Edward; wept, and read your letter again; I saw 'light in your light.'

"Wednesday week, my dearest Maria, I purpose being with you; and with yourself and Ellen, subscribe my name, talents, and influence to the glorious cause of tee-totalism. Business calls. I will write by to-morrow's post.—All well, from your affectionate

"CHARLES."

To describe the rapture of Maria on perusing Charles' letter is impossible; it, in fact, appeared to her the midnight delirium of imagination. "Can it be so," she exclaimed, "or do I dream." Looking at the envelope, she exclaimed, "Yes, it is true! it is his own dear, dear handwriting." "O, Father," said she, raising her eyes to the calm blue firmament, "accept a mortal's praise. Thine may we live, Thine may we die!" Again she was silent, and again the note of praise vibrated through her responsive bosom. "Why? why? to me such mercies, my Father, my God!" She felt the prayer of faith had ascended; the inward breathing of her soul's desire had been revealed in the court of heaven; she had experienced support in the hour of trial; having acted according to principle in her moments of solitude, she enjoyed an inward peace which passeth all understanding.

To bear up at the receipt of Charles' letter with fortitude, she had armed herself with the whole armour of God; but how that letter dispelled her dark forebodings, and her full heart breathed out, surely "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The day of darkness and sorrow has been but in anticipation; imagination pourtrayed it in prospective. But how true are the poet's words—

"The clouds, we so much dread,

Are lig with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on our heads."

"Adherence to principle caused the horizon of my brightest prospects to be overshadowed by clouds and storms. Now, I see these clouds were the painful precursors of a more unclouded day than ever encanopied my dearest earthly hopes. Praise! praise!" again she exclaimed.

The evening was beautifully serene; nature's melody harmonized with love's softest feelings, and even the shrill note of the airy songster, mounted on its

leafy spray, seemed more sweet and tuneful to Maria's ear. Her emotion being somewhat subsided, she left the apartment, intending to indulge in a solitary ramble near the ever-winding river of L—. A glow was on her cheek, a brilliance in her eye, a lightness in her step, betokening at once the joy that was in her heart. She had not wandered far, when her attention was arrested by the sound of quick footsteps. On looking round, she perceived her friend Ellen, who, at the same time, spoke loudly, saying, "Maria, Maria! dear, how quick you walk this evening,"—extending her hand to Maria. "One might suppose your heart was very light. (Ellen, looking earnestly at Maria, continued) but really your countenance too, looks blythe; tell me, am I right or wrong *this time*?"

Maria's face at this moment was covered with *heart smiles*, and her very countenance became vocal. "*I am happy, indeed, Ellen;*" she replied, "you were the first to know my sorrows, most proper you should be the first participator in my joys." Maria then unfolded the letter she still retained in her hand, and read the glad-some intelligence to the astonished Ellen, whose heart, unaccustomed to restraint, checked not the kindly tears that flowed to ease her throbbing breast. "Happy, thrice happy," said she, embracing her friend, "principle is indeed triumphant."

After the interchange of a few more heart expressions, they commenced forming plans for the approaching happy event. From this evening, to the arrival of Charles, time appeared to have gained a fresh impetus, for she now found she had much to complete in a short period. Her spirit had gained a fresh elasticity, and with alacrity she performed her many engagements.

Wednesday arrived, and with it the joyful Charles; they met—but who can describe their meeting—what language can describe the deep emotion of their hearts, mysteriously united by the tenderest ties. But theirs were not the mere joys of earth, the wild sallies of romantic delight. No; they were elevated in their character. Holy in principle, so they were in practice; and it was not till they had together bowed their knee, that they felt their hearts

disburthened of their load of gratitude. With extasy did Charles descant on the heroic conduct of Maria, with reference to the temperance subject—his praise was sincere; and she felt an increased affection towards the object of her choice, and endeared gratitude to the Giver of all her mercies.

On the following day, the trio—Charles, Maria, and Ellen, signed the total abstinence pledge, to the astonishment of many, and the malice of others. Some would darkly hint it was very wise of them to do so; it would be a great saving, especially as they were about to be married.

"But don't you think it very shabby," said Mrs. G. to her gossiping friend, "they might have waited till after the wedding, it would not have been so glaring; one may easily see their object."

"Yes," replied her friend, "Miss Maria was always, from a child, of a saving turn." Here Mrs. L. forgot to add, that although Maria was economical, she was not parsimonious: she loved to save all she could, that she might have more to give. Thus were their motives maligned.

Ellen heard these whispering slanders; but, unnoticed, she let them find their level, and thus saved the feelings of her friends. "Ah," thought she, "the day of persecution is not yet passed, they who will do righteously, must suffer for righteousness sake; but (continued she) shall not the promoters of such a benevolent cause have their reward in heaven; here we are laughed at by those who vainly think they can take poison without physical or moral injury. What infatuation! when shall Bacchus cease to blind the eyes of the people, and all nations render homage to God alone?"

Ellen's principles continued to take deeper root, while her benevolent spirit grew more and more expansive. She warmly participated in Maria's happiness; she spiritedly furthered her projects of humanity.

Charles proposed, and Maria joyfully agreed, that the money saved by teetotalism, which would have been expended by the drinking usages of society, should be applied for the advancement of temperance, and the cause of righteousness and truth.

"I have been thinking," said Maria to Charles, laughing, "and I wish you to think with me, that as we shall not give any of the fermented juice of the grape, the produce of the brewery, or distillery on a *certain day*, I should like to give the poor of our neighbourhood a dinner, and to have provided for our visitors, grapes full and juicy, and ought else that's good."

"I have been thinking the same," said Charles, hastily, "so do give orders for it, Maria."

"O, Ellen will see to that," she replied, "I will just step along and speak to her on the subject."

Ellen undertook this part, and inwardly resolved that, for once, the whispering of the whisperers should be stopped. She therefore, energetically, applied her powers of invention to render the scene one of interest and delight. As the day approached, the poor were all invited; a large and well prepared dinner was provided. "For," said Ellen, "it shall be large, as Charles says those of the poor who cannot come are to have their dinners sent, and the little children are to have the rest what is left."

On the evening before the marriage, Ellen solicited the pleasure of showing Charles and Maria the room intended for the poor to dine in; "for," says she, "you must give me your advice." On arriving at the room, how were they gratified and delighted to witness its beauty and elegance—festoons of evergreens, and flowers of richest hue, ever and anon peeping through their leafy nests, at once exhilarating to the spirit and grateful to the sense. By Ellen's direction, some planks had been raised above the level of the floor, on which were placed benches, in the centre of which stood a chair, canopied by a beauteous bower, on either side of which was unfurled a temperance banner—the names of Charles and Maria stood forth prominently in the bower. "That chair," said Ellen, "is for the temperance advocates, whom we have taken the liberty of inviting to your bounteous repast. The benches are intended for the reformed drunkards, for we intend holding a tee-total meeting in the afternoon, and, with your permission, said she, smiling, we will invite all classes to attend."

"You have our permission," said they, both at once, "do just as you wish; you have done every thing more beautifully than we could have devised."

"Well, I only hope," said Ellen, "that we shall have many added to our numbers to-morrow; we expect a short speech from each of the reformed characters."

"O I wish we could be present with you," exclaimed Charles and Maria, but immediately interchanging looks. Charles smilingly observed, "Well! well! Maria, to-morrow, if we live till to-morrow, we shall have realized our hearts highest wishes."

Maria, with a smile, gave her assent to Charles' observation.

"Beautiful was the nuptial morn, serenely bright;
A calm unclouded sky gave token of a day of light;
No clouds bespoke a tempest nigh—
No sounds, save the soft breezes sigh,
And airy songster's warbling note,
Which sweet along morn's breezes float,
Fell on the listening ear."

It seemed sweet nature's holiday. All, all the garb of gladness wore; every face was lightened up with mirth, not the mad mirth of the drunkard and the votary of the cup, but the mirth of innocent joy,—the mirth that leaves no sting behind.

Maria left her father's house, followed by the sonorous exclamations of some of the old domestics, who sincerely and vehemently exclaimed, "God bless you, Miss! God bless you!" Others there were mingled in the group unable to speak; but the intense look, the low sigh,

"Indicated the silent prayer,
For heaven's blessing on the youthful pair."

An hour's drive brought them to the pleasant village church of L—; it was beautifully situated, standing on an eminence, surrounded by nature's loveliest scenery, and seemed indeed a fit spot to celebrate the nuptials of the lovely Maria. The manly vigour of Charles, this morning, became more and more energetic; and when at the altar he stood by the side of his fair one, grace and majesty seemed to have united in the tenderest bonds. The clear and audible tone of Maria fully bespoke, that she not only gave her hand, but her whole affections to the worthy Charles. And as they left the altar where they had sealed their vows,

we beheld in their countenances that sweet serenity of expression, which led us involuntarily to exclaim: "Blessed are they who marry in the Lord! what a rich reward, in the unity of sentiment, is secured by the *triumph of principle*."

Sweet was the noise of the merry peel that bore along the summer breeze, as Charles, with his happy charming

bride and her fair maid Ellèn, returned from the lovely village church of L—, where the Rev. J. M. had just united the hands of two, whose hearts were "emphatically one."

Should the friends who peruse these pages desire to know the future course of Charles and Maria, they may probably have their desire gratified at a future period.

MORAL STATE OF THE METROPOLIS.

THE able writer of "JETHRO," in speaking of the horrid vice of Intemperance, in connection with the metropolis, employs the following apposite language: "This is one of the most frightful features of our times, as it respects the lower classes of our city population; and tried by this test, the most alarming conclusions must be come to concerning the morals of the metropolis. One circumstance, illustrative of the progressive separation of its morals, deserves especial notice. The magistrate already quoted, [Colquhoun] says, "the period is not too remote to be recollected when it was thought a disgrace for a woman (except upon holiday occasions,) to be seen in the tap-room of a public house, but of late years the obloquy has lost its effect, since it is to be lamented that the public tap-rooms of many ale houses are filled with men, women, and children, on all occasions, where the wages of labour is too often exchanged for indulgences ruinous to health, and for lessons on profligacy and vice totally destructive of the morals of the adults, as well as of the rising generation. This description, which, when first published bore the aspect of a lamentable discovery, was only the beginning of sorrows, nor is it certain that the calamity has yet reached a climax. The number of places, however, for the sale of distilled spirits, in London, at the present time, exceeds that of the shops of the whole body of the bakers, butchers, and fish-mongers, united. It would appear as if by the lower classes, ardent spirits were considered the elixir of life; multitudes of the most pestiferous houses are the most retired, and the least suspected of fatal influence. The gin pa-

laces are by no means the most fatal, for in them the great proportion of the liquid fire is drank solitarily over the counter, and the considerable drinkers proceed on; but in the myriads of smaller receptacles, thousands spend half the day, and tens of thousands spend half the night. But many such are not small, for in the east end of London, and along the shore, numbers of public houses have attached to them spacious rooms, capable of containing from one to three hundred persons. Some of these are open all hours of the night, and crowded by the worst of characters. These are the chief schools of crime. Vagabonds, thieves, and profligates, are there reared up in shoals, and thoroughly fitted for the work of destruction. Kindred establishments, of various magnitudes and efficiency, are spread over the whole city, and diffusing their leprous influence through every gradation of society. This vice is the parent fountain of much of the crime, and most of the misery in London. On this point, shame is no longer the safeguard of character; "whole families," says Mr. Chambers, in his evidence before the parliamentary committee on drunkenness, "feel no shame in going into gin shops, who, I am convinced, when I was at first made a police magistrate, would have been ashamed of going into them; and misery has, in consequence, been produced to all the family. Mothers frequently give their children gin; and I have even seen children beaten when they have refused to drink it! Mr. Broughton, a police magistrate, gave his evidence at the above committee, as follows:—I am sorry to say that I find a great number

of women, and sometimes decent women that it is shocking to see brought up evidently labouring under the greatest sense of degradation! He also declared his strong belief, that robbery, and the crimes generally that were committed, and came before him as a magistrate, were greatly increased by the increase of drunkenness. He further maintained, that it is not only persons addicted to drinking that swell the catalogue of crime, but that crime generally is, "drinking in its most remote consequence." The true state of this dreadful vice, among the lower classes, may be best exemplified by an appeal to the metropolitan police report for one

year. From the report exhibited by Mr. Chambers before the above committee, it appears that the charges of drunkenness, and disorders immediately proceeding from it, amounted for a single year, to the incredible number of 38,440, being more, by 7,321, than one-half of the entire charges brought before the police offices; during the period of these, 38,440 charges of drunkenness and riot, 21,650 were males, and 16,790, were females! These are facts, on the perusal of which the christian reader may turn pale; but they furnish, after all, a very limited view of this fearful sin."

J. S.

LIFE.

FEW of us, perhaps, have estimated the value of the life of one human being. He, "who weighs the mountains in a scale, and the hills in a balance," is the only being that can tell its worth; and that he considers it infinitely precious is evident from various facts. He has hedged it about with the most solemn commands and threatenings; for its sustenance he has compounded the air, the water, and the rich and manifold profusion of vegetable and animal nutriment; for its security and preservation, a thousand safety-valves, both within us and around us, have been provided by his paternal care. In our bosoms, too, he has implanted an intense attachment to life, stronger than any other natural feeling: "Skin for skin, yea all that a man hath, will he give for his life. To feed and sustain our life, the lungs, the blood-vessels, the heart and the pulse, incessantly toil; and like their divine Creator, neither "slumber nor sleep." To hold us in being, the laboratory of nature is worked without the least intermission; angels are our guards, "lest we dash our foot against a stone;" and even the perfection of the Deity are proffered as our shield. Divine justice, in one moment, heard the voice of Abel's blood, and doomed his murderer to be a fugitive and a vagabond,—to be a monument of vengeance himself; and, by the

mark on his forehead, to announce to all with whom he conversed, that sevenfold retribution awaited the monster who should imitate his example. The holy oracles tell us, that "murderers shall not inherit the kingdom of God." The omnipotence of Jehovah guards us; his bounty feeds us; his pity heals our infirmities; his providence holds our souls in life, and crowns our existence "with goodness, loving kindness, and tender mercy." What a favourite of Heaven, then, is man; and what an inestimable treasure, in the mind of the Deity, is human life! Yet this precious boon, of which savages will not allow themselves to be robbed without a struggle, and which every sober man, educated in a Christian country, looks upon with awe, is treated as a thing of nought by those whom intoxicating drinks have inflamed, and bereft of feeling. Under the impulse and inspiration of these homicidal poisons, myriads of the human family have been hurried, uncalled, and too often unprepared, to the bar of the Eternal. Human blood is as lightly esteemed as water, and poured upon the earth with as little reverence. It may be said of intoxicating drink, as it is said of Satan, that it "has been a murderer from the beginning."

ANTI-BACCHUS.

POETRY.

TO A DRUNKARD.

BY J. H. SCROXTON.

Drunkard, stop !—nor madly urge
 Onwards thy besotted way ;
 Stop !—thou stand'st on ruin's verge,
 And below her breakers play.
 Backwards urge thy hasty flight ;
 Leave gaunt misery's poison'd bowl ;
 Crime's dark haunts ; and seek the light,
 That shall bless thy bondaged soul.

Round thee throng thy suppliant brood ;
 Naked, hungry, helpless, cold :
 Famishing—they beg for food :
 Father ! can thy hands withhold ?
 Can thy ears refuse these cries ?
 Will not eloquence prevail,
 When it pleads in sunken eyes,
 Faded cheek, and infant wail ?

Hath the accursed draught congeal'd
 Human feelings in thy breast ?
 Conscience sear'd and bosom steel'd,
 And, with fiends, thy soul possess'd ?
 Murderer ! Canst thou bear to see,
 Bow'd beneath stern famine's power,
 Children writhing round thy knee ?
 Desolation at thy door ?

Drunkard, stop ! Above yon cloud,
 Robed in light, behold thy God !—
 Scathing lightning, tempests loud,
 And destruction wait his nod !
 Stop—for time is on the wing !
 Stop—eternity is near !
 Stop—lest hell's vast furnace ring
 With the wail of thy despair.

Bow to earth thy stubborn knee :
 Lift to heaven thy streaming eye :
 Strait to grace's fountain flee ;
 Loud at Mercy's wicket cry :
 Supplicate the Spirit's ray,
 Thy devotion's flame to raise ;
 Pray, my friend, with fervour pray :—
 Pray, till prayer is changed to praise.

AN APPEAL TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

CHAMBERS

HAVING had the honour to fill the office of Sunday-school teacher for more than six years, and having likewise enjoyed the privilege of being connected with the temperance society, whose object is to exterminate from this our land, and from the world at large, the detestable vice of drunkenness; but feeling conscious that this will be but partially accomplished without the co-operation and influence of every lover of his country, every philanthropist, and every patriot; and, associated with these, would I rank every Sunday-school teacher; and until we can get these, the glorious consummation aimed at will never be realized; and shall it, my fellow labourers, shall it be told to generations yet unborn, that the Sunday-school teachers of the nineteenth century had the means and the opportunity of assisting to rid the world from the foulest plague-spot, intemperance, but that they neglected, nay, absolutely refused to do it? shall the curse of the drunkard's children rest upon you, or shall the blessings, smiles, and good wishes of thousands be on your heads, and hand down to future generations your memory as the liberators of your species from bondage the most galling in its inducement, and dreadful in its end? I am convinced that your ignorance of our principles must be the sole reason, why the majority of you stand aloof from us, and seem to oppose rather than assist us. Total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, is the only method that has been devised, capable of thoroughly reclaiming the drunkard. The simplicity of the scheme renders it within the reach of every one, however sunken he may be in the depths of vice and profligacy.

That it is not only possible to live without the use of intoxicating drink, but beneficial for health and longevity, has been proved in thousands of happy instances, where monsters, in the shape of men, (reduced to the very dregs of society by the use of these drinks,) have, by the simple though safe and efficacious principles of total abstinence, been

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brought out of the humble pit of intemperance, and placed on a level with those of the more fortunate fellow-creatures who have not yet fallen by the use of them; these, then, are our trophies; these our pledges by which we promise you, like glorious victory, if you will but use the means and exert the influence which you must necessarily possess. (Who can tell, but, by your co-operation, some poor drunkard may be reclaimed, some poor drunkard's family might be made happy, and bless the day to all eternity that ever you put your name to the tee-total pledge; and will you still refuse to do it—shall the drunkard still continue in his drunkenness—shall his children still continue in their rags—shall the class in our Sunday-schools remain unfilled, because you refuse to fill them? Why this lethargy? Why this coldness of heart? Why this indifference as to the prosperity of Zion? What is there in the nature of intoxicating drinks that you in particular should appear so spell-bound by its charms? I ask you how many good husbands has it made—how many dutiful children has it made—how many has it sent into your school—how many has it conducted into your church—in a word, how many has it prepared for a dying hour? Your answer must be—none! Then, shall such an agent as this be upheld, nay, fondled and caressed by you; shall such a system which has not done the least possible amount of benefit to mankind, but blighted, blasted, and withered the prospects of thousands, nay, millions of our fellow-creatures, and hurried them to a premature and untimely grave. And who can tell, how your standing aloof from the tee-total cause, influences that portion of the Christian community with which you are identified? to say nothing of the blessings which might have resulted to the little band over which you preside, had you instilled the principles of total abstinence into the minds of their deluded, and, in some cases, besotted parents. Sure I am, if the many pious men and women who compose the body of Sunday-school

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teachers who approve of our principles, but still decline to unite with us, would look closely into the subject, and consider the influence their example might exert over others, they could no longer hesitate to put their names to a pledge which has been the instrument, under the blessings of God, of such an amount of good throughout our beloved country.

The Sunday-school teacher of the nineteenth century must feel it necessary to inculcate principles of sobriety into the minds and consciences of his youthful charge, to whom all his exhortations, all his admonitions, and all his warnings may prove abortive, if unaccompanied by the principles of temperance. How many thousands of our Sabbath scholars (who might have been bright ornaments to society) have come to an untimely and disgraceful end through the influence, directly or indirectly, of the drunkard's drink; but since the introduction of the glorious science of tee-totalism into our land, how many thousands of drunkards have been reclaimed from habits of vice and profligacy, and become, by the simple exercise of the reason which God has gifted them with, bright and shining luminaries in this our gloomy hemisphere. And this is not all; thousands of children have blessed the day that ever tee-totalism found a footing in this our happy isle. Daily witnessing the benefits that accrue from such principles, is there an individual who has taken upon himself the title of "a teacher of babes," that will not give us his hand and heart to help forward a system so praiseworthy and heavenly. You can do much towards aiding the temperance reformation as Sunday-school teachers, whose whole life should be that of self-denial for the welfare of your fellow-creatures; and I call upon you to come forward for the sake of the perishing drunkard, for the sake of the drunkard's children, perishing alike for lack of knowledge, for the sake of all that are near and dear to you, who, I am sure, you would not like to become drunkards, to unite yourselves with us in the grand struggle for the cause of religion, and assist to banish for ever the consequent attendants on intemperance,—poverty, disease, and crime; and O may it be said when you

shall be called hence to receive your reward, "for as much as ye have done it to one of the least of these my children, ye have done it unto me."

The Saviour of sinners felt not only for the spiritual condition of man, but for his temporal necessities; and shall we, while training up our youthful charge, cease to teach them, that the use of intoxicating drinks of all kinds, is not only not necessary for the support and nourishment of our bodies, but that it has proved itself to be destructive to the health, peace, happiness, and domestic comfort of thousands. Investigate, impartially, the subject; sign the pledge, and practise our principles, then will you be able, fearlessly, to recommend it to others; by doing so you will add to our strength, and hasten the time when it shall be said of happy England that her people no longer wallow in intemperance, but that every British heart is free. A deep and solemn conviction of this truth is rapidly spreading among us, and I rejoice that there are now to be found hundreds, nay, thousands of Sabbath-school teachers, who are aroused to the consideration of the influence that their example must possess over others.

The time, I hope, is not far distant when all who profess religion, and have any regard for their standing in the church of God, will come to our help, and not fall into the world's ranks, but take to themselves credit for endeavouring to effect by their example, even a moral reformation in this our land of wickedness.

The whole matter must therefore be brought to this logical conclusion,—means have been tried for the reformation of the drunkard, and they have succeeded far beyond the most sanguine expectations of its most strenuous supporters; that man or that woman, therefore, who does not comply therein, neglects his or her duty; and if they oppose them, they sin against their God, they contend against a principle, which the God of heaven has made use of, not only to bring about a moral reformation in this our guilty country, but to the reclaiming of many a backslider, once the victim of Satan, but now the humble penitent, pursuing the course of true temperance, by a total disuse of all intoxicating beverages.

To my female friends I would say, your co-operation is especially needed, in order to make this system successful in the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan, or, as Beicher expressed himself, "the breathing holes of hell," and renovating the world. Your influence, like the olive tree said to fertilize the surrounding soil, which will greatly aid our common cause; will you withhold it? Will you refuse us that which you are bound to give as Sunday-school teachers? I call upon you, then, for the sake of humanity, for the sake of sixty-eight thousand of your sisters who are degrading themselves by living on the fruits of prostitution in our great metropolis, and who declare, one and all, that were it not for strong drink, they could not continue in such a course. Will you not therefore, who might have been in the same situation, but for the superintending hand of Heaven, assist in restoring them to their friends? If you possess one spark of love, one grain of sympathy, show it in your self-denial, for the sake of the poor unfortunate female. But if the cause of the poor creature here pleaded for should not be sufficiently strong to insure your help, then I would place before you, in dread array, the thousands of poor, ignorant, and neglected children who throng our streets from day to day, who cry to

you mightily by their outward misery and inward grief to help them. And if your sympathy is not touched by these, you are then not fit to sustain the high and holy office of Sunday-school teachers. Consider these things—lay them well to heart, and cast in your lot among us; share with us the heat and burden of the day; be not afraid to endure the cross, and you shall assuredly wear the crown of rejoicing at the restoration and future happiness of thousands of your fellow-immortals. Come, and angels will watch over you. Come, and poor drunkards will bless you. Come, and his children will revere your memory; and the inward satisfaction of having done your duty, will cause you to bless the day that saw you subscribe your name to the tee-total pledge.

Help us to feel for drunken man,
In all his sin and woe;
And let our bright example teach
The way he ought to go.

Let not our conduct harden him;
But fill our souls with care,
To snatch him from the pit of death,
And break the fatal snare.

Inflamed with love and holy zeal,
Ne'er would we cease to pray,
And watch and strive that he may reach
The realms of endless day.

Chelsea.

J. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EARLY FRIEND.

ONE of my earliest companions was Charles Medley, companion in the fourth English class at the grammar-school, and companion and fellow-sufferer under the dictatorial sway of Domini Dritstien, when we studied, or more properly neglected, Horace and Virgil at the classical and mathematical academy of Ravenhill Priors.

Together we "burnt the midnight oil," and together collected the scanty entomological specimens of the brook side. In our affections and dislikes we were the same; he would have loved half the school for my sake, and I would have hated the other half for his. We read the same authors, assisted each

other in our efforts at composition, and conjointly perpetrated, what we were pleased to call, poetry.

Indeed, Charles was every way worthy of friendship, for while Nature had given him a goodly person, she had not neglected his mind; the boldness and originality of his conceptions even surprising the grave and taciturn Domini into an occasional expression of approbation.

Numberless are the writers who have endeavoured to prove that youth is the happiest period of human existence; but, fortunately, they have failed to destroy that illusion which is its chief charm; and though Charles and I some-

times whistled for a genii to unfold to us our destiny, yet cheating ourselves with bright visions of the future, we were perfectly content with the present.

Schoolboy happiness is but a fleeting good; and in the fourth year of our educational course at Ravenhill, Charles was sent to the military academy, and I, like the unfortunate Keats, to wade through "cases, records, and reports," in a third floor chamber in the Inner Temple. Our intercourse was now confined to an occasional epistle, the intervals between which became gradually extended, and altogether ceased upon Charles joining his regiment and embarking for the West Indies.

A few years elapsed and we met once more at the table of a mutual friend. His greeting was studiously polite, cold, and formal; this I attributed to military pride. I was wrong; a copious supply of wine drew forth the secret—he was poor—had served nine years—was still an ensign, and—*devoted to the bottle*.

It is useless to preach temperance to a man in the full flood of animal enjoyment. I therefore retired at an early hour, purposing to seek an opportunity of endeavouring to withdraw my early companion from this besetting sin, by a kindly remonstrance. An invitation to spend a few days at my Sabine farm proved successful, and thither we repaired, arriving on a beautiful August evening. Our first day passed in a round of visits; on the second, we were besieged by an old militia captain, who made a point of evincing his attachment to the king by boring his officers, so that the third day had arrived ere I had an opportunity of opening the business nearest my heart.

I began in a straight forward lawyer-like style—claimed some indulgence on the score of old companionship—pointed out the injury to his health, purse, and prospects, and the unenviable notoriety inseparable from a *bon vivant*. When I reminded him of those intellectual "buds of promise" he had put forth when at school, he appeared sensibly affected, acknowledging that the "*habit acquired at the mess-table had already ruined his mind*." "I have looked every way for release," he continued, "but in vain; thanks to the tempe-

rance of your table, my friend. I am now calm, but there are times when I can see no refuge from this accursed plague-spot, but in self-destruction. The thought of what I am, and of what I might have been, maddens me; and I heartily execrate the day on which I entered the service; but *n'importe*, my friend, I shall be happy yet—when the grave receives me." And he laughed hysterically.

In mercy to him I discontinued the subject, and, taking his arm, we walked out together. It was a lovely morning—the slender hair-bell waved in the light breeze—the drowsy hum of the honey-bee mingled with the summer song of the thrifless grasshopper—the scaly denizens of the brook leaped from out their native element in very wantonness, whilst above, perched upon a birchen twig, a solitary blackbird poured forth his rich and various melody.

There is a strong affinity betwixt material and moral beauty, and the contemplation of the one leads the heart to an ardent admiration of the other. The radiant glory of the heavens, and the matchless beauty of the earth, had its natural effect upon Charles—calming the agitation of his spirits, and calling forth those pure and holy desires, which are at once man's privilege and chiefest blessing.

A passing remark upon the beauty of the scene, was followed by a regret that he should so long have neglected those pursuits most congenial to his disposition. "In my search after happiness, I have taken the wrong course; the glittering heartlessness of military life, the ball-room and the banquet, when I might have found her in the open fields and tangled forest; yet from out the folly and misery of the past, I may gather wisdom and happiness for the future. From this hour I am a free man, for wine shall never more influence those faculties it has nearly destroyed."

Nobly has Charles kept his word; he is now a happy and useful member of the community, at peace with his own conscience, and possessing a moderate share of worldly wealth, the result of *true temperance*.

T. H. O.

CHAPTERS FOR TEE-TOTALERS,

BY A VILLAGE PASTOR.

CHAPTER II.

THE REASONS WHY ENLARGED AND COMPLETE SUCCESS OF THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE HAS NOT BEEN REALISED.

It is delightful to notice the progress of the cause of temperance. But with all our boasting, that cause is by no means so successful as it should be, or as the importance of it would lead us to expect. We are too often so enthusiastic at a little success, that we imagine we must sit down as those "who divide the spoil," rather than as those who should be prepared for the battle. This is a most egregious error, and an error which will tend to cool our exertions, and to damp our ardour, if it is not corrected.

I must therefore repeat, that, compared to the importance of our cause, we are by no means successful. And one reason of this non-success, has been the want of union amongst the various temperance societies. This we have endeavoured to enforce and illustrate. But another and no less powerful hindrance is, the feebleness and imprudence of some of its advocates. I would not, by any means, make any remarks which might tend to discourage the zealous advocates of temperance; but it is grievous to know how much this noble cause suffers on this account. A cause so worthy the consideration of the good and the great, would, it were to be expected, have received advocates of the first order of talents. But there has been here a miserable failure. Men have attempted to advocate the cause whose talents did not at all qualify them to so arduous a task; and the foolish statements, unjust conclusions, ridiculous nonsense which have been uttered by them, have tended rather to the hindrance than the promotion of temperance principles.

Not many months since, an advocate remarked in the heat of his passion, "that he would rather drink a dose of prussic acid than a glass of gin;" and another, not much wiser, boasted, "that

he would cut off his arm, yea, his head, rather than taste spirituous liquors." Now, however much I might be disposed to applaud the zeal of these orators, who does not see the language of sheer fanaticism couched in them? The cause of temperance does not need such foolish boastings, such mad appeals; far more successful will be simple statement of real facts, and arguments drawn from proper premises. Now, my dear friends, the advocates of the temperance cause, do not think me severe and unjust, for really it is with grief I mention these facts, (and I know them to be such,) and surely it is not expected that one can stand tamely by and hear language which tends to hinder so noble and God-like a cause.

Allow me, most respectfully, to recommend to you the following, as a mode of conducting your temperance appeal. Let your mind be perfectly cool—feel that you have on your side the cause of truth, and speak as though you were sure that "great is the truth, and it must prevail." Let your statement be made to the judgment of men. Appeal to their reason, their affections, their fears and their hopes, and be careful to state nothing but what you know to be fact. Studiously avoid that overheated and bombast style of speaking, carefully excluding yourself from all your debates and arguments on this subject. Above all, let that "charity which hopeth all things, which endureth all things, which thinketh no evil, and is not easily provoked," be in you and abound. Wage warfare not against persons, but systems; not against men, but the evils of intemperance. And oh, let me intreat you to let your holy example be added to your precepts. I know that the want of this has awfully injured our cause, and given occasion for the enemy to triumph. May I re-

pectfully beg your attention to the following as a specimen, by way of example, of bringing the subject of intemperance before a reasonable auditory, without pretending to be a judge over you. I only ask you to try the propriety and effect of something similar in all its multiform ways, when you advocate the cause of temperance. And with this I will conclude this chapter; and in my next will show you another reason of the non-success of temperance in that enlarged degree which is so desirable, and which we are warranted to expect would have been experienced.

The strong and prevailing tendency to indulge in spirituous liquors, is one of the momentous signs of the times. It militates against every scheme of benevolence devised for the amelioration of mankind, and scatters to the winds the efforts which zeal, for the interests of vital religion, employs to instil and disseminate the principles of a sound and operative morality. Many a fair plan, in embryo, is prevented from being developed; and even when measures have been taken to carry it out, in the fulness of an attractive superstructure, the workman is compelled to retire and escape from the wreck of his own goodly devices. Nothing, really beneficial, can be accomplished, when the powers which God hath bestowed upon man are vitiated and unhinged by the operation of a cause, whose agency, united with the innate depravity of the human heart, is too powerfully to be successfully met by the single-handed exertions of one solitary mind. As soon as the taste for intoxicating liquors is acquired and strengthened by habitual indulgence, the only avenues by which the heart can be successfully approached is shut. There is no probability that the man who delights to riot in vicious excess, should have an ear open to receive the counsels that experience is qualified to give, or yield to the invitations that the benevolent mind is willing to press. Every apology for indulgence being readily embraced, and companions crowding to deepen attachment to the intoxicating draught, there is little wonder that the tread of the drunkard should be visibly impressed wherever he advances. He is marked gradually becoming negligent of his person—his clothes are covered with

shreds and patches—his countenance betrays the pallid hue of confirmed dissipation—his gait is hurried—and, in the moments most favourable for exertion, he betrays the languor and inefficiency of an unhinged frame. Stimulants afresh are plied with unsparing hands; and the strength unnaturally acquired, is again wasted in feeble and pointless exertion. His ear is open to every invitation, and resists the repeated efforts employed to destroy its power. The eye watches, with supernatural acuteness, the motions made from a distance by the associate, whom no other link binds but the habit of occupying the same place, and raising, in unholy triumph, the poisoned cup to the greedy lips. What a grasping of hands, and what professions of eternal friendship! The very atmosphere in which they breathe, though polluted by corrupting additions, is pronounced healthful and exhilarating—the narrow chamber with its tawdry or disjointed furniture, is again and again filled—the tale, more than twice told, is again repeated, and listened to with fresh zest.

But the drunkard has a home—he has a wife—he has a young family, for whom, under the most solemn obligations, he is bound to provide. This sad dwelling he re-visits under the guidance of a clouded intellect, or conducted thither by the help of his mis-called friends. If he walks forth alone—his groping and sideway movements—after many melancholy mishaps, conduct him to his resting place. If his associates bring him to his dwelling, the hour of consciousness being past, the slow progress of time must await the resuscitation of his dormant faculties. He awakes from his dream with a fever in his veins—over his frame the deadening torpor of mental and bodily debasement hath been spread—with its slow departure, there comes, in equally slow progress, the resumption of power jaded and worn out, muscular action recovered, after the unnatural struggle of contending energies. Strength hath been wasted on empty air; and before the lingering remains of native energy can be called into action, the time of useful exertion hath passed away.

The appetite loathes food, and the arts of culinary skill, strangers to the

dwellings of the drunkard, if they could be employed, cannot revive the languid powers. The very act of the simplest preparation of the humble meal nauseates. Its odours deaden the slender awakening desire for food; and the drowsy victim of intemperance, in melancholy inanimation, looks forward on a day, for whose duties he is entirely unfit. He keeps his chair—the mutilated remains of many mishaps. It is unstable like himself—its joints are loosened—its surface is rough—the auxiliary nail, by which it is fastened, rises up to punish the hand or the limb that touches its unsubdued head. The floor, once smooth, is hollowed out by repeated excavations, which sloven hands have had no leisure to fill. The fire-place, once the scene of comfort, betrays the inroads of many an ill-directed blow. But the warm hearth—genial heat is banished—coal cannot be procured, the tall remains of a stray stake, a floated beam, or a pilfered gate, in decaying grandeur, court the dying embers. Mark the scattered kettles—the unwashed margins—the potatoe with its fragments—the table with its scattered utensils—the fish, in remaining skeleton—the water, in meandering stream—the untidy vessel—the broken crystal, or the lonely glass—the open recipient of the pestilential draught! Are these animals in this sickening abode? Here see the cat—ghostly spectre to which the blow is dealt, when the slender dole is held out—or the sportive kitten, sobered by the neglect of the unruly dwelling, with shaggy hair and dim eye, looking out for a morsel, afforded with niggard hand. Perhaps above the scene of strife, is perched the canary, whose wild notes ill harmonize with the scene below; or, in corner dark and comfortless, the blackbird, ill-fed and ill-treated—the spoil of wood invaded, or bush broken. The walls—smoke hath defiled them; or, in a corner undisturbed, the spider has spread his tiny web. The windows, patched and puttied with ceaseless industry, or, likelier still, with fractured glass or shattered frame, giving admittance to every blast that blows. The door, a safe passage to the wind, hinges broken, patch-work complete, and adding the discomforts of imperfect protection to the scene of confusion within.

Look around—see the tools of the drunkard's art, worn and mangled by unfair use, or not replaced through the ill-directed management of the proceeds of former labour, or piled in corners—mark what might guide a firm hand, and furnish employment for industrious occupation. Now, you may detect the rusty sword—the fatal tube plied against gliding hare or gaudy pheasant—the bag for concealment, or the noose to destroy. Furniture once—but now its very wreck. The drawers of happy marriage-day, divested of their finery; the gay crockery, now solitary spectres. You ask, where rest the wearied limbs of this victim of dissipation? His bed—a dreary resting place—there filth, undisturbed, hath taken up its abode; and the eye, sickened at the sight, retires from the uninviting spectacle. No hand has been applied to turn the long-pressed pillow; and no care employed to remove the stains of many repeated scenes of beastly intoxication!

In such a dwelling, the bible might be conceived a stranger, but it is there; the draught which hath swallowed up all others, hath spared it. Around the name, or very aspect of the book, a feeling of veneration hovers, which keeps, in undisturbed seclusion, the bible as the family record; or allows it to escape, as the tattered remains of many a scholastic hour of early discipline. With dusty cover, or blackened page, it is gradually, and from each side hurrying on, to meet in the work of central dilapidation. Or the drunkard may preserve his volume of still spared—which a deceased parent valued. He speaks of it, but knows not its contents. It is preserved to tell of parents, honoured and pious, of whom he reports himself sprung. On his tongue there may linger the early imparted lesson; but in the sounds emitted, there comes forth the scattered fragments of an ill-arranged and disordered mind. In this disordered doleful dwelling there are children, but on pale cheek and weak limbs, they transmit the germs of their degraded parentage.

Familiar with disorder, their birth-right portion, they increase it by continual fretful contributions. No sound of tenderness is heard there. The maddening scowl, instead of the affectionate look—the harsh word, instead of the

tender expression—the curse for the blessing—the blow for the touch of kindness—and the passionate exclusion from the presence, instead of the tender invitation to enjoy it. The drunkard thinks not of the immortal souls over which Providence has placed him as an overseer and guardian; but by his ex-

ample, his negligence and crime is the ruin of their souls, and involves their present and everlasting despair. Such is a brief picture of the drunkard himself, and the awful influences his conduct has upon his family and connexions.

LITERATURE.

MEMOIR OF FATHER MATHEW, with the Progress of the Temperance Cause. By MATTHEW P. HAYNES. Whyte, Wych-street, London.—pp. 16.

NEITHER in this, nor in any other publication do we find so well executed an engraving, connected with the apostle of temperance, as that given with No. 6. of this Magazine. Mr. Haynes has published much that has not before appeared concerning Mr. Mathew, and his "Memoir" is entitled to a perusal by every tee-totaler. The style in which it is written, is one which cannot fail to secure attention. We make the following extract;—

"There is an allegation against Father Mathew's movement, which charges it with a political design. Over and over again has Mr. Mathew disclaimed all connexion with politics. But those who charge him with such designs, say when he displayed them? What political society does he belong to? What did a political vision escape his lips? What is his political creed? For what political object is he striving? These are questions which must be answered before the accusation we are noticing can be substantiated; and, unless it is substantiated, it ought not to be made. If it were necessary, hundreds of extracts from his speeches might here be inserted, to show that politics have no power in his impulses. O'Connell has even refrained from openly joining him, lest a political character should be imparted to his motives. Where, then, is the ground, what is the pretence, that Father Mathew entertains political designs? No! he has merged the politician in the philanthropist; he aims at the regeneration of Ireland by the culture of sobriety amongst her people; he

has no other policy than that of his divine Master. It is true, indeed, that a people reared from excess—with clear heads and uninfluenced passions—will approach the legislature in an attitude of greater moral power, to ask the removal of the wrongs and the redress of the grievances which have laid Ireland low; but this increased moral and political power, though it is the consequence, is not the end, or the aim of, tee-totalism. Is the practice of virtue to be abandoned, or denounced, because it makes people more able to beationally great, more socially happy, and more politically powerful? Father Mathew has not given to party what was meant for mankind. From the political arena he stands aloof, and in religious discussions—which are seldom profitable, never edifying, and generally productive of rancour—he does not engage! The Cross is his standard; he excludes none from his ranks—because, upon the tree of agony, the Saviour's blood was shed for all. Mr. Mathew has had the co-operation of members of various religions: he and they have felt and laboured together as brethren, and as the servants of a common Master, setting all to his vineyard. He said in Dublin: "After this great moral change, no employer will inquire of what creed the man is whom he is about to engage. No landlord, who may be about to let his land, will trouble himself to find out of what sect or party a person offering to take it may be. His only question will be, 'Is he a tee-totaler?' and, if so, that will be a sufficient recommendation." Again, in addressing an immense crowd at Nenagh, he thus expressed himself: "I am a spectacle that presents itself this day is very edifying. It is very delightful to see persons of all religious persuasions co-operating in the one grand cause of charity."

THE NEWSPAPERS AND TEE-TOTALISM.

BY MATTHEW P. HAYNES.

No. 2.—THE ÆRA.

THE writer of the paper which appeared in our last, under the above title, was not aware when he wrote it that a reply to the anti-tee-total lucubrations of Mr. Leitch Ritchie would appear in that number. Its appearance renders it unnecessary further to notice the essay in the "*Court Journal*;" but for the "*Æra*" newspaper we have a few observations in store.

The "*Æra*" had its origin in the selfishness of the publicans and others interested in keeping up the currency of gin. The beer-shop keepers were making a determined struggle "to open the trade," as they termed it, and the regular publicans feared for their craft, which they considered in danger. Pernicious as the beer-shops are, and forming as they do, particularly in the rural districts, haunts for poachers and thieves, the advocates of them had certain strong grounds upon which to attack the old-established vendors of spirits and ale. In London, and in the large towns, the principal part of the gin-palaces have been erected without any regard to the convenience of customers. They seldom afford sitting accommodation, and the mechanic who goes into one of them, near to his work, to have some of the stuff called "malt liquor" with his dinner, may find a seat upon a narrow bench behind the door, or may lean against an empty barrel; but neither table nor chair is afforded him. Of this want of accommodation, the beer-sellers did not fail to avail themselves. They pretended to be the friends of the comfort of the poor. They said that their shops would afford the accommodation which the gin-palaces denied; and they said that in the beer-shops, men would drink "good, sound, healthy (!) malt liquor, instead of burning their insides with spirits." This appeal had its weight, and many became the advocates of the beer-shops, not thinking that the "good malt liquor" they would sell, was deleterious poison; and forgetting that the very accommodation they undertook to pro-

vide, would be the strongest possible temptation to men to neglect their work, to spend their money, and, in the words of the statute, "to be drunk on the premises." The beer-sellers had also the advantage that they opposed a monopoly which was in the hands of the publicans. To any cry against any monopoly, Englishmen are always ready to lend an ear; but they omit to observe, that those who oppose monopolies, generally do so in order to share them. This was precisely the case with the beer-sellers; and, accordingly, having now the law on their side, constituting them all they could wish as beer-sellers, they are looking forward with confident hope, and are struggling with zeal, worthy of a better cause, to be recognised as licensed sellers of ardent spirits. Considering that our statesmen and financiers look chiefly to *amount of revenue*, without caring what evil the collecting of it effects upon the people; and considering, too, that the greater the number of gin-sellers, the greater will be the temptation to consume gin, and the profit to the Excise; it is too much to be feared, that the views of the beer-sellers will be accomplished; that the marts for the sale of poisoned beverage will be greatly increased in number; and that, ere long, splendid gin-palaces will rise out of the "Tiddly-wink" shops and "Tom and Jerry residences," which are now so perniciously plentiful. Certain it is that they will have the favour and the aid of government; and an effectual corrective of the threatened evil, can be found only in the efforts of the tee-totalers to imbue the public with right notions, which will serve as an ark of safety from the deluge of dissipation, of ruin and of death, which such establishments pour upon mankind.

The beer-sellers went systematically to work in their original operations; and they did all in their power to get on their side, that powerful lever of the public mind, "*THE NEWSPAPER PRESS*." A considerable portion of it

lent them assistance. More than one daily paper espoused their cause; several of the London weeklies did the same; a great number of the provincials followed in their wake; and the "*Crown*" newspaper, which had a short life and a merry one, was specially patronized by them to report their meetings and sustain their case. It did so with much zeal, and with an earnestness which the principle writer in it, now deeply regrets having devoted to such a purpose.

The publicans were soon alive to the danger with which their business was exposed, and they resolved to counteract the influence of the press against them by the establishment of a new organ. They had the "*Morning Advertiser*" on their side, but they saw that its bad Latin and old news would never accomplish their preservation. Moreover, it has not any great circulation in the country, and its nickname—so expressive of its character—treated a certain prejudice against it, which excludes it from all fashionable circles; whilst its rickety reviews makes it the amusement, if not the ridicule of literary circles. What amusing "random recollections" could we pen of the innocent absurdities to which insertion has been granted in its columns. The new organ upon which the publicans determined was "*The Æra*." Money to establish it was first to be found, and it was soon supplied. Meux and Co., the brewers, are understood to have advanced a round thousand, and large sums were contributed by others in the trade. Two gentlemen of considerable experience on the newspaper press, had long turned their attention to the establishment of a weekly paper for the publicans. They had their plans nearly arranged; a vast correspondence had been opened by them, and they had expended a considerable sum of money in furtherance of their project. They were led into negotiations with certain influential gin-sellers—one near to Drury-lane theatre, and the

other not far from Lisson Grove: these soon found that the undertaking was likely to be a *profitable* one; they consequently at once availed themselves of it; they ungenerously turned their backs upon the original projectors, and took the entire into their own hands without giving them employment or any remuneration. Upon the nature of such a transaction, comment is not necessary.

The money for the new paper having been procured, preparations for the publication of it went on at a rapid rate. A spacious office was taken in Catherine-street, and old hop sacks from Meux's brewery were transmuted into carpeting for the new establishment. Every advertising effort was made to announce the dawn of a new "*Æra*," and the period arrived for selecting an editor. The Meuxes were applied to, and they in their turn, made an application, which led to the appointment of Mr. Leitch Ritchie. Lord Brougham and the Meuxes are related by marriage. It is a Brougham-obtained title which Sir Henry Meux bears. Lord Brougham, to oblige his relative the brewer, had attended some of the great dinners of the licensed victuallers, and to him was left the nomination of the licensed victuallers' editor. He selected his protégé, Mr. Leitch Ritchie, who was at once installed with an unprecedentedly liberal salary, with the well-known William Carpenter for his sub. Such is the "full, true, and particular account" of the parentage and birth of the "*Æra*." It has proved but a sickly child—it has sustained great vicissitudes—it has changed its politics more than once, and if it has not changed its principles, it is merely because it never had any to change. It is now a *sporting* paper, devoted to rum and racing, to boxing and the bottle. The original editor, after several months of anxiety under a burden he was not fit to bear, has seceded from it: William Carpenter has long ago abandoned it. It is, however, still faithful to the publicans, and hates the tee-totalers. Its circulation is not such as to render its opposition formidable. We have said enough to show that its hostility to total abstinence principles is a mere matter of business—selfish, not sincere.

* The urchins who sell newspapers have a sobriquet for nearly all the journals; and "*The Taps*" is the cognomen they have felicitously bestowed upon the "*Advertiser*." They designate the "*Æra*" the "*Error*," and such we apprehend that somebody has already found it to be to their cost.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

CULTIVATION OF THE VINE.—

Every moderate-sized dwelling-house, having a little walling, may be made to produce yearly a quarter of a ton weight of grapes, leaving a sufficient portion of its surface for the production of other fruit. The grand parent error which prevails universally in the cultivation of the vine on open walls lies in the method of pruning usually adopted, and this is undoubtedly the consequence of the nature of the plant and its peculiar characteristics being in general but little understood. In the course of the growing season a vine in a healthy condition will make a quantity of bearing-wood, sufficient to produce ten times as much fruit as it can bring to maturity. When this fact is considered in connection with another, namely, that the wood which bears fruit one year never bears any afterwards, and is therefore of no further use in that respect, it will easily be seen to what a surprising extent the pruning-knife may be used to get rid of the superabundant wood which the plant annually produces. But nine parts out of ten of the current year shoots, and all those of the preceding year, if possible to be cut off and thrown away, is apparently so much beyond all reasonable proportion, and the rules usually observed in pruning other fruit trees, that few persons ever possess the courage to attempt it; and herein, as remarked before, lies the capital error in the common method of managing the vine.

CHLORIDE OF LIME IN CASES OF BURNS.—The good effects of chloride of lime in cases of burns, is confirmed by the experience of M. Lisfranc. He has applied it in many cases of that kind; sometimes immediately after the accident, sometimes after the application of emollient cataplasms. Lint, is moistened in a solution more or less strong of chloride of lime, and then applied to the place, being covered over with waxed cloth. The cure has been singularly hastened, under its influence; and in one case where almost the whole of the lower limbs, the arms and face, had been burnt, the use of the chloride recovered

the patient from the stupor into which he had fallen at the end of four days, and a perfect recovery was effected two months after the accident.

VEAL BROTH.—Stew a knuckle of veal in a gallon of water, to which add ten ounces of rice, or vermicelli, a little salt, and a blade of mace. When the liquor is reduced to one half, and the meat tender, it may be served up with or without the veal.

SCOTCH BARLEY BROTH.—Boil a teacupful of Scotch barley or pearl barley in a gallon of water for half an hour, then add three pounds of lean beef or neck of mutton, some sliced onions, carrots, and turnips, a little salt, and a pint of green peas, if in season. Boil gently for two hours or more in a covered kettle.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Early in the morning put a few ounces of pearl or Scotch barley into the quantity of water you design for broth, and after the barley has become soft, put in a knuckle of veal, a few pounds of lean beef, the scrag end of a neck of mutton, and a small piece of salt beef. At the proper time, add all kinds of pot vegetables, such as carrots, onions, turnips, celery, and peas, if in season. When sufficiently stewed serve up all together, seasoning with salt if the salt beef is omitted. This is a standing dish in Scotland, and a very wholesome and economical one in a large family.

SHEEP'S-HEAD BROTH only differs from Scotch barley broth by the addition of a singed sheep's head, the quantity of meat in the broth being diminished. The head must be singed with a red-hot iron till not a particle of the wool remains, and the operation requires great attention, as the skin should not be scarred. When singed, put the head in a tub of soft water for a night, and after being well washed and scraped, split it, take out the brains, and stew it in the broth till tender. Some persons add the sheep's feet prepared in like manner. This, from its colour and great antiquity, is supposed to be similar to the celebrated black broth of the Lacedemonians.

THE TEE-TOTALER'S TABLET.

TEE-TOTALERS AND THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

MANY of those who hold large property seem to imagine, that the holding of it gives them a right to do as they please with all who dwell upon it. The town of Newtownards, in Ulster, and most of the land in its vicinity, belong to the brave, but eccentric, Marquis of Londonderry. In Newtownards, a tee-total society has been formed, and at first the noble Marquis gave it his countenance. Indeed, if our memory serves us rightly, he attended one of the early meetings in company with his son, Lord Castlereagh. Very recently the Newtownard-tee-totalers applied to the noble Marquis for a plot of ground upon which to build a tee-total hall. They asked him for no money; they would have paid him rent for the land, and yet he refused it. He also accompanied his refusal with a condemnation of the project, and intimated that he would not support the society, because the church clergy and the gentry had not joined it. Why did not he, the Lord of the soil, set them an example of supporting it? We are happy to find that his refusal of the site for a tee-total building has in no manner diminished the ardour for the principle of total abstinence in Newtownards, as the following paragraph from a Belfast newspaper shews:

"In the Rev. Dr. Henry's meeting-house, on the 14th ult., the Newtownards Total Abstinence Society held their fortnightly meeting.—Mr. R. Dobbin in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. R. Wallace, Rev. J. Houston, Mr. Robert Ritchie, and Mrs. Wm. D. Johnston. Nine new members joined. The society is steadily advancing, and endeavouring to carry out the principles of total abstinence, and only the principles: determined that no opposition, from whatever quarter it may come, shall deter them from the prosecution of them. To those who are ready and willing to utter rash judgments and unfounded allegations, they would reply: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' Dispassionately examine our principles, and the effects that have flowed, and are still flowing, from total abstinence; test them by equity and Christian charity, and we fear not the issue. Sobriety and truth, domestic and social comfort, peace and happiness, are the great objects for which we contend."

A BETTER MARQUIS.

The Marquis of Landsdowne entertains not the same opinion concerning tee-totalers as that which is held by the Marquis of Londonderry. The former has recently travelled a great deal through Ireland, and was much struck with the improvement in the condition of the peasantry which the spread of tee-totalism has effected. He has written a letter to Father Mathew expressive of the delight which he feels at the amelioration which has been wrought, and he forwarded to him £100 to be distributed in any manner he might think best calculated to promote the total abstinence principle.—Lord Glengale has also written a letter of thanks to the rev. gentleman.

TEE-TOTAL ILLEGALITIES.

One would almost as soon expect to see a quaker an attorney general, as to hear of illegal acts committed by tee-totalers; but, nevertheless, a number of tee-totalers in Ireland have been caught in the meshes of the law. Their offence was however unwittingly committed. The laws in Ireland against public processions are very strict; and it appears that by simply walking in procession with their banners, certain of our Brethren in Ireland have done wrong. They have been taken before the magistrate and were bound over to appear and take their trial. The viceroy has however interfered, and a pardon has been granted to the parties accused, on condition of their promising in future to refrain from similar displays. We do not, neither can any one, blame the magistrates for what they did: they administered the law as they find it; there is however one consoling reflection, which is, that as sobriety extends itself in Ireland, the necessity for such stringent laws will be diminished. A people with tranquil minds, and with passions unkindled by strong drinks will not delight in breaking each others heads.

TEE-TOTAL FUNERAL IN IRELAND.

We copy the following from a letter from a place called Kennitty, which was recently published in the *Lancaster*

Express. "On Sunday 13th ult. a tee-totaler's funeral took place. There were upwards of 800 persons present. The deceased, being a young unmarried man, was attended to the church yard by a large body of temperance men with all the insignia of celibacy. The order of procession was as follows: a garland in front surmounted by a white hat and ribbands; a heart, white gloves, &c. neatly cut out of paper and all attached to the garland. Next was the corpse; then followed twenty-four bachelors (tee-totalers) with white sticks dressed to the top with alternate strips of white and red paper; lastly were the main body consisting of temperance men with white hat bands and black ribbands attached to their medals and worn about their neck, with a goodly multitude of men, women, and children, young and old, blind and halt. The whole moved forward in a most orderly manner to the churchyard; and after depositing the remains of their friend and brother, planted the garland and sticks over his grave, strewing flowers, &c., which when done, they dispersed quietly without offering the slightest insult to any one, although evening service was performing at the time in the church."

This is a somewhat *Irish* paragraph; and the congratulatory remarks that no insult was offered, *even* though the divine service was being performed, is a melancholy intimation of what have been the characteristics of the Irish. Hitherto, their funerals and the wakes which intervened between the death and the interment of a relative, gave rise to the most frightful intoxication as its consequences. It was an awful sight to behold a crowd of drunken men conveying the remains of a departed one to his last home, mocking the Almighty in the triumphs of his power, and provoking him by their sin to snap the slender thread upon which life is hung.—Heaven be thanked, the scene is now changed. Due decorum attends the performance of the ritual of deaths which presents itself to men, as a solemn monitor, not as a cause for debauchery and excess. In England, the Irish wakes have been most disgracefully kept up, but we are glad to learn, that even in St. Giles', the evils which have hitherto existed are already partially corrected. In the above description of

a tee-total funeral, there are some traits sufficiently simple and primitive. Such funerals are frequent in England, and some have recently taken place in London which powerfully impressed the public with the number and respectability of the tee-totalers, and with the affection which prevails amongst them.

THE TRAPPISTS.

We have nothing to do with the religious ideas of men; and in recording the following fact, we give no opinion on the Trappists. It is worthy of observation that hard as they toil, they fare most sparingly, and in the most rigid sense are tee-totalers. An English traveller has recently visited Mount Melleray, their abode in Ireland, and he thus describes it:—

"Mount Melleray, or the Black Mountain as it was called, is now a perfect garden, though it was a barren heath until the Abb6t of the Trappists obtained a grant of the land from Sir John, whose property is since considerably enhanced in value, as nearly all the vicinity is taken by industrious farmers, who following the example of the Trappists, have brought into cultivation an expanse of land, for centuries in a wild and barren state." The writer tells us that the number of the Trappists here is eighty-six. He says,—"Their whole time is occupied in field labour, except the time devoted to prayer. They retire to their beds at eight in the evening, and rise at two in the morning throughout the year. Their diet is strictly vegetable, and raised in their own gardens. They never taste fish or flesh, *nor take any drink but pure water.* In such matters they are rigidly austere."

DRINKING HABITS IN PARIS.

A writer in the *Monthly Chronicle* for the present month, bears the following testimony concerning the Parisian population:

"When I was last in Paris, the streets swarmed with beggars; now, not a beggar is to be seen. Literally, I have only been asked for charity once, since I landed in France, and that was by an old blind man. Nor does this disappearance of mendicancy seem to be the result merely of police regulations, for I see absolutely no want or destitution. Policemen may prevent people from begging; but they cannot prevent them from looking cold,

and hungry, and wretched, if they really are so. Now, I see nothing of the sort in the streets of Paris; and yet, my researches have not been confined to the Palais Royal, the Garden of the Tuileries, and what may be called the West End. I have dived into the labyrinth of old-fashioned narrow streets, in the centre of the city, the seat of every insurrection, and, therefore, I presume, the principal abode of the working classes. I have traversed the Faubourg St. Antoine, the strong-hold of the Jacobins, in the first Revolution. I have walked, at all hours, along the Boulevards, the great thoroughfare of the city, and the favourite lounge of the idle population; and every where I have been struck by the same fact—the very comfortable condition of the people, and the total absence of those wretched objects of vice and misery, whom we meet at every step in the streets of London, and our large manufacturing towns. It struck me, also, that the working classes here have not the same anxious, care-worn look, nor the same sallow, aqualid, unhealthy appearance, which we are accustomed to see among the artisans and labourers of our large towns. They look as if they had more amusement, more opportunities of enjoying life, and less suffering from over-work, confinement, and anxiety. The respectable citizens, also, appear to have more time for amusement than with us. The street passengers do not hurry along, with an air of resolute business-like determination, as in London; but stop often to look at book-stalls, or print-shops, to listen to itinerant musicians, or to chat, for a few minutes, with any acquaintance they meet. The superior condition of the lower classes, is owing, no doubt, in a great degree, to the comparative absence of drunkenness. There may be a good deal of merry-making over cheap wine, outside the barrier, among the Parisian operatives, on a Sunday or a holiday; but *drunkenness, brutal, degrading, and habitual drunkenness, the besetting vice of our lower orders, would appear to be almost unknown.* I have not, since I entered France, seen a single person in a state of intoxication. We are apt, in England, to give ourselves airs, and speak, with affected horror, of French infidelity and immorality; we should do well to look to our own gin-palaces, and the condition of the lower classes, in our great towns, before we thank God that we are not like our neighbours—publicans and sinners.”

MR. WAKLEY *versus* TEE-TOTALISM.

How strangely inconsistent are some men! In our first article in the present number, we refer to the testimony of Mr. Wakley for proof of the desolating effects of intemperance. He there appears as describing it going forth slaying and to slay. Will it be credited that we have now to exhibit him as an opponent to tee-totalism? Such, however, is the case. We learn from the *Journal of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society*, that the following scene recently took place. Mr. William Inwards is the voucher for it, and hence no doubt can be entertained of its truth:—

“An inquest was held the other day at the White Hart, in Theobald's-road, on the body of Mr. ———, on which a tee-totaler was summoned, but not being there in time, the jury was empaneled without him; he consequently took his seat in the room, to hear the depositions, from which it appeared that the deceased went to bed as usual about ten o'clock at night, and was found dead in the morning, from apoplexy.

The coroner, in making a few observations on the case, said, in a very significant manner, *that the deceased was not a tee-totaler*, which was information that seemed to please the anti-tee-total gentlemen composing the jury very much, who did not forget to look round and laugh at the tee-totaler present. But the tee-totaler was not to be either talked or laughed out of principles, which alone are capable of restoring a degraded and besotted community to the paths of morality, virtue, happiness, and joy. He, therefore, respectfully asked the coroner whether, if the deceased had been a tee-totaler, that would have accelerated his death?

Coroner.—Decidedly not; in this case, no doubt, had the deceased been a tee-totaler, he might have lived many years longer; but still, he thought it was always best to use these liquors in moderation. Tee-totalism he thought, *was most absurd nonsense.*

Tee-totaler.—Permit me to ask you, Sir, as a medical man, if you consider intoxicating liquors necessary to persons in health?

Coroner.—*Most certainly;* as men accustomed to laborious employment could not perform their work without it, they must have a stimulant.

Tee-totaler.—Stimulants, we know, are necessary; but are not natural stimulants.

such as rest, food, and sleep, better than artificial?

Coroner.—No; for men in laborious employment could not take enough natural stimulants to support them without glutting or overcharging the system.

Tee-totaler.—But facts are against you, Sir; on this particular, we have men by hundreds and thousands, in the most laborious employment; such as gas-stokers, anchor smiths, iron-founders, stone-masons, sawyers, farriers, &c., who prove that they are not only as well, but much better able to perform their labour without such drinks.

Coroner.—I do not mean that men cannot perform manual labour without them; I mean mental labour—such for instance, as a man getting into difficulties from an accumulation of bad debts, dishonoured bills, &c., so depresses the mind that he cannot do without alcoholic stimulants.

Tee-totaler.—But are not men able to bear up under all the vicissitudes you mention, in a calm, settled, and collected state, better than when excited by alcohol, which, in so many instances, has proved fatal to persons using them as a cure for their mental depressions?

Coroner.—No; these drinks are quite necessary under the circumstances I have mentioned.

Tee-totaler.—But a very large host of the most eminent physicians have asserted to the contrary.

Coroner.—I take my own opinions before any medical testimony. I am for temperance.

Tee-totaler.—And so am I. But what do you mean by temperance?

Coroner.—The moderate and temperate use of all things.

Tee-totaler.—Here then we must differ, as I believe true temperance to consist in the moderate use of all that is useful and necessary; and the total abandonment of all that is useless and injurious.

Coroner.—I must still say I am for temperance. (Here the gentleman left the room.)"

We presume that the coroner said the deceased was "not a tee-totaler," because he knew that he was, to say the least, a *liberal* drinker. Mr. Wakley even admitted that had the deceased been one, "he might have lived many years longer." In the above dialogue, Mr. Wakley was clearly driven from his position that intoxicating liquors

are necessary for men engaged in *laborious employment*; and when so hardly pressed upon this subject, the learned coroner said he meant *mental* labour. Why nothing is more notorious than that many, nay hundreds of tee-totalers engaged in the severest and most protracted mental labour not only without inconvenience, but with the greatest advantage. Upon this question of intoxicating drinks being necessary under mental labour, a cotemporary has referred to Napoleon?

"The labour which he underwent at this period when he was consolidating the administration throughout France, (in every department of which intolerable confusion had arisen during the wars and tumults of the preceding years,) excited the astonishment of all who had access to his privacy. He exhausted the energies of secretary after secretary; seemed hardly to feel the want of sleep; and yet sustained the unparalleled fatigue without having recourse to any stimulus stronger than lemonade."

Who underwent more mental labour than the late William Cobbett? His life was one of constant and anxious thought. He had many heavy trials superadded. He endured imprisonment and exile. He was, indeed, familiar with "mental labour," and yet, though he never resorted to alcoholic stimulants, he enjoyed good health, and died at a mature old age.

In claiming the use of intoxicating drinks as necessary for those who are enduring mental anguish, Mr. Wakley is still more unhappy. We say nothing about his throwing overboard the opinions of others; but we only wish to ask him, whether many of the suicides, committed by persons in trouble, are not committed whilst those individuals are labouring under the excitement of drink as well as the depression occasioned by sorrow? We cannot reconcile the above remarks of Mr. Wakley with his former remarks on the desolating havoc of intemperance. He has, in the course of his public career, manifested much independence; we hope that a similar spirit will infuse itself into his conduct respecting the tee-total movement; that he will, impartially, consider it, and honestly avow his candid opinions, and then we have no fear for the result.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

WE have good authority for stating, that **FATHER MATHEW** will arrive in London about the middle of this month. We assert this upon the authority of a Reverend Gentleman, by whom he will be accompanied, and from whom we have seen a letter announcing the fact. We have no hesitation in saying he will experience a truly brilliant reception. He will, no doubt, endeavour, as is his custom, to avoid any public demonstration; but such an opportunity of showing the number of tee-totalers should not be lost.

A TEE-TOTAL TOUR.

Having lately visited some parts of Devonshire and Cornwall, and feeling anxious to know how the cause of tee-totalism was progressing, I made it my business to enquire wherever I happened to be: even in passing a lone cottage, I generally contrived to make some errand to look in; sometimes to ask the way to such or such a place, and then again to beg a draught of water to drink, always taking care, by some means or other, to find out whether any thing was known of the tee-total cause, and how the people's pulses beat towards it. By instituting such enquiries, I was gratified in ascertaining that the general feeling was more in favour of tee-totalism; though in other parts of the country, the people were divided as to total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Many in different places, who are great sticklers for moderation, I endeavoured to meet in this way: a three-fold array of means at least, had been tried here in England, to check the evil of drunkenness, but to little or no purpose; for instead of the evil being diminished, it still increased. But what were the means used? The faithful preaching of the gospel? The operations of the old temperance society? The existence of the London city mission, with its various ramifications in many parts of the kingdom, under the denomination of town missions, in connection with which, such an agency is employed, as could not fail to effect the overthrow of the evil complained of, if anything short of total abstinence could do it; for the persons engaged in this work, I know, are not wanting in diligence, activity, and zeal, in visiting the narrow streets, lanes, alleys, garrets, and cellars, of the large and populous places where they are stationed, for the purpose of ferreting out the miserable beings who are to be found in shoals in those haunts of filth, dissipation, and crime. But, as was hinted before, with all these means, the evil, so far from decreasing, still went on to increase to a frightful extent. With many individuals, I reasoned in this way. "Is not drunkenness very prevalent among us?" This none could dispute. "Is not drunkenness a deadly evil?" This could not be

denied. "Well, does it not appear very desirable that some attempt be made to check such an evil?" This could not be questioned. Now then comes the pith of the who's business. "What can be done; what would you propose?" Here I always found them dumb; they could proceed no further; for to propose moderation, I had in general led them to *see and feel*, was to no purpose, that having been tried over and over, and found to be of no avail. While dining at the house of a friend in Plymouth, I was attacked by three individuals at once; but after having brought their artillery to bear, and fired every shot they had, I set to, and soon routed their forces, giving me rather a proud triumph; for they declared that I was the toughest tee-totaler they had ever encountered. In Exeter, I found a man that particularly objected to the principles of our society, because, *forsooth*, they are *new*. Entering the lists with him, I would not allow that he should judge of a thing, as being either new or old, but according to its intrinsic merits; reminding him, that time was, and not very long since, when the art of printing was entirely new; a bad thing therefore of course! The same I observed, might be said of the mariner's compass; and to come nearer home, of lighting towns and cities with gas, as well as the formation of rail-roads, &c. But what I thought odd enough was, this person was associating us as tee-totalers with several other *fine* characters! Hence, he said, there are five different sorts of beings among men, that he despises, i. e. a *drunkard*, a **TEE-TOTALER**, a *bigot*, a *spendthrift*, and a *miser*. By this time, I thought myself mixed up with good company certainly! In Leunceston I was gratified to learn, that throughout the place, those who keep public houses and beer-shops are alarmed, feeling that their craft is in danger, for the sale of intoxicating beverages is so much diminished, as to induce many of them to think of giving up business.

Passing through the obscure village of Clawton, near the town of Holsworthy, I was grieved to hear of a farmer in the neighbourhood, who, carrying on an extensive business, had, in his employ, a number of persons, some

of whom having become tee-totalers, he showed a disposition to take advantage, refusing to give them in money the value of what he used to let them have in drink. Now I hope that the conduct of such persons will be duly watched, and not fail to be censured and exposed at all convenient opportunities.

On the whole, the aspect of things, wherever I went, and I visited a considerable number of places, was decidedly encouraging; though in order permanently to secure the conquests already won, much activity, with well sustained and self-denying effort, will be needed. Meetings must be kept up; our principles constantly agitated; and calm and solid reasoning employed, both by the public advocates on the platform and in every social circle; for there is yet much ignorance to be removed, much prejudice to be battered down, and much self-interest to be rooted up.

West Drayton.

J. METTERS.

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE IN KENT.

SIR,—I congratulate the tee-total public on the possession of so excellent an organ of communication as the "Tee-total Magazine" presents. I firmly believe it is calculated to assist, most materially, the great, good, and glorious cause, in which we are engaged.

I am myself a gratuitous advocate of true temperance, and if occasionally any information connected with its success would be acceptable, I shall feel most happy to forward to you now and then some account of my perambulations, with any thing interesting which may come under my notice.

I recently visited in connexion with the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, some of their auxiliaries in this county. I enclose an account of their present state.

GRAVESEND.—During the early part of July I spent rather more than a week in this town and neighbourhood; during which I delivered a lecture in the Baptist Chapel, and in the Town Hall, and also addressed a meeting in the Wesleyan School-room. Some of the members here are of the right sort, and by their determined exertions I have no doubt, much good will be the result of the society's labours.

GREENWICH.—Here, during my stay in Greenwich, I gave a lecture in the Wesleyan Chapel, and laid, I hope, the foundation for a future society—much needed, on account of the numbers of seamen continually visiting the place.

WOOLWICH.—Here is a flourishing branch society, which although but a short time in active operation, has already much cause of rejoicing. I pray God still to prosper the zealous friends of the cause in this town; They bid fair to be especially useful among the many soldiers who reside near to it.

Meetings are held every alternate Thursday evening in the British School-room, in which place I delivered two lectures to crowded meetings.

GREENWICH.—Here are a few staunch friends of true temperance, but for the want of a regular place of meeting, not much has yet been done toward arousing the attention of the inhabitants to the important subject of tee-totalism; a foundation has, however, been laid, upon which an efficient and useful cause might soon arise, could the influence of some of the ministers and other influential persons be obtained. During my stay here the Tabernacle School-room was procured, in which I gave three lectures to but small audiences. Once I addressed a meeting in the open air on Blackheath.

DEPTFORD.—I have also given three lectures in the Chapel, Griffin-street, Deptford, to crowded meetings. The society here seems to be in rather a prosperous state, but, as is too often the case, lacking the assistance of persons of influence.

In each of the above towns and neighbourhood, I have distributed a great quantity of tracts, and other temperance publications, among the upper classes; thus, scattering the seed and praying, that he who giveth the increase may bless the means to the raising up of friends, to help those who are engaged in rescuing poor drunkards from their misery.

TESTIMONY OF A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN.

Having recently visited Dr. Mackinnon, formerly honorary physician of the Grampuss hospital ship, and now residing near Greenwich, I put into his hand some temperance publications, which led to a conversation on the subject, by which I found he was not altogether a stranger to our principles. The following remark from so eminent a man is, I think worthy of publicity:—"Sir," said the doctor, "I have had much experience on this subject for many years, and am convinced that if any cause which has of late years originated is calculated to improve the condition of our countrymen, (especially the poor) morally, physically, and religiously, that cause is the total abstinence society."

He also spoke in high terms of articles in the "British Advocate" and "Journal," copies of which he had occasionally seen.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours in the good cause,

JOSEPH HARDING,

9, Blisset St., Greenwich.

ROBS.

This society, which we think is the only one in this county, (Hereford) so remarkable for its older, as may be expected, has struggled through many difficulties since its formation about three years ago, and till lately

has not obtained a room convenient for holding regular meetings. It cannot, at present, boast of any minister, medical man, or persons of influence as members; but we have several favourable to the cause, which has just taken fire, and needs the assistance of an agent or some able individual to add fuel to its flame. Meetings of members and friends are held on the first and third Thursday in every month. A reformed drunkard's experience, lately delivered at one of these meetings may not be uninteresting. He states:—"That he is better in health than he had been for the last sixteen years: during which time he spent upwards of 300*l.*, depriving his wife and family of the common necessities of life, and himself of that useful knowledge he might have obtained had he devoted but a portion of that sum to such an acquisition, instead of which he was such an illiterate being, as not to be able to express his sentiments in such a way as to be understood. He had repeatedly resolved, and re-solved, to break off his evil habits, but without success, until he embraced the total-abstinence system, to the founders of which he was deeply indebted, and to whom he should always feel grateful; the sincerity of which he hoped to prove by contributing to the utmost of his ability to the funds of this society, and using every effort for the spread of so patriotic a cause among his degraded fellow creatures."

Should any gentleman, accustomed to advocate the cause, be travelling in this neighbourhood, he might secure an audience at a very short notice.

Yours in tee-total bonds,

August 22.

T. BARRY, Sec.

BROMSGROVE.

The total-abstinence cause here has long been in a declining state, but has lately received an impetus through the spirited exertions of Mr. Dawson, a railway contractor, and his men, at whose expense, at least nearly so, we have been favoured with the very efficient advocacy of Mingaye Syder, Esq., a gentleman admirably calculated to remove the prejudices which many, even sensible men, have formed against the society, and to enlist their support. Mr. D. is an indefatigable and enlightened philanthropist, and enjoys the esteem of all who know him. His seal is always at high-water mark,—never ebbs. He has a heart that is always devising liberal things; and a hand that seems to be never weary of dispensing them. I hope the cause will never again retrograde here, and that its advocates will learn a little wisdom from experience, and discourage intemperate language when reasoning of temperance. To this, sir, I attribute the want of success that has attended the society.

To abuse Christian ministers and professing Christians, calling them drunkards and drunkard makers, is not the way to convince them, nor to win them; nor (in my humble opinion) are its advocates one whit more likely to succeed in enlisting the support of these, by raking up the scriptures for examples of tee-totalism, and leaving unused the far, infinitely far more effective argument, which expediency offers.

For the present I beg to subscribe myself,
Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Sept. 9, 1840.

J. H. SCROXTON.

[In the compilation of the following movements, we have, in some instances, been assisted by our weekly contemporaries, by whom, we trust, that this acknowledgment will be considered sufficient. For the numerous communications we have received, we are thankful. They must, however, be brief.]

EXETER.—The total abstinents of Exeter had a truly splendid festival on the 20th ult., and in it the Independent Order of the Rechabites took a distinguished part. Many appropriate flags were displayed in the city, in which also the members of the societies from Teignmouth, Chudleigh, Newtown, Bushell, and Bishopsteighton made their appearance. A procession took place at a late hour of the day to the subscription-rooms, in which upwards of seven hundred persons took tea. More than a thousand persons afterwards attended a public meeting, which was most eloquently addressed by several gentlemen. The Rev. E. D. Rhodes, of Teignmouth, who preached in the morning in Trinity Church, from 1 Cor. vi. 12, was in the chair. Dr. Tunstall, of Dawlish, bore testimony, as a medical man, to the truth of the society's principles. The Rev. I. Radhall, A.M., powerfully advocated the cause of total abstinence. Mr. Shapcott explained the nature and operations of the Independent Order of Rechabites, showing its superiority to other benefit or friendly societies in many points of view, both pecuniary and moral. He also stated that he had recently returned from the annual convocation of the Order; and he had found with pleasure its unparalleled prosperity. The general Order, though of recent existence, had a standing fund amounting to upwards of £10,000. Mr. Hunt, a delegate from Lord Stanhope's society, addressed the meeting, and was followed by Mr. Whittaker; whose address made a great impression.

CAMBRIDGE.—In this "University-town" the greatest opposition has for seven years been offered to the tee-total cause, but at length it has gained a sure footing, and there is every reason to expect that the "Cam-

bridge Total Abstinence Society" will prosper.

READING.—On the 14th ult., one of the largest tee-total meetings ever held in this town took place. About a dozen signatures were obtained, the first of which was that of a young lady, the daughter of a brewer. The cause has been at a low ebb here for some time, but the last few weeks have witnessed some revival meetings, and the society now bids fair to regain its former position, and to exercise a mighty influence.

OSWESTRY.—The annual meetings in connexion with the above society, were held here on Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th ult., and the attendance at each was more numerous than on any previous occasion. The Rechabites took a very prominent part.

HAVERHILL.—Upwards of seventy have taken the pledge.

HERTFORD.—Sir C. E. Smith, Bart., presided at a meeting in the Town Hall on the 9th ultimo. The Rev. W. R. Baker delivered an eloquent address.

WYCOMBE.—On the 18th ultimo, one hundred and ninety sat down to tea, R. Walkden, Esq., in the chair. J. Plato, a reclaimed drunkard of Chesham, of seventeen years standing, and a hawker of brushes, was introduced to the notice of the meeting. He brought forth from nature and mind—the inmost recesses of the heart, the most touching, the most powerfully exciting, yet true description of the deplorable state of the drunkard, which was elicited in the meeting. He stated, what appeared to be a complete paradox, "that it was worse to get sober than it was to get drunk," but which the votaries of inebriety sorrowfully know to be strictly true; so that the unhappy drunkard's is a truly pitiable case: he has to endure, not only the reproaches of conscience, when about to quaff the deleterious draught, but to bear the pains; the horrors of a purgatory—that intermediate state in which the Roman Catholics fully believe, when he is getting sober, and fit in his more lucid moments, he thinks anything of the consequences of retributive justice, the state of his mind must exceed all description.

CHESHAM, (Bucks.)—A meeting was held on the 5th ult. The number of new signatures was fifty-one.

CLOUGH, (Co. Antrim.)—Ralph Holkar obtained thirteen new members on the 12th ultimo.

UXBRIDGE.—A district temperance union of the various societies in the neighbourhood has been formed, that they may the more usefully act together.

GODALMIN, (Surrey.)—This sporting town

is now the witness of a tee-total society, and seems likely to succeed.

STRATFORD AND BOW.—The cause progresses cheerily. On the 17th of August, a procession took place, and in one week one hundred and three signed the pledge. Mr. Burton, the secretary, says,—"Our London friends, and all whom it may concern, will please to observe, that in future our meetings will be regularly held every Tuesday, at the British School, Stratford, and every Thursday at the Temperance Hall, Plaistow, at seven o'clock, and we shall at all times be glad of their friendly assistance, and ready, as far as circumstances will permit, to reciprocate the same." A silver medal has been presented to Mr. Samuel Catton, of Plaistow.

SHEPTON MALLET.—On the 18th ultimo, a grand tee-total gala was held, and an imposing procession took place. In the rear was a printing press drawn by four grey horses; from the press were printed and scattered a large number of bills entitled, "*What are these tee-totalers?*" which were eagerly picked up by the crowds. The oldest inhabitants cannot recollect so many people ever being out on any former occasion. Tea was provided at the Argyle Rooms, which was found far too small to accommodate the numbers. Upwards of four hundred sat down, one party retiring whilst the others took their tea. The public meeting was held in the Independent Chapel, and was thronged, upwards of eight hundred being present. The chair was taken by the Rev. Thomas Spencer, perpetual curate of Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath, whose very eloquent and effective remarks have been productive of much good.

IPSWICH.—A very commodious temperance hall has been erected at this place, chiefly by the liberality of R. D. Alexander Esq. It will contain eight hundred persons, and the galleries, &c., are very elegantly ornamented. They also bear appropriate texts of scripture. Since our last, the opening of the hall took place. Mr. Alexander was in the chair, and delivered a powerful address. He said, "I dare not go into the various details of the misery and crime produced by drunkenness, but let us see what it costs. Why, the cost is about £56,000,000 annually, according to the excise returns of the duty. Now, what would this £56,000,000 do? It would pay the whole of the interest on the National debt, all the poor's rate, and educate every poor child in the empire. (Applause.) You will find upon an average, that every man, woman, and child, expend as much as two pounds a year in those intoxicating drinks. While we are spending £56,000,000 in those drinks, we are only spending half-a-million in benevolent objects. Look at the meetings we have year

after year, labouring hard to raise £100,000 for the Bible Society; if you were all teetotalers, we could supply all the world with bibles in one year. (Hear, hear.) Take the £56,000,000, calculate the price of the bible at five shillings, every family at four individuals, and that the population of the world is between 800 and 850 millions. You will find it is a calculation that cannot lie. There it is, that you may supply the world with bibles in one year; you might found schools in another year; indeed you would not at last be able to find benevolent objects for which to spend your money. (Hear and applause.)

The meeting was afterwards ably addressed by the venerable Thomas Clarkson, the early and enthusiastic friend of the slave. He said—"Friends, I am extremely pleased to be present at the opening of this building, because its name—Temperance Hall—implies that it is set apart for good and useful purposes. I am pleased also to observe before me, many persons who have had the virtue to deny themselves, what we supposed to be, the pleasures of intoxicating liquors. (Hear.) This act—this noble act of self-denial—must have been found painful to many of them at first, but on that account it is more creditable. A victory over ourselves—that is to say, a victory over corrupt appetites, and passions, has been held even by heathen philosophers, the noblest of all victories; and while it is thus honourable, it brings with it, its own reward. (Hear.) For, first it gives to all classes of men, rich or poor, suffering through intemperance, it gives them the means of attaining renovated strength; and to the lower orders, it gives them, besides this, a new and improved station in society. (Hear.) It affords them also the means of living more comfortably—to bring up their families more respectably—it imparts to them an honest independence of character—it procures them the respect of all good men—opens to them the door of the place of worship, where the drunkard but seldom enters—and by which he may be gradually brought to the comforts and blessings of religion. (Hear.) For these reasons only, it is that I do heartily approve of this institution, and most heartily wish it the great success it deserves. (Hear; hear.)" It appeared from the report, that there are in the Ipswich society six hundred adults, two hundred young people, fifty-four reclaimed drunkards, one medical man, one clergyman, and several dissenting ministers. The assembly was addressed by several gentlemen. Amongst them were, Mr. S. Outton, of Pliskotow, in Essex, who has recently erected a Temperance Hall in that place, and Mr. G. Greig, the founder of the society in Ipswich, and formerly of the 17th Lancers lying in this town, and who travelled from a distance

to attend, also addressed the meeting at some length. At the conclusion of the address of Mr. Greig, in the name of the Ipswich teetotal society, presented R. D. Alexander, Esq., with a gold medal, ornamented with brilliants. On the reverse was the following inscription:—"Presented to R. D. ALEXANDER, Esq., by the Ipswich Total Abstinence Society, on the occasion of the opening of the Temperance Hall, August 31st, 1840, as a trifling testimony of respect and esteem." R. D. Alexander, Esq., who had no knowledge whatever of this intention, was much affected by the presentation. After a little hesitation, he said—"This is the first intimation I have had of the intention of my friends to present me with this token of their regard; I will not be ungrateful, but I will say at once, I will gratefully accept it. I value the prayers and the blessings of the reformed drunkard, more than the smiles of the world. My sight will not allow me to examine your memorial now, but I will do so when I return home. Once more I thank you my friends." The whole assembly then rose, and the loudest plaudits echoed through the spacious building for several minutes, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs.

HAMPSTEAD.—The anniversary meeting of the Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, was held on Monday, September 7th, in the Temperance Hall, which has recently been enlarged and repaired, and which was very tastefully decorated. A numerous and respectable party sat down to tea. The public meeting commenced at seven o'clock, when the hall was crowded to overflowing by the most respectable audience we have ever witnessed in that place.

The Rev. J. GUNDRY, who presided, stated that about two-hundred-and-eighty signatures to the pledge had been received since the last anniversary, making a total of about five-hundred or six-hundred members in the whole auxiliary. Exertions were making to form distinct branches in Hendon, Finchley, Highgate, and Kilburn. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Tracey of Chelsea, Mr W. Biscoomb, and Mr. J. W. Green.

GRAVESEND.—The first public festival of the Gravesend and Milton Auxiliary to the Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, was held in the Town Hall, on the 9th ult. The room was very tastefully decorated; and a large and highly respectable company took tea together, and appeared greatly to enjoy themselves. Dr. Oxley, Mr. Newman, the secretary, the Rev. G. G. Evans, of Brunswick Chapel, Mile End, Mr. Fabikner of Witney, Mr. J. W. Green, and Mr. W. Banks addressed the meeting. Thanks were voted to the Mayor for giving them the use of the Town Hall; when his worship said—"That

he regarded it as a duty to lend that hall to any society whose operations might prove beneficial to his townsmen. The objects of the present society appeared to him so excellent that he rejoiced to render it any aid in his power. He had made enquiries of persons who stood connected with institutions from which all intoxicating drinks were excluded, and he had not found one instance in which the inmates had not been much benefited by their abstinence. It had been said by a physician of eminence that more persons died from excess than from want. He had made enquiries of the late Mr. Agar, the keeper of the jail at Maidstone, and his testimony was in favour of the system recommended so ably that evening. Many instances had come within his own knowledge of the injuries inflicted by intemperance. He instanced the case of a journeyman carpenter of that town. He went on, as was usually the case with drunkards, drinking whenever he could get drink. An aunt died, and left him £2000. He plunged into habits of the grossest dissipation, till he walked about the town, the greatest mass of disease and misery that was perhaps ever seen. His money however being spent, and no person being disposed to trust him, he was compelled to abstain. The consequence was that his constitution became renovated, he was greatly restored to health and strength, and he again obtained employment. It might have been supposed that he would have profited by past experience; little change, however, was produced in that respect, and he was continually indulging in vituperations upon his aunt for having left him money which had done him so much injury. As the chairman had referred to the long lives of the Antideluvians, and had intimated his belief that life might be greatly prolonged by total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, he had only to express his thanks for the kindness shown to him, and his wish that the life of the chairman might be greatly prolonged, and that all his years might be spent in doing good. (Cheering.) The meeting went off with great spirit, and has been productive of much good. Seven signatures were obtained that evening, and several have signed since, most of whom are persons of respectability. Many, in consequence of what they heard, have acknowledged the excellence of the principles, some have determined to try it, and others have promised to sign.

EAST LONDON.—On the 1st of September the first anniversary meeting of the East London and Tower Hamlets' Association was held. After tea the Rev. Mr. Witty was called to the chair. The report stated that "Between three and four hundred meetings had been held, at which about one-thousand addresses had been delivered. About one-thousand persons had signed the declaration

of the society. Many drunkards had been recovered from their guilty and debasing practices, and were, in their turn, reasoning with men on righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come. Several visitors had been appointed to visit the abodes of the intemperate, and some pleasing instances of success had already been furnished. In consequence of the spread of the principles of total abstinence amongst the Catholics in Ireland, Mr. John Giles, one of the secretaries of that auxiliary, had applied himself diligently to the formation of a Metropolitan Catholic Association; and though the committee greatly regretted the loss of his services, they rejoiced most sincerely in the result of his labours, in consequence of which upwards of two-thousand Catholics had enlisted themselves under the banners of temperance.

HARLOW.—Meetings have been held here in connexion with the Essex County Temperance Association at the Bush Fair House, near Potter-street, Harlow, when upwards of four hundred persons were present. One of the meetings commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon, at which Mr. F. Marriage, of Chelmsford, presided; and the other at half-past six o'clock in the evening, when Sir C. E. Smith, Bart., kindly occupied the chair. The meetings were addressed in a most interest manner by the chairman, Mr. J. Christy, of Chelmsford; Mr. Baker, secretary to the parent society; and R. Moore, Esq., barrister, of Dublin. Many interesting facts, illustrative of the progress of the cause in this country and in Ireland, were related, and the beneficial effects of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks were largely dwelt upon. The assembly, which was respectable and very orderly, separated about nine o'clock, highly pleased with the interesting addresses of the various speakers.

NOTTINGHAM.—The friends of total abstinence held a meeting in Hockley Chapel; on Monday, the 7th ultimo. Prayer for the Divine blessing having been offered, Mr. Higginbottom proposed that the Mayor should take the chair. Mr. Alderman Frearson seconded the nomination, which was carried unanimously. The Mayor, in a neat speech; stated the objects of the meeting, and observed that none were so likely to reclaim the drunkard, as the man of sober habits. Many of his hearers were in the habit of attending the assizes and sessions, and of course heard read the proclamation against vice. Now his opinion was, that if the powers above and those who read the proclamation paid that attention to it which it deserved, there would be but little occasion for tee-total societies.—After several excellent speeches the Mayor made the following appalling statement:—"George Elsworth, who died in the house of correction, in this town;

was a confirmed thief and drunkard; he was a native of Newark, and was apprenticed to a chimney-sweep there, named Cross; on the expiration of his apprenticeship, he travelled about the country (to use his own phrase) 'cadging and priggish a bit occasionally,' drinking and debauchery appeared to be his native element; even up to a few days prior to his death it was his favourite theme. It was quite common for him to call out, when he was supposed to be asleep, 'I say, fill that quart again; do you hear? Let us have a drop more lush; what are you about? Bring me a glass of rum. Jack, tip me a bob (a cant phrase for a shilling) for some lush.' A young man, who was in prison at the same time, and had known Elsworth for many years, stated in his presence, that he had known him drink thirty glasses of gin a day when he could raise it. About a week before his death, he called to one of the attendants, and whispered to him by the bedside, to 'take that light top coat and put it in' (pawn it,) and said, 'they'll tip you ten bob on it; and that yellow silk handkerchief will fetch a bob and a tanner,' (i. e. 1s. 6d.) When the attendant was reading the Scriptures to him, and had succeeded in teaching him the Lord's Prayer, and was pointing out the meaning of 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' &c., he said, 'I always thought it was my own father, cos he's dead and gone to heaven a good while ago, I expect.' A day or two before he died, a Mrs. Harrison, with whom he had lodged, came to see him, and when she was going away, he beckoned to her, and said, 'Don't go away shabby; leave money for two half-pints of lush howsoever.' Two or three hours before he breathed his last, lifting up his hands, he said, 'God be merciful to us miserable sinners.' These were the last words he spoke."

CHELSEA.—On Monday 7th ult., the third anniversary festival was held in the Temperance Hall, New Road. Tea began at four o'clock, the arrangement of which was undertaken by the ladies' committee, whose excellent management gave universal satisfaction, and was publicly demonstrated in the course of the evening's proceedings, by a unanimous vote of thanks and three hearty cheers, followed by "one cheer more." The meeting began at seven o'clock. Mr. Green, late brewer, of Chelmsford, took the chair. Messrs. Nettleton, Currie, Grosjean, Porter, Wyld, Fullagar, Eaterbrook, O'Leary, Balfour, &c., took part in the proceedings. The report, which contained much pleasing information concerning the progress of our principles, referred especially to the attainment of a temperance hall since the previous anniversary; and to a change, made in the course of the evening, in the constitution of the association, which the advancing interests of

tee-totalism had rendered necessary, i. e. the formation of a new auxiliary. This measure having received the previous sanction both of the West London Auxiliary and the executive committee, was now publicly recognised.—An auxiliary was formed, denominated, "The Western Suburban Auxiliary to the New British and Foreign Temperance Society," comprising the five following branches:—Chelsea, Battersea, Fulham, Walham Green, and Hammermith; the three latter of which have been lately formed, principally through the instrumentality of the former. R. Walkden, Esq., the Rev. J. Burns, and Mr. J. Hull, kindly consented to allow their names to be placed at the head of the committee: the former ad president, the two latter as vice-presidents. The hall was densely crowded and numbers were unable to gain admission. The most perfect order prevailed throughout the evening, excepting only one effort at disturbance by a troublesome fellow; but he was instantly removed by an officer, who said that he was ready to bring aid sufficient to repress any riotous proceedings that might be attempted. The meeting throughout was one of much interest and twenty signed the pledge. [The above description is from the pen of Mr. Benson, the secretary.]

STOKE-NEWINGTON.—At this meeting Dr. Oxley attended, who has been an abstainer for sixty years. Mr. McDonald, an iron-founder, testified to the good the principle had done him, after having been a drunkard for a number of years. He was the first tee-totaler in the factory where he worked; he had a great deal to put up with for some time, but now there were plenty more of them in the trade.

ASHFORD.—On the 14th ultimo, there was a very excellent meeting and tea party. Amongst them were several who had hitherto kept aloof, on account, chiefly, of their religious prejudices; but that stumbling-block is fast removing, indeed, so far, that they seemed in common with the rest, to enjoy the treat. Mr. Pearce, the secretary, says,—"Seventeen persons signed the pledge. I am glad to state that at Lenham, and Little Chart, villages a few miles from Ashford, the temperance cause is on the move. Some very zealous individuals, especially at the latter place, have very much agitated the subject."

CROYDON.—Mr. Kemp has lectured here, and has received some signatures. Meetings profitable to the cause have been held amidst great opposition. An attempt to form a society at Worthingham was thwarted by a brewer distributing large quantities of ale. Some of the tee-totalers had ale thrown over them; but eight signatures were obtained.

TOTTENHAM.—A meeting is held every Friday.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Birmingham Temperance Society met at the usual place, on Monday evening, Sept. 14th. Mr. Plumbney was called to the chair. The audience was addressed by Messrs. Goodhead and Smith; who were succeeded by that truly renowned champion of tee-totalism, Mr. John Hockings, the "Birmingham Blacksmith." This veteran was received with tremendous applause; and his strong appeals to those present to sign or adhere to the pledge, drew forth the most enthusiastic applause. He said that a short time ago he was travelling in a coach in which there were some convicts on their way to the hulks. He enquired wherefore one of them sobbed so bitterly. The reason was, that the penitent malefactor "reclected him (Mr. Hocking), and regretted to say that he had frequently attended temperance meetings, for the sake of creating a disturbance. If he had signed the pledge, he should not have been in that condition; as drunkenness had led him to commit the crime for which he was then on his way to the place of punishment."

IRELAND.—The Rev. T. Mathew recently visited Sandysford, near Dublin, for the purpose of preaching a sermon in aid of the funds for completing a new church in that parish, and also to administer the pledge of total abstinence to the inhabitants of the surrounding districts. A number of clergymen, and a large body of the gentry of Dublin and the surrounding places were present. After the sermon, he proceeded to a platform erected in a large field at the rear of the chapel, which, together with the passages leading to it, were filled with immense masses of human beings. Mr. Mathew addressed them at considerable length, reminding them that the eye of the world was now fixed upon the temperance society, and that it expected them to renounce vice and crime of every description. He congratulated them that wherever the society had extended itself through the land, peace, comfort, and comparative prosperity had followed in its train. It was evidently the work of the Almighty himself; for no human agency could, by any possibility, effect so much good among an entire people. He rejoiced that the tee-total society was neutral ground, upon which men differing in their religious opinions could cheerfully meet and cheerfully co-operate. Father Mathew has, during the past month, pursued his work with unabated zeal and success in various parts of Ireland. Nearly three millions are now enrolled.

WATFORD.—Mr. Walkden, of Pinper Park, is unremitting in his exertions here, and happily sees them blessed with success.

CREDITON, (Devon.)—The total abstinence society is rapidly increasing.

AYLESBURY.—The meetings of the tee-totalers prosper. Mr. Gibbs, editor of the *Aylesbury News* is a powerful advocate, and Mr. Inwards is doing good service to the cause.

HARTLEPOOL.—After a recent meeting, thirty-four signed the pledge. The Rechabites are very active.

BARNET.—Mr. Gamble has lectured here in the absence of Mr. Greig who was expected. Mr. Gamble made a great impression.

CATHOLIC SOCIETY.—The Rev. Mr. Hutchinson presided at the East London Temperance Hall. Upwards of seven-hundred persons were present; nearly forty signed the pledge.

RICHARD GRAY at Dr. Lovell's, Navestock, has sent £5 (the first he ever had) as a token of gratitude, to the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, by which he was induced to take the pledge.

RALPH HOLKER has been in the North of Ireland, and has had extraordinary success in holding meetings and establishing tee-total societies.

MR. WHITTAKER has held meetings at Bridgewater, Burnham, Taunton, and Wellington.

MR. THOMAS LLOYD has held meetings at Rye, in Sussex, where twenty signed. He has also attended at Penham, Sittingbourne, Cranbourne, Tenterden, Canterbury, Faversham, Sheerness, Winchelsea, Sandhurst, Rye, Wittersham, Hastings, and Hawkhurst.

MR. WILLIAM SCOTT attended thirty-two meetings between July 25 and August 25. The number who signed the pledge was two hundred and fifty-three. The scene of his labours is Norfolk.

WOOLWICH.—Mr. May has lectured here with much benefit.

MR. BASCOMBE has held meetings at Sheerness, Faversham, Canterbury, Ashford, Maidstone, and East Peckham.

LEYTON, (Essex.)—The number of meetings held here is to be increased.

DISCUSSIONS.—Various discussions on tee-totalism have taken place, and the tee-total advocates have had glorious triumphs.

THE PUBLICAN'S.—The London boniface's have employed three or four carbuncle faced persons to lecture against tee-totalism. They avoid argument, and make attempts at ridicule.

THE POLICE.—Orders have been issued to the police in Ireland, that they may join the tee-totalers. (How very kind!) They are, however, ordered not to wear medals. (How very prudent.)

OPEN AIR MEETINGS.—The gin-spinners are getting up a memorial to the police, to prevent tee-total open-air meetings in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

[From the foregoing statements it will appear that tee-totalism is finding its way into the remotest hamlets. We are aware that the above digest of Home Intelligence, ample as it is, contains but a scanty portion of the numerous meetings which have been held. By the kindness of our correspondents, and by our own diligence, we hope to render it, ultimately, perfect. Upon the numerous meetings in London, we have scarcely been able this month to say a word. Suffice it, however, that they are now held in every direction, and in future the more important of them will be duly noticed. We shall endeavour to present something of a tabular statement, which, in a little space, will present the reader with a bird's-eye view of the tremendous exertions which are in progress, and which are accompanied with such signal success.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICA.

FATHER MATHEWISM IN THE UNITED STATES.—In Lowell, Rev. Mr. McDermott took 180 pledges last Sabbath, making in the whole more than 1400 out of about 2300 Irish population, and the pledge is not administered to children under twelve years of age. Coming from a land where ardent spirits are very dear, to the United States where they are very cheap, and bringing with them their generous, social, hospitable habits, their national and domestic peculiarities, they too soon fall into the snares and pitfalls which meet them at every corner, and in every dwelling they enter that has an Irish heart within its walls. The spell is now broken. In Pennsylvania, the Catholic Bishop has taken decided and enthusiastic interest in the cause. In Philadelphia, 2000 pledges were administered upon a single Sabbath. In Montreal, Pottsville, Worcester, &c., societies have been formed under most favourable auspices. Men who have not carried home to their families a shilling a year, now earn their dollar a day. Why will not all men thus learn and practise the principle of total abstinence!—*Boston Recorder.*

UPPER CANADA.

TORONTO.—The former temperance society, under the pledge of abstinence from distilled spirits only, having become extinct,

and intemperance having proceeded with rapid strides, causing pauperism, crime, and wretchedness to increase to a fearful amount; a meeting was called by a few friends in March 1839, and a society organised, which commenced its operations with sixty-six members. Several public meetings were held, at each of which from twenty to thirty signatures were obtained. They have now 357 resident and consistent members. The prospects presented to the committee, are, upon the whole, cheering.

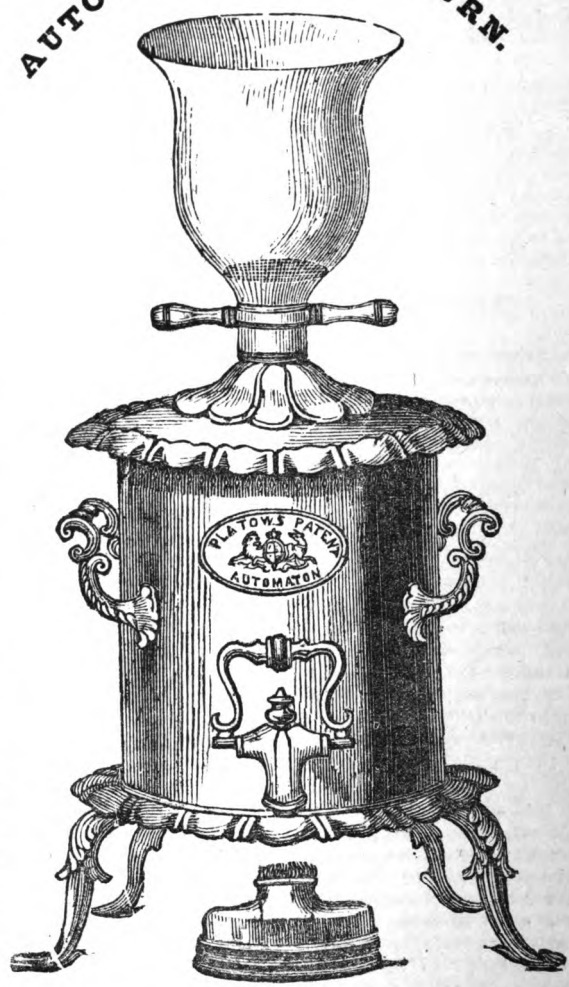
LOWER CANADA.

QUEBEC.—The following is extracted from the report of a Total Abstinence Society in the capital of the lower portion of our Canadian possessions:—"Your committee have also extended their enquiries to some of the results of the habitual use of inebriating drinks, and find, First: that of 1478 persons committed to the public gaol of this city during the last ten months (about 148 monthly on an average,) 1156 were sent thither in consequence of having committed various breaches of the peace while under the influence of intoxicating drinks. Secondly: that the records of the coroner exhibit the appalling fact, that for the past year about sixty sudden deaths have occurred, directly attributable to this cause; and that by far the greater number of these victims had not attained the prime of life. Thirdly: it has also been ascertained, that of the amount paid for labour by the principal ship builders, a sum which would go far towards paying the expenses of our police establishment, is irremediably lost to them, arising merely from the practice of workmen running to the tavern or drinking on the premises during working hours. Your committee wish, however, to be understood, that it is not from the fact that any one man spends only five or ten minutes daily from his work that they draw this inference, for to that man it is only five or ten minutes, and may be considered but a trifle compared with the whole day. Yet, however short and trifling this portion of time may be, it is certainly in the aggregate a serious loss to a master employing two or three hundred men. Nor is this all: to the labouring class themselves the aggregate loss is much greater. An appetite for drinking being thus nurtured, is abundantly fruitful of idleness and vice; and therefore with the money actually expended, and the days and half days lost, the consequence must be a serious diminution of comfort, if not the cause of continual and almost hopeless poverty."

T. Harjette, Printer, 10, Craven Buildings,
Drury Lane, Strand.

PLATOW'S PATENT.

AUTOMATON COFFEE URN.



SEE ARTICLE—"DOMESTIC ECONOMY."

THE
LONDON
TEE-TOTAL MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

No. 9.]

NOVEMBER.

[Vol. I.

RECORDS OF TEE-TOTALISM.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE COMMENCEMENT AND SUCCESS OF TEE-TOTALISM; *with a short account of Drunkenness, and the various measures used for its suppression.* By JOSEPH DEARDEN. J. Livesey, Preston; and J. Pasco, Paternoster Row. 39 pp. 8vo.

THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT POSITION OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION; *published for the Bazaar in aid of the Funds for the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, held in the London Tavern, 18th and 19th May, 1840.* Bull Head Court.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE INTELLIGENCER. J. Pasco, Paternoster Row. 1837-9.

JOURNAL OF THE NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. Bull Head Court, Newgate Street. 1839.

It is a great error to imagine that Temperance Societies are only of recent establishment; for we find them in existence at the very dawn of the sixteenth century. In the year 1517, societies, called "Orders of Temperance," were formed on the suggestion of a German Baron, and were joined by many of the nobility and gentry in Styria, Carinthia, and Cerniola. A similar society was formed on Christmas-day, in the year 1600, by the then Langrave of Hesse, and the fundamental law of it was, "that every member of the society pledges himself never to become intoxicated." This society appears to have verged much nearer to true temperance than that established in 1517, which allowed, at a meal, the consumption of seven goblets of the order filled with wine, and which, considerably, provided that any *thirst* which might remain after these pota-

tions, must be quenched with wine. These are the only instances which history records of comparatively early societies, founded avowedly for the promotion of temperance; but during the crusades, in the ages of chivalry, and, indeed, at almost every period of our history, there were numerous orders—military, religious, and otherwise, which enjoined moderation in drinking as a duty at once binding and politic.

But if we ascend in spirit into the earliest ages; if, taking the sacred volume for our guide, we go back as it were to the firesides of the prophets and the patriarchs, we there recognize the prevalence of total abstinence in all its purity, and force, and profitability. We find the command of God issued to man, that they touch not strong beverage. Obedient Aaron, and the sons with whom the Lord had

gifted him, ministered in the tabernacle, and used neither wine nor strong drink therein. The mother of Samson was a tee-totaller, and the brawny sinews which bore away the gates of Gaza, were nurtured to their gigantic power upon the principles of total abstinence. The Nazarites were specially devoted to God, and they were tee-totalers under a solemn vow. Jonadab, the father of the Rechabites, commanded them and their sons for ever to abstain from wine. Mindful of his precept, they touched not the wine-cup offered to them by Jeremiah the prophet, who therefore exclaimed, that the son of Rechab should never want a man to stand before the Lord for ever. Look next at the youthful Daniel. Deeply had he drank of the cup of worldly sorrow; the vial of calamity had been unsparingly poured upon his devoted head, and it was his to know the agony of an almost broken heart. Under his afflictions, he sought not the cup of intoxication. Too many of the children of the world, when crossed in business, or doomed to bear any of the endless disappointments of life, seek solace in excess, and strive to drown care or pain in the drunkard's bowl. Not so with him who was sold of his brethren. The luxuries of the court of Babylon's monarch were spread before him, but for him they had no enticement.—Melyar, the prince of the eunuchs, then solicited him to partake of the ruby seducer; but he declined to accept it, and asked for pulse to eat and for water to drink. These were granted unto him; and none at the table of King Nabuchadnezzar was fairer or fatter than he.

The most cursory glance at the holy volume shows that perfect sobriety enters into the very nature of God's economy for the direction of man. Against intemperance, the most fearful of His curses are hurled; the bible is, as it were, the warrant of the eternal death of the drunkard; and inasmuch as the vice is denounced and punished of God, so is the opposite virtue cherished and rewarded. The new testament follows up the old in its awful threats against the lovers of strong drink; and as in the ancient dispensation, so under the Christian law, the eminent servants of the Most High

have clad themselves in the robes of total abstinence. As Mr. Dearden (pp. 4) observes, "It appears to have required the united influence of impaired health and the counsel of the apostle Paul to overcome the reluctance of Timothy, to adopt wine even as a medicine, which he evidently did not think it *proper to use as an article of sustenance*." John the Baptist, second only to Him of whom he was the favoured precursor, was an abstainer, an example of sobriety, and to him was it given to prepare the way of the Lord.

But let us turn now from the holy volume to the ordinances of the children of men; and in these again we find the first efforts of rude statesmanship, as well as the energies of more maturely perfected government, directed against the spread of intemperance. Mr. Dearden's book contains a brief notice of many of the early laws against this vice; and although most of them have before met the eye of the well-read tee-totaller, we scarcely know of any writer who has compressed them all into so small a compass.* We are sure, however, that Mr. Dearden will excuse us for calling his attention to an oversight which he had committed near the bottom of page 4 of his pamphlet. He says, that the ancient Roman armies NEVER drank "any intoxicating drink;" and yet in the very next paragraph, Boadicea, the Queen of the Iceni, is introduced, haranguing her troops on the luxurious habits of the Roman invaders, and exclaiming, that "water was the wine of the Britons." To the armies of Rome, in its earlier epochs, the remark of Mr. Dearden properly applies. Temperance prevailed in the cohorts; the Roman eagles then soared unchecked in their career of conquest. Their triumphs were the fruits and the rewards of valour and of sobriety. But when the use of strong drinks crept into the army, strength was diminished, valour was cooled, confusion reigned in the halls of the Cæsars, and the vast empire, enervated by emaciating luxuries, stumbled and fell over the excesses of its soldiery

* In Mr. Thornhill's work (reviewed in our last number,) there are also some curious facts relative to this portion of the subject.

and the vices of its people. Hence, instead of asserting that the armies of ancient Rome "*never indulged in any intoxicating drink*," our author might have rendered unassailable advantages to the cause of which he is so ardent an advocate, by showing that when the Roman soldiers *were temperate*, they were victorious, and Rome was "*mistress of the nations*;" whereas, when they became addicted to excess, they lost their prowess, and the vast sphere of Rome's dominion was contracted into the narrow and humiliating limits of a few petty Italian states. A similar warning to nations against intemperance, is conveyed in the downfall of the Jews, the seed of whose ruin were sown in debauchery, depravity, and drunkenness.

There appears in human nature, whilst simple and unsophisticated, a disposition to sobriety, almost as strong and as general as is the innate conviction that there is a God; a testimony which the untutored mind of the veriest savage, unceasingly and mysteriously bears. Hence we find, with people of the most primitive habits, that water is the *general*, as it is undoubtedly the *natural* beverage. We find it used in their domestic concerns, and in their religious rites. Temperance was a leading principle in the religion of the ancient Britons; but, alas! their water-drinking habits, upon which they were so congratulated by Queen Boadicea, were too soon laid aside. The Saxons and Danes were much addicted to drinking; and Hengist and Horsa appear to have given a great stimulus to the drinking habits of the people, over whom Hengist was the first Anglo-Saxon monarch.

We find it necessary here to desist from further excursions into the regions of antiquity, in order that we may more fully notice a few of the leading data connected with the great temperance movement of the present day. In the compilation of these, we receive much valuable assistance from the labours of Mr. Dearden. His narrative, though in some points defective, bears upon it the impress of authenticity. It is unpretendingly written; the language is simple, but the statement, as far as it goes, is satisfactory and conclusive. The other work, the

title of which is prefixed to this article, partakes much of the character of all other Bazaar tracts; but unlike the generality of them, it has something besides large type, stiff paper, and wide margins to recommend it.

The "*Orders of Temperance*," which existed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, have before been glanced at; and thirty-seven years after the institution of the "*Order of Temperance*" by the Langrave of Hesse, we find a pledge of tee-totalism signed by a minister of God's word, in Northamptonshire. This worthy was Robert Bolton, a Bachelor of divinity, and he appropriately penned his pledge on a blank page in his bible. It does not appear that he had any associates, although it is probable that he had, for it is not likely that one so zealous for his neighbour's good and the glory of God would selfishly conceal the treasure which he had discovered.

It seems to be placed beyond the limits of doubt, that we are indebted for the tee-total movement to the United States. Mr. Dearden is by no means satisfactorily instructive as to the *first commencement* of temperance societies. He begins with the year 1826, when a grand simultaneous effect to establish such societies was made on the other side of he Atlantic. If Mr. Dearden wished to begin at the beginning, he ought to have gone back to the year 1808. On the last Tuesday in April of that year, "*the temperance society of Moreau and Northumberland*" was formed by Dr. Billy J. Clark, of Saratoga County, New York.* Quarterly meetings of this society were held without intermission until the year 1822, and the minutes of them, the first gems in the crown of tee-totalism, are now in the hands of an eminent minister in Warren's County. At the very outset, the society was joined by forty-seven gentlemen. The "*Constitution*" which they signed, contained the following provisions:—

"*Fourth Article.*—No member shall drink rum, gin, whisky, wine, or any distilled spirits or compositions of the same, or any of them, except by advice of a physician, or

* Vide "*Rise, Progress, and Present Position of the Temperance Reformation*," 4to., pp. 5.

in case of actual disease; also excepting wine at public dinners, under the penalty of twenty-five cents., provided that this article shall not infringe on any religious rite."

The second section of the said constitution imposed a penalty of fifty cents. on any member who became intoxicated; and the third section set forth—

"No member shall offer any of the said liquors to any other person to drink thereof, under the penalty of twenty-five cents. for each offence."

In 1813, a temperance society was established in Massachusetts. Its object was merely to discountenance the too free use of ardent spirits, of which "profaneness and gambling were declared to be the kindred vices." In 1814, the Rev. Mr. Edwards preached a course of sermons against intemperance, at Andover. In 1819, the object was taken up and powerfully handled by judge HERTFELL; and in 1823, public attention was rivited to the consideration of the temperance question, by the publication of the eloquent sermons of the Rev. Samuel Nott. In 1825, the formation of an "American Temperance Society" was resolved upon, after prayer, at a meeting of pious Christians who met in Andover, and the undertaking then resolved upon, was accomplished on the 13th of February, 1826.*

From this period, Mr. Dearden's narrative is very comprehensive; and here it may not be amiss to describe the awful state of America at this crisis. The following details are given by Mr. Dearden:—

"In the city and state of New York previous to the year 1826, there were, at full work, 1200 distilleries, and out of 177 deaths, 124 were caused by the use of the article manufactured in them. The number of those who die annually in the United States, by this dreadful source of ruin has been estimated, on the most reasonable calculations, to be at least thirty thousand; or according to others, five hundred a week, and two murders. Four-fifths of all the paupers, two-thirds of all the imprisoned debtors, more than half of all the lunatics and maniacs, three-fourths of all the criminals, are the direct, well ascertained consequences of in-

temperance. The Hon. William Cranch, of Washington, one of the judges of the United States court, has stated that from authentic data, he has calculated that the enormous sum of ninety-four millions four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars are annually lost in that country by intemperance, a sum more than sufficient to buy up all the houses, lands, and slaves, in the United States, once in every twenty years. And it has been computed by others, that in America as many drunkards die annually as would cover upwards of forty acres of the surface of the earth, allowing two square yards to each grave."

Such was the appalling condition of America, when Dr. Lynam Beecher advocated the temperance cause in the pulpit. His sermons were published in 1827, and were productive of incalculable good. The society formed at Boston, sent out an agent to propagate their principles, and on the 12th of March, an able address upon the subject was presented to the public from the said society. In January, 1827, a permanent agent was engaged, and seven new champions appeared to preach and write in favour of temperance. There were also resolutions passed in this year in approbation of temperance by several of the Trans-Atlantic medical schools. In 1828, rapid progress was made, and (though neither of the writers before us mention the fact,) it has been ascertained that in this year there were 222 temperance societies in North America, and 30,000 men, for themselves and their families, were pledged upon the Boston pledge, to abstain from spirits. In 1829, the New York State Temperance Society was established. This important institution was favoured with having Edward C. Delavan, Esq., for its most responsible and efficient officer. The writer of "*The Rise, Progress, and Present Position of the Temperance Reformation*," before quoted, truly observes, (pp. 6) that "the name of this gentleman deserves to be embalmed in the memory of all future generations; for unborn millions are destined to enjoy the fruits of his princely and unwearied benevolence. With a zeal more than equaling his former application to acquire wealth, he devoted seven years to the perplexities and toils of the temperance rooms, travelled many thousand miles

* Mr. Dearden says, on the 10th of January. A meeting was held on that day, but the Constitution was not adopted until February 13th.

on the business of the society at his own expence, and contributed more than sixteen thousand dollars towards its funds." Mr. Delavan is a close observer and an accomplished scholar. He has travelled through most of Europe; his letters, written whilst he was *en route*, will be found scattered through the *Journal* of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, and will be read with as much pleasure as profit. In 1829, the temperance cause had made such rapid progress in America, that more than one thousand societies could be there enumerated, consisting of not less than a hundred thousand members; fifty distilleries had ceased to produce poison and death; four hundred merchants had abandoned the traffic in the same; and twelve hundred drunkards had been reclaimed from the error of their ways, and had learned with thankfulness that the paths of sobriety are those of plenty and of peace.

We have now reached the period at which temperance societies were introduced into these realms. The frequent communication between England and America; the intimate commercial relationship which exists between them, and the feeling engendered by the fact that this is the mother country, naturally and inevitably led to the adoption by England of any measure from which benefit had accrued to the Transatlantic branch of her family. Here, as there, the vice of drunkenness had frightful sway, and bankruptcy, ruin, and carnage had marked its ascendancy. The means which had been taken on the other side of the ocean to stay the destroyer's hand, were speedily hailed on our shores, "not merely with hope, but with your expectation."

In the introduction of temperance societies into Great Britain, the name of John Dunlop, Esq., of Greenock, stands conspicuous. The Rev. Dr. Edgar, of Belfast, then also occupied an eminent place in the holy work. In July, 1829, he, with the Rev. Mr. Morgan, Dr. Cooke, and others, held a meeting in Belfast, to prevent the desecration of the Lord's day, and to check the sale and use of spirituous liquors thereon. The preparation of an address to the public upon the subject, was entrusted to Professor Edgar; and whilst en-

gaged upon it, he learned from an American friend, the progress and the utility of temperance societies on the other side of the Atlantic. This led him strongly to recommend them in the address which was published in the *Northern Whig*, the *News Letter*, and the other Belfast newspapers, in August, 1829. Shortly after, the nature of these societies became known to Mr. Carre, a benevolent gentleman at New Ross, in Ulster, and in that town he formed a kind of temperance society. This, it is said, was the first that was formed within the limits of the British shores. Later in 1829, and early in 1830, similar societies were formed in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other towns in Scotland; and in the spring of 1830, Mr. Forbes, of Bradford, in Yorkshire, having witnessed the good derived from the temperance societies in Scotland, determined to establish them in England also. Mr. Dearden says—

"In the month of December, along with others, he began to advocate the principles of temperance in Bradford; and on the 2nd of February, 1830, a meeting was held to consider the propriety of organizing a regular society. Nine gentlemen joined that evening, and many others signed at an adjourned meeting, on the 5th of the same month. On the 14th of June the first public meeting was held, attended by 1800 persons. Reports of the speeches which were delivered on the occasion appeared, at considerable length, in the *Leeds* and *Halifax* newspapers, of which more than three hundred copies were purchased, and forwarded to various parts of the kingdom. On the 23rd of January, 1830, the editors of the *Leeds Mercury* expressed their entire approbation of the principles of these societies, and recommended them to the serious consideration of their readers. On the 4th of April, 1830, Mr. G. H. Birkett, of Dublin, commenced a society at Warrington; which was the second society of the kind in England. Mr. William Wood, in the month of March, 1830, succeeded in attracting attention to the cause in Manchester, by the distribution of tracts, procured from Mr. Forbes. Mr. Birkett also visited that town specially for the purpose of promoting the cause. A public meeting was held on the 12th of May, at which a committee was appointed to carry the objects of the society into effect. On the 14th of June they published an address which excited much interest, and was of service to the cause. A second public meeting was held on the 15th of June, for the

purpose of diffusing information on the nature, object, and principles of temperance societies. Somewhat previously the foundation had been laid of the Salford society."

A society was formed in London on the 20th of July, and one in Leeds on the 9th of September. In the same year, upwards of thirty societies were established, three hundred thousand tracts were distributed, and upwards of ten thousand members were enrolled.

Up to this period, the warfare of the various societies, both in England and America, had been directed "only against the use of ardent spirits as a beverage, while allowing the use of wine and other alcoholic liquors, and against actual intemperance from whatever source arising, (vide "*Rise and Progress, &c.*," pp. 10.) It was soon found that a pledge, imposing no greater restrictions than the above, was totally ineffectual for the rescuing of lost drunkards, or for the preservation of those who had not yet become the victims of intoxication. In England particularly, where strong malt liquors are so much used, some further restraint from them was specially required. Hence an improved and more comprehensive PLEDGE was introduced on the formation of a temperance society at Blackburn, April 18, 1831. By this pledge, "*entire abstinence from ardent spirits*" was enjoined, except as medicine. It required that no other liquors should be used to excess, and that they should never be used in any house in which they were sold, except for refreshment in travelling, or when transacting business from home." In the course of the same year (1831), this pledge underwent further improvements, each of which approximated more closely to the subsequently framed pledge of total abstinence.

The period at length arrived when this, the only safe principle, was to be laid down and acted upon, and in the establishment of this principle the temperance society of Preston covered themselves with honour. On the first day of the year 1832, a few young men of that town, connected with the school of that excellent man, Mr. J. Livesey, formed themselves into a temperance society, and on the 22nd of March following, another society was formed.

The following was the PLEDGE of the new Institute :—

"We, the undersigned, believe that the prevailing practice of using intoxicating liquors is most injurious both to the temporal and spiritual interests of the people, by producing crime, poverty, and distress. We believe also that decisive means of reformation, including example as well as precept, are loudly and imperatively called for. We do therefore voluntarily agree, that we will totally abstain from the use of ardent spirits ourselves, and will not give nor offer them to others, except as medicines. And if we use other liquors, it shall be at all times with great moderation; and we will, to the utmost of our power, discountenance all the causes and practices of intemperance."

We cannot better describe the results of the adoption of this pledge than in the words of Mr. Dearden. He says, (pp. 20)—

"The committee of that society, shortly after its formation, appointed a number of its visitors to inspect the conduct of the members, and it very soon became apparent to them and other leading men in the society, that the moderation pledge would not answer the expectation of those who formed the society. For although the members kept strictly to that part of the pledge which inculcated abstinence from ardent spirits, it was observed, that the clause which allowed malt liquor to be taken in great moderation, was frequently violated. The reclaiming of drunkards, and the saving of little drop men being the object of the society, caused the visitors and others to view with regret the violations which were daily occurring. The knowledge of these facts led to a conviction on their part that nothing short of abstinence from all intoxicating liquors would produce a real temperance reformation. In July, of the same year, many of the visitors and speakers began to abstain entirely from all kinds of intoxicating liquor. Messrs. Livesey, Swindlehurst, and a few others soon afterwards began to preach up the entire abstinence doctrine at the meetings, which not only led to greater exertion, but created much discussion on the subject, amongst those who took an interest in the success of the society. On Thursday, August 23rd, 1832, Messrs. John King and Joseph Livesey signed a total abstinence pledge in Mr. Livesey's shop, Church-street. On Saturday, September 1st, 1832, some of the leaders of the society called a meeting to be held at the Temperance Hall, and at this meeting, John King, Joseph Livesey, John Gratrix, Edward Dickinson, John Broadbelt, John Smith, and David Anderton, signed the following pledge, viz.:—*'WE AGREE TO AB-*

STAIN FROM ALL LIQUORS OF AN INTOXICATING QUALITY, WHETHER ALE, PORTER, WINE, OR ARDENT SPIRITS, EXCEPT AS MEDICINE;" whilst Messrs. Joseph Dearden, Thomas Lang, George Gratrix, and some others, expressed themselves unwilling to advance beyond the moderation pledge."

Another writer upon this interesting event says, that "on the 23rd of March, 1833, the whole of the Preston committee agreed to adopt the new pledge in connexion with the old one. Mr. Livesey, from the first, was the zealous and persevering advocate of the advanced measure; and it was mainly through his personal influence, that this strange offspring of temperance principle was nursed in its infancy, until it had attained sufficient strength to grapple with its most formidable foes, and at length to bear down all opposition. It was not long before its great superiority, to what is now designated "the moderation system," as a means of curing drunkenness, was clearly demonstrated; and it needed no prophet to foresee, that if a man never partook of intoxicating liquor at all, he would never become a drunkard. Such was the success that almost immediately began to attend temperance operations under the advocacy of total abstinence, that the friends of the cause who had laboured hardest in it, and who were beginning to faint through want of encouragement to persevere, had fresh courage infused into them; and as every day brought with it fresh trophies, won by the efficacy of the new principle, it was not long before its fame reached the surrounding towns and villages, and became a matter of grave and frequent discussion among the temperance reformers. Still the old pledge continued to hang, in a great measure, as a sort of drag upon the new one. It was like a decrepid and hesitating octo genarian linked with a sanguine and vigorous youth of twenty. Such a state of things was so unnatural, that it could not long continue; and particularly since, in proportion, as science and experience were brought to bear upon the subject, they more and more fully demonstrated, that total abstinence was as consistent with the laws which God had established in the constitution of

man, as it was effective in remedying a great national evil.

The efforts to extend abstinence principles were now very successful in the North of England; and several societies, based upon them, were founded in many towns and villages. Mr. Dearden says—

"On the 1st of January, 1834, a number of delegates met at Bolton, from various places, for the purpose of developing new plans for extending the tee-total principle, and for more effectually concentrating their energies and executing their zeal in the cause; which, in consequence, began to prosper and spread more rapidly than it had done before. The committee of the Preston society discovered that their pledge did not restrict the members from giving and offering to others; they, therefore, at one of their meetings, held on the 22nd of January, 1834, resolved to summon a meeting to consider the propriety of *altering the pledge*. On the 19th of March, Mr. H. Bradley proposed and Mr. R. Jolly seconded, and it was agreed that the words "*neither give nor offer*," should be added; and at the annual meeting, which was held in the theatre on the 25th of March, the additional words of *neither give nor offer* were added to the abstinence pledge.

"Early in the same year, 1834, a number of young men (many of them members of the parent society) met together to consider the propriety of establishing a young men's or youth's temperance society. The result was their calling a public meeting on Friday evening, April 18th, 1834, and at that meeting they submitted the following and no other pledge, viz., 'I do voluntarily promise that I will abstain, for one year, from ale, porter, wine, ardent spirits, and all intoxicating liquors, and will not give nor offer them to others, except as medicines or in a religious ordinance; and I will endeavour to discountenance all the causes and practices of intemperance.' This pledge was adopted and signed the same evening by one hundred and one young persons, generally betwixt the age of fourteen and twenty-five; amongst whom were Thomas and William Swindlehurst, two of Mr. Swindlehurst's sons; and Newton and Howard, two of the sons of Mr. Livesey. This was the first exclusive tee-total society ever established in England, and it is to the men of Preston, Proud Preston, as history calls it, that the world is indebted for the *first organisation of tee-totalism*; and to the young men of Preston for the *first exclusive tee-total society*."

Some very wrong opinions have been propagated as to the formation of the

first tee-total society. In page 8 of the third Report of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, it is stated that the first tee-total society was established in Manchester, early in 1835, by the Rev. Mr. Beardsall. That gentleman has certainly been of great service to the cause, but the above statement attributes to him an honour which is not his due. The same statement is repeated (pp. 11) in the bazaar tract of the society, just named; and it appears also from *The Journal* for April 20th, 1839, that a handsome medal was presented to Mr. Beardsall in Manchester, "for his exertions in forming the first tee-total society." A reference to dates will set this matter at rest. The tee-total society at Preston was formed April 18, 1834. The society of Mr. Beardsall is stated to have been established the 26th of February, 1835. This clearly shows that the honour claimed for the Rev. Mr. Beardsall, is due to the men of Preston. Mr. Dearden (pp. 25) is also of opinion that many tee-total societies were in existence before the tee-total movement of the Rev. Mr. Beardsall. And here let us pause for a moment to contemplate in what mysterious ways God moves "his wonders to perform." We see the great moral revolution which has been wrought around us. We behold the dynasty of vice humbling and yielding before the sceptre of society, and bowing to the sway of virtue. How has this mighty change been affected? Christians have long had the word of God amongst them—they had his messengers in pulpits—they heard his warning voice in their consciences—and in their Christian fireside conversations, they had often deplored the prevalence of intoxication. For long and long there was, however, none to go up against the mighty. But at last the mission was imparted—the call was given: that call was obeyed—and that mission has been crowned with success. The weak things of the world were chosen to confound the strong. To the poor, the gospel of christianity was first preached; and it was by the poor that it was proclaimed. It was by the humble and the lowly that the glad tidings of total abstinence were first announced; it was by the poor that its salutary and

healing principles were first embraced. Men of influence, gifted richly with the world's goods, have since allied themselves with the tee-total cause, which is now established throughout the length and the breadth of the land. America, which gave us *temperance*, has, with oft repeated and grateful acknowledgments, received from us *tee-totalism* in return. This has reclaimed the drunkards whom they sought in vain to rescue by means of their early "moderation system;" and the original leaders in the temperance cause in America, now declare that they did little for the reformation of a drunken population, until they wielded the effectual and decisive weapon of ENTIRE and TOTAL ABSTINENCE which England put into their hands.

How strikingly did Dr. Edgar, *before his fall*, depict the insufficiency of the "moderation principle." These are his words—

"We have seen as plainly as light can show it, that all plans which we have hitherto adopted for putting an end to intemperance, have been, to a melancholy extent, unavailing. They have employed only a portion of the means which the gospel prescribes, and hence not sufficiently strengthened precept by example. They have said to the drunkard, 'we will wean you off by degrees from your intemperate habits;' and thus, with the best intentions, they have contributed to the drunkard's doom. They have said to the temperate, 'we will allow you to drink moderately,' without inquiring into the nature of the drink employed; and thus they have contributed to support and patronize the school in which drunkards are trained. They have unconsciously conducted the temperate man forward through all the stages of free drinking, till he is temperate no more; then they have sat down on the graves of the dead whom they have deceived, and cry, like the old prophet, in the bitterness of of unavailing regret, 'Alas! my brother.'"

The great length to which this article has extended, compels us to refrain from pursuing the subject further, at the very stage of our enquiry which is the most interesting. It is, however, the most difficult and complicated, and benefit will result from time being afforded for additional inquiry. In our next, we shall trace the introduction of tee-totalism into the GREAT MODERN BABYLON—a Babylon in extent—a Babylon in vice. We shall also

accompany tee-totalism further into the "bowels of the land," and we shall so frame the narrative, as to include much that has never been published, illustrative of the progress and achievements of the tee-total cause—achievements which, at every step, pro-

claim how "inscrutable are the ways of the Lord," and which show that the floodgates of his merciful salvation are ever open to pour upon the arid sands of human insufficiency and waywardness, the rich and fructifying streams of grace and redemption from sin.

ON THE REFORMATION OF THE INTEMPERATE.

BY GERRARD SMITH, ESQ.—IN A LETTER TO C. DELAVAN, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I well remember your deep interest in the remarks I made to you about the reformation of intemperate persons in this neighbourhood; and, in fulfilment of my promise, I now take up my pen to furnish you with a written account of this reformation.

It often occurs, that the designs of men take a much wider scope in their accomplishment than is contemplated by their narrow-sighted framers. This remark is eminently verified in the case of the temperance reformation. It did not enter into the minds of its happy pioneers, that the reformation had good in store for poor drunkards; and had they forseen how full it is of blessings and salvation to these most wretched and hitherto most hopeless of all prisoners; and how it would so soon fill the mouths of thousands of them with songs of deliverance—cheering indeed would have been the vision amidst the difficult and discouraging beginnings of their work.

To save the sober from becoming drunken was the exclusive original object of the temperance reformation; and therefore do they discover their ignorance of the original character of our enterprize, who pronounce it a failure, because it has not reformed all or a great proportion of the drunkards of the country. If it has reformed one drunkard, it has done what it did not promise, and what it did not expect to do. The adage that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," had as much credit with the originators of this enterprize, as with others; and perfectly did they accord with the public sentiment, that the drunkard is beyond cure. We all remember, that this

was the public sentiment at that period. Formerly, when a man became a drunkard, we excluded him from the pale of our sympathies. Vain, we thought it, to do for him, and almost no crime not to feel for him. The vice, to which he had yielded himself, stamped him, in our eyes, with incurableness; and we abandoned him to a fate from which escape seemed well nigh impossible. There was hope for our friend, if the yellow fever, or even the plague, was upon him; but none, if he became a drunkard. Now, however, under the healthful influences of the temperance reformation, the recovery of the drunkard is not only possible, but even probable; and when I look at the reformation, and see its illimitable and surpassingly varied beneficence reaching even to the countless multitude of drunkards, and holding out a prospect of deliverance even to these lost fellow-mortals, I must believe, and I would believe, though it were a hundred-fold more neglected, derided, and reproached than it is, that it has come down to us from heaven, and that it is owned and blest of that good Being, who himself came into our guilty, ruined world, "to seek and to save that which was lost."

We find that wherever the principles of the temperance reformation have obtained, there drunkards are reclaimed; and that, too, even if no special efforts are made to reclaim them. In an atmosphere of total abstinence, the drunkard can come to life again. When rum has been banished from a neighbourhood, and the sober in it have ceased to present temptations, in their example and practices, to the master appetite of the drunkard; when the state of society, instead of presenting

constant and fatal hindrances to his reformation, has become so changed, as to invite and assist it; then the instance is common of the drunkard's becoming sober. And when we consider that there are more than 300,000 drunkards in our nation, and that of these the Bible declares, "they shall not inherit the kingdom of God;" and that, of even their earthly woes and those of their family connexions, the mind can form no adequate conception—it would seem that every sober man, in whose breast there remains any thing of good will to his fellow-men, must consent to the little and certainly harmless self-denial of discontinuing his use of strong drink, and of so far making his example and practices favourable to their recovery.

When I returned, fourteen years ago, to reside in this village, more than every other man in it was a drunkard; and at that time it contained some sixty or seventy families. This unusually large proportion of drunkards was doubtless owing, in a great measure, to its extensive manufacture of window-glass. For firemen, as you are aware, formerly felt it to be necessary to drink up a large part of their wages; and thence the fact, that half the blacksmiths in this part of our country, ten years ago, were drunkards. Two-thirds of all the men who were buried in our village cemetery from the year 1820, until the beginning of the temperance reformation (I speak from personal knowledge) were drunkards. The vice of intemperance had impoverished the village. The sober could not make headway in the midst of such waste of time and property. There were half a dozen places in the village where rum was sold. There was a distillery in it, owned by a prominent member of the Presbyterian church, and which, until the dawn of the reformation, myself and others were blind and wicked enough to stock with grain. There were six other distilleries within the limits of the town, in which the village is situated. But the scene is greatly changed. The fires of the seven distilleries have all gone out—never again to be rekindled. The last chapter of the village distillery is peculiarly interesting. It was purchased nearly a year ago, by one of my neighbours, who from about the time of his purchase has been entirely reclaimed from habits of intem-

perance and idleness; and now, in the place of the tubs, and the worm, and the other apparatus of death, may be seen his anvil, his bellows, and the cheerful and useful business of a sober, industrious, and worthy blacksmith. Only one place is left in our village, where the drunkard's drink can be obtained: and, for weeks together, an intoxicated man is not seen in our streets. Only one drunkard remains in our village. Of him we have very little hope, as his dwelling is hard by the house that supplies him with the "liquid death and distilled damnation," as the celebrated Robert Hall calls ardent spirit. It is supposed that he is the only person in the village who drinks ardent spirit. For the young man who vends it, (respectable but for his occupation,) has too much sense to drink it. Would that he had too much benevolence to tempt others to drink it! Surprising change, since the time when more than every other man in the village was a drunkard!

Nothing, however, so happily denotes the change in our morals as the sweet stillness of our sabbaths. The pious strangers, who, in the course of the last three or four years, have been with us in these seasons of 'heavenly calm,' have often spoke of the unusually quiet character of a Peterboro' Sabbath.

To indicate the connexion there is between rum and crime, I state that, during the last eleven and a half years, ninety-four complaints for crime were made to our village magistrates; and that in eighty-eight of the cases the accused were drunkards: in three of them, they were sober; and in the other three, their habits were unknown.

The subject of temperance did not begin to awaken public attention here, until January, 1827; and not until 1830 or 1831, was the interest in it so general and strong, as to exert any considerable influence upon our drunkards. A few of them were reformed about that time. For the last twelve or eighteen months, some of the friends of temperance here have made special and great efforts to save them; and our success, under God, has been such as to fill our hearts with gratitude to Him.

The following narrative exhibits important changes that have taken place in most of the drunkards who resided

in our village, and within two or three miles of it. There are within the limits, a dozen or fifteen other persons who still remain intemperate; and unless their sober neighbours, who have not yet subscribed the pledge to total abstinence, hasten to do so, and to put away the snare of their example, there is great reason to fear, that a part, if not all of these persons, will go to their graves, and to the judgment seat, in their present character.

No. 1. Upwards of forty years of age. Was frequently intoxicated, until the last two or three years. When so, he was apt to be wild and quixotic in his conduct, and to involve himself in difficulties, from which he was not always extricated without a considerable loss of money and time. He became quite poor. His large family were frequently in need of the comforts of life. He is now one of our most industrious, thriving and respectable farmers. He is a member of the temperance society, and a highly esteemed member of the church.

No. 2. Upwards of thirty years of age. Was for several years very intemperate. When under the influence of liquor, he occasionally exhibited a propensity to crime, which well nigh involved him in utter ruin. He became very poor, and neglected to provide for his wife and children. Often, when in his drinking moods, he absented himself from his home for days together, wandering about like a maniac. He has been a consistent member of the temperance society about two years. Happily, he dreads cider as he dreads rum; and when, a few weeks since, it was proposed by some of his fellow labourers to have cider brought into the harvest field, he exclaimed quickly, "Not one drop—not one drop." He feels himself to be "a brand plucked from the burning," and which a single spark may be sufficient to ignite. He is now an industrious, respectable, money-making farmer.

No. 3. About fifty years of age. The gradations of moderate drinking, of tippling, and of hard drinking, have been observable in his case, as in the cases of most drunkards. He became exceedingly poor. His numerous family suffered from the want of the necessaries of life. Such of his children as are grown up, are very ignorant; and I believe

some of them can neither read nor write. Seven or eight months ago, he subscribed the pledge of total abstinence; and, at his own solicitation, and with the full consent of those of them who were of sufficient age to give it, the names of all the members of his family, not excepting the infant child, were added to the same talismanic instrument. He is now cheerful and light-hearted—loves his family, and provides well for them; and he cannot fail to see that he is greatly respected by his neighbours. An incident must be related here. The nearest neighbour of No. 3, at that time, was a deacon—and a respectable good man he is. But, being rather credulous, the stories about church and state, and other bugbears, of which the invention of artful demagogues is so prolific, had deterred from joining the temperance society. No. 3 feeling, as is very natural, a great desire to strengthen the party to which he and his family had recently acceded, and feeling, doubtless, that he should be strong in his new faith and steadfast in his sobriety, somewhat in proportion as the temperance party should be numerous and respectable, hurried with the pledge, as soon as the names of his family were put to it, to the good deacon, for his name. The application was unquestionably very trying to the deacon. The conflict of his emotions may well be imagined. Here stood before him a man, who but yesterday was a drunkard, and who was now imploring the aid of the deacon's name towards confirming the good resolutions which he had just been making. Humanity—his religion—not to speak of his ecclesiastical office—urged the deacon to give his name promptly. But, on the other hand, he may have had some lingering notions, that this scheme of making all men sober, would, in the event of its complete success, unite church and state. There was, too, the pride of opinion and consistency, rising up strongly in his breast; for even Christians are subject to this miserable and wicked pride. He had joined in the common talk against the society; had often refused to belong to it; and, now to give his name, at the solicitation of a drunkard;—a deacon to take lessons in ethics from the lips of a drunkard!—this was too humiliating! He

refused to sign; but said that they were about to get up a temperance society in the church he belonged to, and he would sign there. The church temperance society, however, has never been formed; and the deacon's influence, in respect to temperance, remains where Jesus Christ tells him it should not be.

No. 4. About fifty-five years of age. Was for many years a loathsome drunkard; spent his earnings in filling his whiskey bottle: and left his family to suffer for clothing, food and medicine. Some three years ago, the Angel of Mercy was sent to his rescue, and he was reclaimed to soberness and to God, apparently without the aid of human instrumentality. He and other members of his family soon after made a public profession of religion, which they have honoured to this day with sober and godly lives. Of course he is a member of the temperance society.

No. 5. Upwards of thirty years of age. Was intemperate for several years. Nearly a year ago, he joined the temperance society, and has been sober and industrious ever since. Drunkenness kept him very poor: but his family are now comfortably supplied. During his abstinence from ardent spirit, he has frequently been in the sanctuary. I very rarely, if ever, saw him there before. It is said, that he sometimes drinks cider; and those of us, whose abundant observation on this point assures us, that the reclaimed drunkard, who takes to cider and strong beer, will, by the use of these drinks, revive and maintain his appetite for ardent spirit, and be liable also to intoxication upon these drinks themselves, are very apprehensive that he will fall.

No. 6. About thirty years of age, and has a family. Some six months ago, he discontinued the use of ardent spirit and joined the temperance society. Has recently drank to intoxication. Never forsook his evil companions. His poor deluded father, who is a professor of religion and opposes the temperance reformation, is greatly, perhaps, fatally, in the way of the recovery of his son. I this day had a conversation with a brother of No. 6. He thinks No. 6 will drink no more ardent spirit.

No. 7. About forty years of age, and has a family. Has more than a common education. For many years a loathsome

drunkard. I have seen him lying in the street so drunk, as to be entirely insensible to his condition. Became miserably poor. About two years since, relinquished the use of ardent spirits and joined the temperance society and church. With the exception of one week in these two years he has appeared well the whole time. During that week he was so imprudent, and, I may add, so sinful, as to go unnecessarily into the only house in our village where the poison is vended. He drank strong beer there, until he became intoxicated. It was suspected, that his fellow-drinkers mingled spirituous liquors with the beer, that they might, in the fall of the poor man, have an occasion for exulting over the temperance cause. His fit of drunkenness lasted several days: but when he recovered from it, he manifested the penitence of a child of God, and abjured even cider and beer for ever.

No. 8, is Elder Truman Beeman. I mention his name, because he has given me liberty to do so; and because the mention of it will, in many parts of New England and this state, where he is known, increase the interest in the account I give of him. He is about seventy-three years of age; and, though his body is feeble, his superior mind remains perfectly sound. From twenty to thirty years he was a preacher of the gospel. A portion of that time, he resided in Rensselaerville and Catskill, in this state. He removed to this village upwards of twenty years ago. He was fond of liquor then, and had left the ministry shortly before. Soon he became a drunkard and a gambler; and the lips which had taught others the way of truth and life, were now eminently profane and obscene. No other man amongst us has ever done half so much to corrupt our youth as Beeman has done. His wit and remarkably ready talent at rhyming were his most powerful auxiliaries in this work. He became very poor, after having possessed a handsome property, and, but for the industry and good management of his wife, they would both have suffered the want of food and clothing. It was observed, several years ago, that the elder's habits were improving under the general reformation that was going on amongst us; but, never until a year ago, did he come to the resolution to

abstain entirely and for ever from the use of ardent intoxicating drink. Early in the winter, he attended a temperance meeting, which was addressed by Mr. Turner, the agent of the New York State Temperance Society, and there joined the society. From that day to this, he has not tasted of the poison, and, I believe, that the offer of a world would be insufficient to bribe him to taste it. Last winter he received from the war department, the welcome news, that his name was placed upon the pension list, and that he was entitled to one hundred and sixty dollars *back pay*. His old companions now flocked around him for a *treat*. They trusted, that the elder's temperance was not yet firm enough to withstand so great and sudden prosperity. They had, perhaps, flattered themselves, that his temperance was owing, in some measure, to his inability to purchase liquor. But they found him an incorrigible cold water man. The elder went to work in paying his debts and supplying his family with comforts; and left his old companions to *purchase* the whisky they would have begged from him. I have often visited the old gentleman within the last year. Not only is he sober; but, it can be said of him, as it was of Paul: "Behold he prayeth." This old and exceeding sinner—this wonderful monument of the patience of God—now sits "at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind." Harmony has taken the place of discord in his family; and that aged breast, which, for twenty years, was agitated with the untold horrors of the drunkard, is now in the abode of "quietness and assurance for ever." The elder's religion is of such a character, that he prefers the Bible to all other books, and spends a large share of his time in reading it. His change is well worth all the temperance efforts that have been made in Peterboro'.

No. 9. Upwards of fifty years of age. Has long been an inhabitant of the town. Has an excellent family. Was for a long time a moderate daily drinker—next a tippler—and thence, by *quick march*, a full grown drunkard. Lost his health and respectability, and ceased to increase his property. About two years since, he gave up his cups: his health and character are already restored, and

peace and cheerfulness, long banished from it, are now returned to his dwelling. He has not yet joined the temperance society, though he attends its meetings. I saw him angry the other day. The alarming thought came into my mind, that he had been drinking cider. I remembered the saying among the Jersey women, that cider-drunkards are crosser husbands than other drunkards. I hope, however, that he does not drink cider.

No. 10. About fifty years old. Has lived in town but a couple of years. Was very intemperate when he came here, and poor. Has a good family. His removal into this temperance atmosphere was most happy for him; for he had not been here long, before he joined the temperance society. He has continued, ever since his connection with the society, to be a sober and respectable man. He has recently manifested a hope in Christ.

No. 11. An old man. Had been intemperate for many years. Very poor. Connected himself with the church, two or three years since; and has been sober from that time. Demagogues have made him believe, that the temperance reformation is but a scheme to abridge men of their political rights; and therefore, (though possibly lingering and secretly indulged love of rum has something to do with it,) he cannot join the temperance society.

No. 12. A coloured man, about thirty years of age, with a family. Was a very great drunkard, and very poor. For the last three or four years, he has wholly abstained from ardent spirit. About a year since he drank freely of cider, on a festival occasion, and probably became somewhat intoxicated. He then resolved, that he would never again taste of any intoxicating liquor whatever. He is a lovely Christian, of remarkable tenderness of conscience, and of course belongs to the temperance society.

No. 13. An old person. Intemperate for many years. Has been sober for the last two or three years. Now a member of the church, and probably would be of the temperance society, if a certain near relative would be, on whom No. 13 is dependent.

No. 14. About thirty years of age, with a family. Had been intemperate

for several years; and, therefore, could not preserve his earnings. Some three years ago, he joined the temperance society, and has ever since lived up to its requirements. He is now an industrious and respectable man. Much of the time, during his abstinence from ardent spirit, he has been religiously minded.

No. 15. About forty years of age, with a family. Was a miserable sot, and very poor. For the last three or four years, he has abstained from ardent spirit, and has, during that time, been a consistent and beloved member of the

church of Christ. I scarcely need add, that such a member of the church is also a member of the temperance society.

No. 16. About sixty years of age. Had been for twenty or thirty years one of the greatest drunkards in town.—Was very poor, and a brute in his family, when drunk. Has trained up several sons to drunkenness. Nearly a year ago he joined the temperance society, and has remained sober ever since—one occasion, perhaps, excepted. I fear he drinks cider; and if he does, he will probably soon relapse into drunkenness.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE CLAIMS OF HOME.

AFFECTIONATELY ADDRESSED TO A RECLAIMED DRUNKARD.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—You have been, by the blessing of God upon the Temperance Society, brought from a life of much misery and degradation; and you are therefore the more likely to be imposed upon, and by the influence and bad example of others, to be again overcome and ensnared. It is for your sake especially, that I now take up my pen, being exceedingly desirous, that the good work begun in you, may be perfected. I write not for human applause; I seek not honour from man; to me it is a small matter to be judged by man's judgment; my record is on high; but in my present endeavour to promote your welfare, I trust, I am alone actuated with a desire to glorify God.

During your former way of life, you were the willing dupe to the drinking customs and usages of society; and to them, as the source, you may trace your former degradation, and the chief cause of your present poverty. But for them, you never would have become a drunkard, and might, in all probability, have now been in comfortable circumstances. It was good company or good fellowship, a good song or a good recitation, that was your undoing.

Since, however, you have changed your drinks, let me therefore beseech you also to change your conduct, and thus prove by your attention to the *claims of home*, that you are really in

earnest to promote the happiness and comfort of your family.

During the last six years of my temperance career, my endeavours have always been directed to the advancement of the temporal and spiritual benefit of the working classes. I cannot therefore be suspected, in my present remarks, to seek in the least to abridge their comforts, but rather to increase them. Allow me then, with all faithfulness, to call your very special attention to the following advice in relation to your new character:—

It is often said, that “when a man leaves off drinking he takes to thinking.” I hope this is true in your case; if so, let me remind you, that as a thinking being, you are an immortal being, and that, when sun, and moon, and stars, shall fail, you, that is your thinking, your immortal, your never-dying soul, will still exist. I want you to give good attention to this very important subject. You have too long neglected the salvation of your soul, and it is now high time to awake out of sleep. “Your adversary the devil goeth about, like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour;” and although you have escaped a very great evil, you are not therefore safe; much remains to be done:—you must be born again, or die to all eternity.

I call upon you to use those means which God has appointed in order that you may be everlastingly saved: viz,—

attending at church or chapel on his holy day; the reading of his holy word; calling upon him by prayer; and above all, repenting of your former sins, and seeking through faith in Jesus Christ the pardon of them all, and the renewal of your heart, in righteousness and true holiness. Nothing my dear friend will stand you in the stead of this—without it you are lost—with it you are safe for both worlds. Do then I most earnestly entreat you attend in the first place to the concerns of your never-dying souls. You may be disposed to sneer, and call my remarks cant and fanaticism, and turn with indifference, but believe me, the hour of death, which is very near at hand, will cause you to wish that you had attended to my friendly admonition.

Closely allied to your soul's interests are those of your body; this must not be neglected, the health and comfort of your mortal body must occupy your present thoughts. God in his kind providence has made provisions for its enjoyments, and true religion never was intended to lessen our pleasures. Think not that by giving diligence to secure the salvation of your soul, your domestic comfort or happiness will in the least be diminished. Rather "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added." God himself has promised it, and will not deceive you. You must, however, use diligence in your lawful calling, to procure the means to provide for your family. Be diligent in business; and having done so, it ought to be your study to lay out your hard earnings to the very best advantage. You formerly forgot home, and spent your time in the company of the poor deluded victims of sensuality, but now your chief concern should be to take care of home. Your wife and family claim your first attention. To make them more and more comfortable ought to be your pride; they have been long enough neglected, and all you can now do for them will never be too much for the neglect that you have formerly shown them. I well know that you must have some amusement; but let even that be such as your family can also partake of. You will find much entertainment and profit in the various temperance meetings in the metropolis, and in reading the different

temperance publications; and if you cannot attend these, there are many well-conducted coffee houses where you may spend your evening in a rational manner. Most of our temperance coffee houses have libraries attached to them, from which you may have abundance of useful publications. Formerly all of them were conducted in a way and manner worthy of the good cause; some of late have lost that character, and too much partake of the spirit of the beer shops,—singing, smoking, and even gaming is carried on, which is quite inconsistent with the genius of our good cause; and so far from such houses being auxiliary to the cause of true temperance, they stand very much in the way of the progress of our principles, particularly amongst the thinking part of our population.

What I wish you to do, is to walk circumspectly as a tee-totaler. Let your temperance-light shine before your neighbours. Let them see, by your anxious solicitude for your family's good, that your union to the cause of temperance has been the means of doing you good. Let your love of home be greater than your love of company; and instead of spending your precious hours in the coffee-shop when you have no business to be there, let your wife and little ones enjoy your society. Let your earnings be husbanded or laid out with economy, remembering that "he that provideth not for his own, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Remember also, that every penny spent in that which is unnecessary is taken from your family, and deprives them of the comforts which they might otherwise enjoy. Besides, you owe a debt of gratitude to the society which, under God, has made you what you now are; and if you have any pence to spare, it ought not to be forgotten by you. You, above all others, should subscribe to the funds of the society which has saved you from drunkenness, and introduced you to comforts before unknown. Let these cautionary remarks be received with candour and reflected upon by you, and sure I am, that notwithstanding we may differ in opinion in other matters, I shall have your approval in this.

J. H. D.

WATER *versus* MALT LIQUOR.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE!!!

WATER was the primitive, original beverage, as it is the only simple fluid for diluting, moistening, and cooling; serving all the ends of drink appointed by nature. And happy had it been for the race of mankind, if other mixed and artificial liquors had never been invented. It has been an agreeable appearance to me to observe with what freshness and vigour those who, though eating freely of flesh meat, yet drink nothing but this element, have lived in health and cheerfulness to a great age.*

DR. CHEYNE.

Water is the fittest drink for all persons, of all ages and temperaments: of all the productions of nature or art, it comes the nearest to that universal remedy so much searched after by mankind, but never discovered. By its fluidity and mildness, it promotes a free and equable circulation of the blood and humours through all the vessels of the body, upon which the due performance of every animal function depends; and hence water-drinkers are not only the most active and nimble, but also the most cheerful and sprightly of all people. In sanguine complexions, water, by diluting the blood, renders the circulation easy and uniform. In the choleric, the coolness of the water restrains the quick motion and intense heat of the humours. It attenuates the glutinous viscosity of juices of phlegmatic, and the gross earthiness which prevails in melancholic temperaments. And as to the different ages, water is good for children, to make their tenacious milky diet thin and easy; to digest for youth and middle aged, to sweeten and dissolve any scorbutic acrimony or sharpness

* There was some few years since, living near Lake Champlain, in the United States of America, a man aged 135 years, by birth a German. He was in Queen Anne's Guards, at the time of her coronation, in 1702, and was then eighteen. He served to the end of the war, when he went to America. He is still strong and healthy, and sees and hears perfectly well. He wears his own hair, has a military appearance, and is proud of his temperance, having constantly abstained from spirituous liquors. He has had several wives, and his youngest son is only 28 years of age, having been born when his father was 107.

THEN LOOK ON THIS!!!

MALT LIQUORS, and particularly porter, have their narcotic power much increased, by noxious compounds which enter them; and the bitters which are necessary to their preservation, by long use injure the nerves of the stomach, and add to the stupefactive quality. Malt liquor drinkers are known to be prone to apoplexy and palsy, from that very cause; and pearl drinkers in a still greater degree: a mixture peculiar to this country. This poisonous morning beverage was, till lately, confined to the metropolis, and its vicinity, but has now, like other luxuries, found its way into all provincial towns.

The following is extracted from a small treatise entitled "Every Man his own Brewer," explaining the art and mystery of brewing porter, &c. By SAMUEL CHILD, brewer.

"Treacle, Liquorice Root, Essentia Bina,* Colour,† Capsicum, Spanish Liquorice, Coccus Indicus,‡ Salt of Tartar Heading,§ Ginger, Lime slacked, Linseed, Cinnamon, Hops, Malt."—"Opium Hyosecamus, Belladonna, and Lauvio-ceracus."¶

Who has the credulity to think that such a composition is fitted for human sustenance!!! It is only to be equalled by the combined genius of Macbeth's witches. The ingredients thrown into their divining cauldron might, perhaps, be put in competition with it.

Its effects upon poultry and swine, are as follow:—"In distilleries and breweries, where hogs and poultry are

* "Essentia Bina," which is moist sugar boiled in an iron vessel, for so copper one could withstand the heat sufficiently, till it comes to a thick syrupy consistence, perfectly black, and extremely bitter.

† "Colour," composed of moist sugar boiled till it obtains a middle state between bitter and sweet, and which gives to porter that fine mellow colour, usually so much admired in good porter.

‡ Dog Poison.

§ "Heading," is a mixture of half alum and half copperas, ground to a fine powder, and it is so called from giving to porter that beautiful head or froth which constitutes one of the peculiar properties of porter, and which landlords are so anxious to raise to gratify their customers.

¶ The four last articles are taken from "Dr. Trotter's book on Drunkenness," and which he says are used by porter-brewers.

that may be in the humours, by which means pains and obstructions are prevented; and for old people, to moisten and mollify their rigid fibres, and to promote a less difficult circulation through their hard and shrivelled vessels.

Dr. HOFFMAN.

The Laplanders have few diseases; GOUT and STONE are unknown among them. This is attributable to the water, which is their common drink, being very pure, and to their abstinence from all fermented liquors, especially spirits.

LINNÆUS' TRAVELS.

Water is the chief ingredient in the animal fluids and solids: for a dry bone distilled, affords a great quantity of insipid water: therefore water seems to be the proper drink for every animal.

ARBUTHNOT ON AILMENTS.

fed on the sediments of barrels, their liver and other viscera are observed to be enlarged and hardened, like those of the human body; and were these animals not killed at a certain period, their flesh would be unfit to eat, and their bodies become emaciated.

Dr. TROTTER.

Malt Liquors render the blood sizzly and unfit for circulation; hence proceeds obstructions and inflammations of the lungs. There are few great beer-drinkers who are not phthisical—brought on by the glutinous and indigestible nature of strong ale. Those who drink ardent spirits run still greater hazards: these liquors inflame the blood and tear the tender vessels of the lungs to pieces.

Dr. BUCHAN

POETRY.

"THE STILL."

FROM THE "ENGLISH DANCE OF DEATH."

By the Author of Doctor Syntax.

O! above all, as you would shun
In life or death to be undone,
Indulge not in the liquid ill
That flows from the empoison'd still;
Thither the fiend loves to repair,
And death, too oft, attends him there;
Who in his never-ceasing rounds,
The still-man aids as he compounds
Each mixture that's in daily strife
With health, with honour, and with life.
The dram-shop is the spot that yields
More various ills than all the fields,
Where grow the vices that disgrace
Th' existence of the human race.
The town with beggars it supplies,
And almost fills th' infirmaries;
Gives half their inmates to the jails,
And multiplies the hangman's rails.
Question the sturdy lab'rer why
He wears the rage of poverty?
Wherefore his well-paid daily task,
Denies the bread his children ask?
It is the dram's alluring cup
That swallows all his earnings up.
Behold the squalid mother's breast,
By the faint, sickly infant prest,
That ne'er the milk of nature gives;
Instead the suckling's lip receives

The sad infusion, which at length
Destroys its puny, struggling strength,
Till life its ev'ry aid denies,
And the poor shrivell'd pigmy dies.
Bid the procuress mark the way
To make th' incautious maid her prey,
The guards of virtue to remove,
And smooth the path to lawless love;
'Tis the same deleterious power,
That crowns seduction's fatal hour.
Look at a shop whose windows show,
On ev'ry side, above, below,
The pledge of many a former day,
Of pressing want the sad display.
Does not it wound each tender sense,
To see the poor who issue thence,
As to the dram-shop they repair,
And spend the borrow'd pittance there? *
Behold, the uplifted hand is seen—
What threat'ning looks and angry mien—
While the foul execrating tongue
Does the fierce, clam'rous woe prolong:

* A pawnbroker made the following reply to a friend who expressed his surprise that he did not remove to a better situation—"I don't know a better, for it is within a very convenient distance from three dram shops."

While e'en from female lips proceed,
 The threat of many a bloody deed,
 Thus virtue's drown'd and health destroy'd,
 For the vile habit's seldom cloy'd.
 Are then our legislators loth
 To curb the ills that ruin both;
 Or wherefore do we daily meet
 Such scenes as these in ev'ry street?
 Do they then tempt the poor to pay
 Their health and virtue to defray
 The nation's wants, and urge the still,
 The rav'nous taxman's book to fill.

If they protect such baneful evil,
 Nought will protect them from the devil.
 How oft the sons of riot find
 Pleasure the poison of the mind;
 In life, by fire and famine, less
 Sink to their graves, than by excess.
 'Tis temperance gives the richest wealth,
 Contentment, peace, and lasting health:
 'Tis abstinence that forms the sage;
 Is youth's best guardian, and the friend of age.

HINTS TO A NEW MARRIED PAIR.

From a Young Lady to her Sister.

Let not my sister, tho' a wife,
 Bid all her cares adieu;—
 There's comfort in a marriage life,
 But there are crosses too.

I do not wish to mar your mirth
 With an ungrateful sound;
 But yet, remember, bliss on earth,
 No mortal ever found.

Your prospects and your hopes are great:
 May GOD these hopes fulfil—
 But you will find, in ev'ry state,
 Some difficulties still.

The rite which lately join'd your hands
 Cannot insure content:
 Religion forms the strongest bands,
 And Love the best cement.

A friendship founded on esteem,
 Life's battering blast endures,
 It will not vanish in a dream—
 And such I hope is your's.

But yet God's daily blessing crave,
 Nor trust thy youthful heart,
 You must divine assistance have,
 To act a prudent part.

Tho' you have left a parent's wing,
 Nor longer ask his care,
 It seldom is, that husbands bring
 A lighter yoke to bear,

They have their humours and their faults,
 (So mutable is man;)
 Excuse his failings in thy thoughts,
 And hide them if you can.

No anger, no resentment keep,
 Whatever is amiss;
 Be reconcil'd before you sleep,
 And seal it with a kiss.

Or if there's cause to reprehend,
 Do it with mild address—
 Remember he's thy dearest friend,
 And love him ne'er the less.

'Tis not the way to scold at large,
 Whate'er proud reason boasts;
 She doth her duty best discharge,
 Who condescends the most.

Mutual attempts to serve and please
 Each other, will endear;—
 Thus you may draw the yoke with ease,
 Nor discord interfere.

Thus give your tender passions scope,
 And Temperance pursue,
 Be HEAVEN the object of your hope,
 And lead him thither too.

Since you must both resign your breath,
 And GOD alone knows when,
 So live that you may part in death,
 To meet with joy again.

And may the LORD your ways approve,
 And grant you both a share
 In his redeeming pardoning love,
 And providential care.

[For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
 And f' absolve thy future care;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the loving couple thine.]

LITERATURE.

ANTI-BACCHUS; *An Essay on the Crimes, Diseases, and other Evils connected with the Use of Intoxicating Drinks.* By the Rev. B. PARSONS. London: John Snow, Paternoster Row. 1840.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE various prize essays that have issued from the press within the last few years, form a bright era in the history of the times in which we live. If the spirit of human sympathy has ever been called into active exercise, it is in the present age. The human mind, for centuries, has been suffered to lie comparatively dormant as to any mature exemplifications of its vast powers, and capability of raising itself above the enslaving principles that have so long governed its movements. A crisis is manifestly arrived in which a struggle is involved, that will decide the happiness of millions of the human species. Mankind seem, universally, impressed with signs of advancement. The ignorance and prejudices that sate like an incubus on the heart of man, seem fast being removed. The darkness of antiquated opinion is retiring before the bursts of sunshine in our moral world, that presage a brighter and holier state of things. Truths which the world but very recently attempted to laugh to scorn, are now beginning to be received with that respect which they justly claim. Philosophy is enlarging her faculty of observation, and, aided by facts—the only safeguards of science—she is revealing herself to the gaze of multitudes, in all her pristine loveliness and beauty. What was deemed, a few years ago, matters of mere speculative opinion, is now regarded in the light of improvement. There is, in fact, a deep spirit of enquiry abroad, which, like the elements of nature, is amalgamating together all that is precious and glorious in the illustrations of human thought and character. This state of things was to be anticipated. The imitative faculties were not likely to remain in a state of unconsciousness amidst the numerous creations of genius, that rose up before it. As the waters of the unruffled lake reflect, in their

calm depths, the glories of the sun, shedding his brightness upon them, and the image of the gorgeous clouds, floating like islands of light across the fair face of the heavens, so has the human intellect capabilities to reflect back the inspirations that gave birth to its existence. It is no longer a blank in the living creation. The soul claims its legitimate rule, and stamps on itself the grandeur of its more noble origin. The career of benevolence, in modern times, has been progressive. The amount of human suffering was far too vast, and the means of amelioration much too complicated, to allow the whole to be grasped at once. Its more prominent features first arrested attention, and then the work gradually proceeded, until the entire field of action was occupied. Last, but by no means least in the scale of demoralization, the victim of intemperance claimed his share of benevolent sympathy. Without his reclamation, the enterprize would not have been complete. Brutalised in thought, and become still more brutal in passion, he stood apart, as one, for whom the world had no regard. The veriest slave of his own lusts, yet, himself, exulting in a fancied freedom, and, from all past experience, presenting no hope of a permanent change. He walked the earth, as one who had little concern with the affairs of life: a kind of moral *miasma*, which to breathe, was to become diseased, if not to fall a victim to its contagious influence. The very emergency of the case seemed to tell least in his favour. The language employed in an earlier stage of the temperance reformation was, "drunkards we hold to be almost irreclaimable; and though we allow them also to join these societies, to give them a fair chance of recovery, and while we rejoice in every instance of reformation, yet it were a hopeless measure to attempt to terminate the evil by attempting their reformation." This was said at a time anterior to the introduction of the total abstinence doctrine; and is now regarded in the light of a fallacious opinion. Drunkards, on the contrary,

by an entire interdict of all intoxicating *media*, can be, and are reclaimed, and that in a multitude of instances. The remedy is as certain as it is simple, and it is only the perpetuation of a doctrine, wrong in principle, and unwise and inexpedient in practice, to maintain the opposite view of the question. It was, and is still overlooked by many, that alcohol is the demoniacal spirit that reigns in the dark region of intemperance, and that against it, consequently, wherever found, the friends of temperance have to wage war. The day is gone by in which ignorance can, with the least shadow of propriety, be longer pleaded on this matter. The illustrious truth is at length gone forth to the world that poison lurks in the cup, in whatever form it meets the eye, however mixed for the lip. That evil is intimately blended with the observance of drinking usages and customs throughout the whole circle of domestic and social life. To predict the time when their influence will cease, were impossible. One thing, however, is certain, that they must be abolished before we reach, as a nation, that high elevation of character that will alone keep pace with the manifest nearer advances which are being made to a more perfect state of things.

The work before us is the result of a wise measure adopted by the executive committee of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, and which, although an unsuccessful competitor, claims no mean place as a literary effort. The author, in the introductory portion of the first chapter, unfolds the outline on which he has raised his masterly superstructure.—We extract the whole of the passage, not only to inform the reader of the writer's general view of the subject, but, also, to meet the objection occasionally urged against the principle, that education, if properly applied, would prove sufficiently efficacious to remove the evil.

"In this essay we shall produce facts which will most painfully demonstrate that in our day intemperance has assumed a most destructive character; indeed, is become the parent of most of the crimes which scourge the land. Some there are, no doubt, who will be startled at this conclusion. They

may say, 'Man is naturally depraved, and has been a murderer and a sensualist in ages proverbial for sobriety; and, therefore, if deprived of the impulse of this baneful spirit he will still be the same.' To this we reply, that if naturally depraved and disposed to commit every crime, then, surely, we need not add to his corrupt propensities the inspirations of alcohol. The strong man, it seems, is armed already and fully equipped for all the purposes of destruction, and therefore, we should imagine, that none but a demon would propose to make him worse. All will admit that, savage as the barbarian may be, intoxicating drinks will increase his rage a thousand-fold, and on that account ought to be withheld. But waiving this argument, on which at present we will not enlarge, we beg to remind our readers that the state of society is changed. Among heathen nations, whether enlightened or ignorant, the standard of morals was awfully low. In most instances their religion allowed, and the examples of their gods sanctioned, every species of cruelty and depravity. The votaries of Venus could hardly be expected to be chaste, nor the worshippers of Saturn, Jove, Mars, or Woden, to be humane or holy. The inspirations of alcohol were not needed to prompt these people to vice, or to arm them with unholy courage; their religions taught them to be wicked, and inebriated them with energy for the committal of whatever was cruel and depraved. They called 'evil good, and good evil.' By murders, adulteries, dishonesty, and revenge, they did their gods service. People educated in these schools of paganism could set but little value upon human life, upon personal purity, and the rights of property. But things are changed. The laws of Christianity are 'holy, just, and good.' Among Christian nations the murderer is a monster avoided by all; sensuality and revenge are condemned and threatened with the severest visitations of Divine indignation. Now, we all know the extensive influence of education. By its amazing power, the Hindoo, who is naturally so mild and gentle as to dread to deprive the meanest animal of life, is perverted into a murderer who feels a pleasure in applying the torch to the pile which is to consume his own mother to ashes. Indeed, what else is there which could have made such a vast difference in the manners, customs, and habits of the nations of the earth, except the different

school's in which they have been trained? Human souls are, for the most part, originally the same; climate and food cannot satisfactorily account for the diversity of human character, for the Christian can breathe every atmosphere which man can breathe, and live on every kind of food by which life can be supported, and yet be a Christian. And, further, his principles can make Christians out of men of every climate and of every mode of life. Education, therefore, forms the character of the man. Let us, then, bear this in mind; and duly consider that in Britain, imperfect as all our modes of training have hitherto been, we have certain religious principles current among us which are eminently humane, chaste, and holy, under whose sacred influences our national character has been wonderfully improved. Heathenism sears the conscience, but Christianity both enlightens it and renders it tender. In savage lands the murderer buries his dagger in the breast of his brother without any compunction, and the thief strips a neighbour of his all without any remorse. In those countries women forget the modesty of their sex, and voluntarily devote themselves to practices revolting to humanity. But in Christian nations things are different. The mind is awakened to a sense of right and wrong, and conscience is aroused to an authoritative empire in the soul. Many a struggle and many a mental-conflict must, therefore, be endured before sins of enormous turpitude can be perpetrated. He who has been trained in a Christian nation touches the pistol or the dagger with a trembling hand, approaches the person or property of another with a faltering step, and violates the laws of morality with hesitation. Hence, we conclude that, by a people taught but imperfectly in the doctrine of Christ, the more heinous offences that disgraced heathen nations will be avoided and abandoned, unless there be introduced among them some material or moral agency to vitiate their minds, and vanquish their convictions. And now, alas! it is our painful duty to show that such a malignant influence proceeds from the use of intoxicating drinks. Corrupted, ruined, and maddened by this inspiring fiend, men naturally humane, and early instructed in the school of the meek and lowly Saviour, have become murderers, sensualists, thieves, sabbath-breakers, and blasphemers. The common and natural effects of education and

religious restraint have been neutralised, and civilised man has been transformed into a barbarian. The history of the crimes of modern drunkards unfolds to us a page not less black and horrid than that of the most savage tribes. The tenderest and best of wives and mothers have been butchered, starved to death, or left to expire of a broken heart; the loveliest children have been poisoned, corrupted, deserted, or doomed to famine, ignorance, and ignominy in a land of plenty, knowledge, and philanthropy. Thousands have placed themselves, or been placed, beyond the possibility of relief. For who can help the drunkard so long as his vitiated appetite remains predominant? By men of education, talent, and rank, princely fortunes have been squandered, and the hapless spendthrifts themselves reduced to the last extremity of wretchedness."

In order to form a correct view of the subject it is obvious, that some definite idea should be attached to the nature of the evil. Without this, the premises will be wanting, on which all legitimate argument will have to be sustained. Hence, we find our author early takes occasion to afford a definition of, what is known by, the term intoxication.

"To intoxicate—a word derived from the Greek, *toxikon*, "a poisoned arrow,"—is to poison; but what renders this base particularly destructive is the fact, that it not merely infects the body but infests the mind. Under the influence of arsenic, or prussic acid, the unhappy victim is unfitted to be the destroyer of others; but inspired with alcohol, the body for a while is nerved, and the soul is armed for the perpetration of every vice. It may justly be termed a material demon, the vicegerent of the Prince of Darkness, to whose influence Satan would not hesitate to commit the empire of our world, knowing that his aid and superintendence, as a deceiver and destroyer, would not be needed so long as the bodies and souls of men were inflamed with alcohol."

Our author then proceeds in this and the two following chapters to enumerate, and amplify, some of the more prominent features of intemperance, as reported in the Parliamentary Enquiry on Drunkenness. In which will be found interspersed, some weighty remarks, that here, and in other por-

tions of the essay, give a peculiar originality to it. For instance, in reference to the widely misapplied notion of moderation, he observes:—

"Moderation is a term of very indefinite signification. The quantity which one man professes to use without injury would render another senseless or mad. Intoxication begins as soon as the first draught is taken; the liquor operates instantaneously through the nerves upon the brain, and commences its awful work of dethroning reason, inflaming the passions, and corrupting the heart. Scarcely has it been tasted but it begins to annihilate all that constituted the man, and to substitute, for the intellect and feeling which it has destroyed, the insinuations and inspirations of a fiend. The murderer drinks *moderately*: he takes enough to inspirit him for the deed, but not so much as would cause his sight to fail, or his hand to falter. The thief, to fit himself for his work, drinks *moderately*. Without the recklessness and demoniacal courage that alcohol gives, he would be unable to rob his neighbour, and to risk the consequences; and were he to drink too much, he would be too stupid to find his way to the house, or the property on which his heart is set. The female street-walker drinks *moderately*. Were she not to drink a little, she could not put on the brazen front which her pursuit demands; and were she to drink too much, her guilty paramours, sensual as they are, would be disgusted. It was under the influence of a *moderate* cup that the youth was beguiled or inflamed to cast in his lot with the murderer, the thief, or 'the stranger that flattereth with her lips,' and to commit crimes, for which the laws of his country, or the laws of God, the gallows, or disease, have mulcted him with death. We know that each of these violators of the laws of God and man is in the habit of indulging in intoxication; but then this is after their work is done, and their wages are obtained. The gains of unrighteousness never spend well. The thief and the murderer, and often the prostitute, are much more uncomfortable when they are rich than when they are poor; and as intoxication presents one of the readiest issues for their money, they drink and carouse until they have rid themselves of acquisitions which were a burthen. Besides, the intoxicating bowl has the mysterious power of drowning remorse, the sense of degradation, and the dread of punishment. Under its influence human beings can commit crimes at which demons must blush; and then can smile at infamy, death, and damnation. *Moderation* inspires them to become incarnate fiends, and intoxication makes them reckless

of consequences, and prevents their repentance and return to virtue! We would again ask, whether the moderate or immoderate use of bread, of animal food, or of the healthful atmosphere, would prompt or qualify persons of Christian education to the committal of these deeds? We boldly affirm, that among all the provisions that God has made for our *sustenance*, and among all the poisons that the ingenuity of man has extorted from these recesses in which the benevolence of nature had locked them up, there is not an article of diet or of death, that can exert powers of *corporeal, moral, spiritual, and eternal destruction*, to such an extent as intoxicating drinks. Satan tempted, and man fell; but it remained for inebriating substances to consummate our degradation and the ravages of the curse, and to neutralize the means for our restoration. To the wine-press, the malt-house, the mash-tub, and the distillery, belong the pre-eminence of having annually spread more disease, prompted to more crime, and led to more ruin, temporal and eternal, than the desolation of war, pestilence, and famine, put together. And when the Judge of the universe shall give to each human being according 'as his deeds shall be,' tremendous must be the responsibility of him who manufactured, sold, commended, or gave away a poison, which all knew had the stupendous power of slaying the body, corrupting the morals, and ruining the soul. With such consequences, temporal and eternal, before us, is it too much to call upon every one, who loves God or loves man, to abstain?"

The doctrine of total abstinence, as it is made to bear on the religious views and conditions of society, is invested with solemn moment. If our position be correct, and we have facts and admissions on all sides to support it, then it is high time that the church, in its every section, should arouse herself to exertion. On her the charge comes back, with peculiar force, that in watering others she, herself, has remained unwatered. Intemperance is found to be her bosom-sin. The altar has not remained unpolled, amid the wide-spread ravages of the evil. The shrine of Bacchus has been erected in the very midst of her consecrations, and thousands and tens of thousands, have bowed themselves down and worshipped. In vain the pulpit has uttered its anathema. The preacher himself has been, perhaps, partially clothed with the inspiration of the idolatrous god. How harmlessly the thunders of his eloquence fell, the private history of

every religious community will unfold. Of what avail was it that the most fearful exhibitions of the vice were held up as solemn warnings to a people, whilst those who placed themselves in the gap to slay the dire plague were, themselves, alike implicated. They could not, had they reflected, have held themselves guiltless. Their own hands were stained with the pollution, whilst they hesitated not to put the poisoned cup to their lips. Example is the great teacher of morals. And when this was wanting, the power of precept altogether failed. We are glad that our author has made no reserves on this point. For, if temperance is to flourish, and put forth its blossoms, the church, we hesitate not to affirm, must be the prime agent. If our reformation is to be associated with millennial hopes and expectations, the instrumentality must assimilate with the efforts that are already in vigorous action in our churches. This has been, from the first, the conviction of our Transatlantic brethren. They have always kept it in view, and without it know that they must sit down in hopeless despair. Many deal with the subject as though it were only a secular concern, affecting principally the present interests of men. This is by no means our opinion. We hold its chief influence, and that which in importance eclipses and swallows up every other, to be, its aspects on the soul of man. It is something more than a matter to be discussed on ordinary occasions; as one of convenience, expediency, or social advantage, of pecuniary profit, or reputation. Its aim is more vast, and its objects far more elevated. It is to roll back the tide of iniquity which, for ages, has been proceeding onwards, widening and deepening at every point of its progress, until it has scarcely left a trace of the moral grandeur, with which the fair regions, through which it has passed, were invested in primitive times. Our author says—

“Under the head of crime occasioned by these drinks, we must not pass over the fact, that so many professors of religion and ministers of the gospel, have fallen and lost their reputation in consequence of drinking. In these, more than in any other instances, we have an exemplification of the great danger of what is ambiguously called ‘moderate

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drinking.’ Many of these ‘who have erred through wine’ and strong drink, we have good reason to believe were partakers of divine grace, and therefore had supernatural power to withstand temptation, and yet they have been betrayed. Nor is this to be wondered at, if we consider the nature and insidious character of inebriating liquors. The liquid fire which exists in all of them produces thirst, and the inspiring poison acts immediately upon the stomach, the nerves, and the brain, and through these upon the intellect; but as the stimulus is neither nutritive nor permanently strengthening to the body, nor morally or intellectually invigorating to the mind, the material part of our nature is exhausted by the excitement, and the soul is prompted to vigorous action without a moral motive as its source, or mental vigour as its guide; nothing therefore is more easy than to fly again to the glass as a remedy for this unnatural thirst and debility; and under the unhallowed inspirations that are felt, to commit crimes at which the sober reason, and conscience of the professor would have been shocked. Thousands have thus fallen before they have been aware; and when a crime has been once committed, nothing is more easy than its repetition, especially if, as in this case, the spirit that betrayed us is deemed a necessary principle of stimulation to our frame. A thirst is created, which, like the daughter of the horse-leach, cries, ‘Give, give,’ and depression is felt which nothing seems so likely to remove as the tankard or the wine-glass; increasing thirst, unnatural excitement followed by unnatural debility, lead to increased potations, and eventually, sometimes rapidly, the drinking habit is perfected, and the ruin of the Christian or of the minister is completed. Let our church books be examined, let the numbers expelled from communion be counted, and the cause of their fall be fairly told, and we shall find that nineteen out of twenty of every act of backsliding and apostasy may be traced, directly or indirectly, to drinking. Let us also look round our congregations, and enumerate those opening buds of promise, which have been withered and blasted, and let us also inquire after the influence that destroyed our hopes, and the peace and respectability of the offenders, and we shall find that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, these besotting drinks have been the remote or proximate cause. I have seen the youthful professor, whose zeal, talent, respectability, and consistent piety, have promised much to the church and the world, led on from moderate to immoderate draughts, in the end become a tippler, dismissed from the church, disowned by his friends, himself a nuisance to society, and his family in rags. O Zion! ‘thy precious sons, comparable to fine gold,

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how are they,' through drinking, 'esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter?' I have seen the generous tradesman, by whose zeal for the gospel, and at whose expense, too, the ministers of religion have been introduced into a destitute village, and eventually a house erected for God, and a flourishing church formed, himself excluding himself from the church, by his love of strong drink. Would to God these instances were solitary! But, alas, they are not. Almost every church, and every minister have to weep over spiritual hopes blasted, and Christianity outraged by these noxious drinks. Nor must we conceal the fact, that the ministers of religion have fallen a prey to these accursed fluids. We have not the least doubt, if the fals of godly ministers were to be followed up to their origin that it would be found that the excitement which led to their ruin, was obtained from the wine-cask or beer-barrel. Men of first-rate talent, respectability, and apparent piety, men that could not ascend a pulpit without attracting crowds to hear the word, nor address an audience without the people's hanging on their lips, have had their ardour quenched, and their characters implicated by these desolating liquors. The fine gold has become dim; the voice of the lute and the harp, which delighted all, is silenced; the preacher that edified thousands is now dead while he liveth; the lips that fed many are not silent in death, but have been smitten dumb by alcohol; the spirit that inspirited the churches, is doomed to the grave before the man is dead; he who ought to be officiating in the sacred vestments of the sanctuary, is doomed to wear the shroud of death before Nature has paid her last debt; the father that taught him to drink has abandoned him, and the deacon that compelled him to take the glass that has been his destruction, has driven him from his door. We may say of these sons of Zion, 'Her Nazarites were purer than snow, they were whiter than milk, they were more ruddy in body than rubies, their polishing was of sapphire, but now they are not known in the streets.' We must here also observe, that if but one member of the church had backslidden, if but one angel of the church had fallen, or but one hopeful convert had been lost by the use of alcoholic drinks, the thought that only one had been betrayed and corrupted, ought to make us resolve to abstain. The consideration that what had destroyed one, might injure many, would, were not our hearts more than usually hard, prompt us to vow never to touch or taste again. But we have not to tell of one, but of many, that have been ruined. The ministers, the hopeful ministers of the sanctuary, that have fallen are not a few. And as to members and young people of the highest promise, that have been lost

to the church through drinking, these might be counted by thousands. Here we would not exaggerate, but would call on the ministers and officers of the churches to record the facts of drunkenness that have come under their own notice, and we query whether they will ever be able to put the intoxicating cup to their lips again."

The question of legislative enactment has been frequently adverted to, as a remedy for the mighty evil. That the subject comes within its legitimate scope, there can be no doubt. If in-noculation be considered inimical to the happiness of the community, surely intemperance can be viewed in no less favourable light. Our author meets the question, and observes:—

"How far the Legislature may be able to stay the widely spreading scourge, is a question that may be difficult to solve; something, doubtless, our senators might do, but as the evil is one of domestic custom and arrangement, the reformation must begin at home. Laws simply viewed as legislative enactments are not very powerful, and severe penalties in enforcing them, have in numberless instances aggravated the evil, when the tastes and passions of the people have been adverse to obedience. Even the laws of heaven are not obeyed, so long as the disposition of man is adverse to them, and hence the necessity of regeneration to change the moral taste and inclination of him who becomes the servant of God. Our legislators may make what laws they please, but the nation must be cured of its love of strong drinks before those laws will be heeded. As long as the parent, the friend, the minister, the Christian, the senator, calls for his ale, wine, or spirits, and drinks himself and commands the poison to others, the laws of God and man must be set at defiance. These destructive liquors deprive men of reason and self-control; debilitate the frame, and produce an insatiable appetite for more stimulus; inflame all the sensual appetites of our nature, and arm them with a giant's impetuosity, ruin men's health and circumstances, and render them reckless and desperate, so that they 'neither fear God, nor regard man;' and on a people thus bereft of health, intellect, moral feeling, and self government, laws are powerless, and legislative enactments against drunkenness mere waste paper. And why trouble our senators? They have already enough to do. Why raise and cherish a demon at our own fire-side, and then call upon parliament to destroy the fiend? Would it be wise for every family in the country to send for the eggs of the cockatrice, or the cubs of the tigress, to hatch and feed and cherish these destroyers until they bit and

poisoned and devoured our children, friends, and most valuable citizens, and then, after filling the land with reptiles and beasts of prey, to call upon the Queen and her parliament to sweep them away? Why introduce the monsters at all? To send for a plague worse than the cholera, and then call upon the Lords and Commons to drive it out of the land, is not acting like rational beings or Christians! Yet this is what we are doing, so long as we continue these drinks in any form in our houses. We teach our children to drink a liquor which poisons their bodies, their minds, and their morals; and then are astonished that government does not check, that religion does not control, and that God does not subdue the aboundings of vice. In obedience to the solicitations of this insatiable spirit, we throw ourselves, or hurl our children from the pinnacle of the temple, and wonder that God does not send his angels to prevent any injury; too inconsiderate to reflect that it is said, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' We are not to swallow poison ourselves, nor administer the same to others, and then expect a miracle from Heaven to extract the virus, or turn it into a blessing. Just as rational would it be to use and commend the use of arsenic or hemlock, and expect the senate to control or dilute and change these poisons, as to drink alcohol in any form or state, and call upon the government to save us from being destroyed. Let the reformation begin at home; let us sweep 'this leaven of malice and wickedness' from our houses; let us neither drink, nor recommend others to drink so pestilent a liquor; let us brand it with the deepest execration, and whether in the barrel, the pipe, or the punchon, let us write in the largest characters, the word **POISON** upon it, that our children may take warning, and then the evil will be banished, and we shall be a saved and a happy people. We shall then no longer look for legislators to work miracles, nor

presumptuously expect God to interfere to remove a scourge which a depraved taste and heart have prompted us to introduce. We shall presently show that neither wines nor ales are necessary to man, and shall fairly confute the delusive interpretations that have been put upon the wines mentioned in Revelation; and we shall also expose the great deception respecting the nutritious qualities of *ales, beer and porter*: but were we not capable of doing this, still the evils already detailed as the natural results of drinking, ought to constrain us to enter into a vow of total abstinence. Were wine *nectar*, were the nutriment of beer, *ambrosial*, or as capable of giving immortality to our bodies as the tree of life in the garden of Eden, still, if partaking of either would become an occasion of sin to ourselves or others, we ought to abstain. Paul said, 'He could wish himself accursed from Christ for his brethren after the flesh.' Jesus Christ sacrificed himself for the salvation of men; martyrs gave up life, and all that was dear to life, rather than encourage or patronise any *one sin* of their time;—but what claim can we lay to their spirit, their society, or their glory, if we refuse to part with a poison which has swept its millions from the face of the earth? Medical authorities, magistrates, police reports, and ecclesiastical calculations have demonstrated that every species of disease is originated, that crimes at which humanity blushes are perpetrated, that the church to a most awful extent is robbed of its members, and that death in every horrid and painful form is promoted by these accursed poisons; and if these facts are not sufficient to enkindle feelings of indignation toward such a pest, and prompt us to penitence and abstinence, there is reason to fear that we 'would not repent, though one rose from the dead.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TESTIMONIES AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

Desmoulin, a celebrated French physician, when on his death-bed, having called around him the most distinguished physicians of Paris, "Gentlemen," says he, "I leave behind me three great physicians;"—on their urging him to mention them, expecting probably to hear their own names, he briefly added, "**WATER, EXERCISE, AND DIET.**"

The Rev. John Wesley says, "That the men who traffic in ardent spirit, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners general; that they murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity or spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who would envy their large

estates, and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is on their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood, is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood. And canst thou hope, O man of blood, though thou art clothed in scarlet, and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day, canst thou hope to deliver down the fields of blood to the third generation? Not so—there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those, whom thou hast destroyed, both body and soul, thy memorial shall perish with thee."

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THE PRESS, THE LAW, AND THE PROFESSION.

SHAMEFUL PLOT AGAINST TEE-TOTALISM DETECTED.

THE venality of the newspaper press is notorious, and whilst the instances of flagrant corruption are many, those of uncompromising honesty are few. It is well known that some years ago, when the persecution of the unfortunate Queen Caroline was in its commencement, the proprietors of the most influential daily paper in London met to consider whether they should attack or defend her. To decide this point, they did not consider the question of the unhappy woman's guilt or innocence. They had met *as men of business*, upon a subject of money; and neither honour, nor benevolent feeling, nor even conscience itself, had any share in influencing their determination. Upon this occasion, the proprietors of the *Times* resolved that Queen Caroline should have their advocacy; but it was the result of no other than a base, selfish, and mercenary motive. This paper has recently attacked the *Dispatch*, the Leviathan of the weekly press, for its mischievous and immoral character. We are not political oracles, and shall say little upon the character of the *Dispatch*: but one thing, however, we hesitate not to declare, viz., that whilst there is much in the *Dispatch* which it would grieve us either to write or sanction, we would infinitely rather have the character of the editor of the *Dispatch* than that of the editor of the *Times*. Whatever may be the faults of the *Dispatch*, it has not the crime of hypocrisy—it does not pretend to be a religious paper—it does not assume the garb of virtue as a cloak for deliberate political profligacy—it does not

"With devotions visage,
Sugar o'er the devil himself."

The *Dispatch* works fearlessly on its own notions of what is right; and whilst the *Times* can be bought by any man, who can and will go to its price, we believe that the *Dispatch* is unpurchaseable. Originally, it was a paper of great authority, and in great favour amongst those who encouraged and

practised the brutal exhibitions of the pugilistic ring; but, manifestly, to its own serious injury, it has for some years done its utmost to suppress those beastly displays; and at present, when such strenuous efforts are being made to revive the atrocious customs of the boxers, it is doing more than any other public journal to prevent the revival of those demoralizing scenes. We have been led into these remarks by an extraordinary paragraph in a Northern newspaper, to which our attention has been called. It appeared in the *Northern Star* of the 17th of October, from the pen of the London correspondent of that paper, and is as follows:—"In a communication which I made to the *Northern Star* some weeks since, (but which pressure of matter, I presume, caused to be omitted,) I mentioned the fact, that some of the wealthy brewers and distillers have engaged clever persons to lecture and write against the temperance progress. I have since been made acquainted with a circumstance that shows how deeply anxious these parties are to stay the progress of teetotalism, which is making such a sensible diminution in the revenue, that 'the excise is no longer fattened with the rich result of riot,' and no longer can it be said that

* Ten thousand casks,
For ever dribbling out their base contents
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.*

A manuscript on the anti-temperance question was LATELY PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE EDITOR OF AN INFLUENTIAL LONDON WEEKLY JOURNAL, WITH AN INTIMATION THAT ANY SUM WHATEVER WOULD BE PAID FOR ITS INSERTION, AND FOR THE EDITOR'S ADVOCACY OF THE SENTIMENTS; the MS., however, was returned, with a reply that no sum whatever would purchase the advocacy in that paper of any opinions which the conductors did not conscientiously entertain. Soon afterwards the pamphlet, handsomely printed and ornamented in gold, was sent to the editor, for review, accompanied by an

autograph letter from one of the 'alcoholic nobility,' (as the tee-totalers term the gin-spinning baronets,) *even more pressing than before, soliciting a favourable notice of the work.* Again the parties were unsuccessful; and, with the exception of some desultory notices, now and then, in obscure prints, the production may be said to be a 'still-born' affair."

Upon perusing this, we had serious doubts as to its truth. We scarcely thought it possible that the "alcoholic nobility" would so far commit themselves. Moreover, we are not altogether unacquainted with the manner in which "the London correspondents" of country newspapers "make up" their communications—frequently with much zeal for novelty, and too often without sufficient caution as to the truth or unfoundedness of what they write. But every doubt as to the accuracy of the above statement in the *Northern Star* was soon removed; the name of the paper to which the distiller's pamphlet was forwarded, was stated to us by a literary friend, who was thoroughly cognizant of the transaction; and we have not the slightest hesitation in corroborating the truth of the entire of the *Star's* announcement. In order that there may be no charge of equivocation in this matter against us, we will at once state the name of the paper—it was the *WEEKLY DISPATCH*. The facts require little comment. They show the alarm which has seized the manufacturers of gin; and they also show the lengths to which they are prepared to go, in order to perpetuate the bondage of the people under the tyranny of those destructive drinking customs which have occasioned so much misery and woe. In their recklessness, the gin-spinners aimed at gaining over to their side, the weekly journal which has by far the largest circulation of any in this or any other country. It deserves the highest praise for the dignified repulse which it gave to their designing offer. What did that offer amount to? Was it not the proffer of a bribe? If it had been accepted, the money received would, most likely, have been tendered as if in payment for an advertisement; and if the conductors of the *Dispatch* had acted in this matter, as the *Times* did in the case of

Queen Caroline, they would quietly have pocketed the cash. Repulsed, but not daunted, the advocates of gin, or rather of the gin trade, made another effort with the *Dispatch*, and that was as unsuccessful as the former one. We know not how to express our admiration of this disinterested conduct on the part of the *Dispatch* editor. Of that paper, we are by no means the unqualified admirers; but in the case before us, it exhibited an honesty, a solemn regard for duty, and a spurning of ill-gotten gain, which it would be well if all other newspapers could be induced to imitate. Great merit is due to the *Northern Star* for having been the first to announce to the public this attempt of the gin-ocracy to poison the sources from which, in a great degree, the notions of mankind are derived. When Julian, the apostate, sought to destroy christianity, he began by closing the schools of the Christians. The gin distillers cannot close or pervert our schools in which total abstinence either now is, or will, ere long, be taught as a pleasure and a duty; but, to a great extent, they may gain over the press, which, next unto the schools, is possessed of the strongest influence in framing the minds and directing the conduct of mankind. This press, the gin-distillers will secure if they can, by money, do so; for they are immensely wealthy, and will gladly sacrifice a portion of it to preserve the rest.

Though the effort "to buy" the advocacy of the *Dispatch* was not successful, they will purchase the influence of other more needy and less honest papers; and they will so direct it, as to exercise a most pernicious influence upon society. Nor is it only by the perversion of the press, that they will seek to uphold their mischievous calling. In every department and pursuit of life they will have their dependant emissaries. Even the sanctuary is not, and we fear will not be free from those who, by not labouring for the extirpation of the use of strong drinks, are indirectly sanctioning sin, and holding out inducements to drunkenness. In London, there are, at all times, many men of considerable talents and acquirements who are in search of employment. It is seldom that such persons can procure an engagement in accordance with

their inclinations, and they are often driven to accept what they can get, because they find it impossible to obtain what they would desire. Many a truly deserving man is thus frequently compelled to associate himself with pursuits, in connexion with which he blushes to find his name. Again, London always abounds with needy adventurers; men without any fixed principles, with little knowledge, and with scarcely any other qualification than that of pretending to know every thing, and of being willing to undertake any thing. From these classes, the ginocracy will at all times find it easy to select persons ready to write and lecture in their favour. We do not say that those who are now lecturing against tee-totalism are persons of objectionable character; but, in all cases, it would be well to ascertain what were their habits, and their means of living, previously to their becoming preachers of drunkenness. Nothing enables a man to speak so decisively upon any subject as *experience*. What *experience* have the lecturers against tee-totalism had of that against which they so learnedly argue? They *may*, and most probably *do*, most intimately know all that pertains to *drunkenness*. It would be unwise to doubt the extent of their personal experience in **THIS** department. But where is their **TEE-TOTAL EXPERIENCE**? What do they *practically* know of it, as it has never been practised by them? What they know of drunkenness they will not disclose—of tee-totalism they have no knowledge; and hence to what consideration or regard are their lectures entitled? But on the other hand, go to a tee-total meeting, and listen to the plain unvarnished tale of the reclaimed drunkard. To him, the miseries of drunkenness and the sweets of sobriety are alike *practically* familiar—in *both* he has had **EXPERIENCE**; and how much more are his statements entitled to notice, than those of a hired lecturer who has had *no* experience in one branch of his subject, and who disingenuously conceals, or wickedly distorts the experience he has had in the other? The *Northern Star* thus describes one of the anti-tee-total lecturers at present engaged in London. It says—"The brewing and distilling interests have found a worthy

champion in the person of a gentleman of the Emerald Isle, who, having been educated for the Church, came to England with the prefix of '*Reverend*,' and commenced his career as the eloquent advocate of Socialism; on the failure of Mr. Owen's labour-exchange in the Gray's Inn Road, the gentleman 'dropped' the Reverend, for the *affiche* of '*Esquire*;' in short, as Byron says, 'he had turn'd his coat, and would have turn'd his skin;' for now again we find him as '*The Reverend*' *opponent of tee-totalism*, which he predicts 'will end in consumption, though he shall use his best efforts to cause it to die of *apoplexy*!' Who this *Reverend Esquire* may be, we know not; neither is it material to inquire; but of such suitable advocates, the anti-tee-totalers will find no difficulty in procuring an abundant supply.

Whatever be the opinions entertained by our readers as to the *Dispatch* and the *Northern Star*, (and we express none respecting either of them,) they cannot fail to notice with gratification, that two papers, with so vast a circulation, are the friends of the temperance cause. Reverting to the fact which called these remarks into existence, we beg our readers to keep it in their memory. Let them use it to show how the gin-distillers wince under the progress of tee-totalism; let it be remembered as a convincing proof, that the said distillers are resolved, regardless of expense, to retard the advancement of the tee-total cause; and that for this end they have hired declaimers, and are seeking to **BRIBE** the public press. Let the tee-totalers be mindful of this, and then, as they value fair dealing, sobriety, and virtue, their exertions for the sustainment and spread of tee-totalism, and for the overthrow of the distillers' conspiracy against it, will be bold, manly, open, generous, and unremitting.

THE TEE-TOTAL ALE TASTER.

CERTAIN newspapers are delighted when an opportunity presents itself which enables them to raise a laugh at the expence of tee-totalism. If a drunkard be brought up for magisterial correction, and if at the instance of some bribing pot-boy he avows himself a

fallen tee-totaler, the fact is duly noted and is set forth to the public as if it were of as much importance as the fall of Beyrout, or of the fortress of Gibael. Many instances of this might be advanced, but they are not necessary to corroborate a truth, of which few can entertain a doubt.

A case has very recently occurred which deserves special notice. There is in it the ground of much serious thought for Christians.

In one of the metropolitan parishes a respectable tee-totaler was called upon a few days ago to act as "ale conner" or "taster," for the parish in which he resides. To this he had a strong and conscientious objection; for he could not go from tavern to tavern tasting ale, without a violation of his pledge as a total abstainer. He stated his scruples to the magistrate, who seemed little inclined to regard them. This tee-totaler was compelled either to pay a heavy fine, or to be sworn in as an ale-conner; and he chose the latter. These are the broad outlines of the case. It is not necessary to record the jokes and the dull attempts at wit which were made whilst the case was being heard. Magisterial Solons may consider them not unworthy the justice-seat; but, in our opinion, they would be an encumbrance to the pages of any respectable publication.

We are not exactly prepared to say that our tee-total brother acted quite right. There are many who would not, under any circumstances, have sworn to do that, which, in their conscience, they knew they ought not to do. There are hundreds who would have shown the spirit of John Thorogood, and who would have cheerfully borne personal confinement and the "spoiling of their goods," rather than submit to what they ought not to bear. If the tee-totaler, in this case, had refused to take the oath of office, and if the fine had been imposed, he would have been a noble instance of the uncompromising power of principle. The sympathy of every tee-totaler would have been thrown round him, and it would have been shown to the world that he valued the consolations of his pledge more than the contents of his purse.

It may be said that to perform the duty of ale-taster, was incumbent upon him as a social obligation, imposed by the law and for society. This may be true; but no civil obligation can be enforced at the expence of moral rectitude. The Pagan emperors of Rome made it a legal obligation on the first Christians, to sacrifice to their idols; but the Christians did not do so; and they braved all the horrors of martyrdom rather than act inconsistently with their convictions.

But we are by no means disposed to speak harshly of our tee-total friend—the involuntary ale-taster. He may have, and doubtlessly has, certain considerations which justify him before his own conscience, for the step he has taken. With these, it is neither our wish nor our province to interfere. He is, however, an "ale-conner," duly and formally sworn, as the law directs; and, ere this, we presume, he has begun to consider respecting the performance of his duty.

"Ale-conners" are so called from an old Saxon word, signifying to *know*. This office is connected with the old courts leet, manor courts, or courts of frank pledge; and it is their duty to see that the ale offered for sale, is good and wholesome, free from all deleterious and adulterating ingredients. Ale was formerly sold in the public market. The barrels were "shot" and exposed, in the same manner as cheese in a country fair, and were offered for sale like any other commodity. The ale-tasters, wearing gowns and carrying staves, inspected every barrel; and according to the strikes of malt each barrel contained, a price was by them put upon it, and at that price it was sold. Hops are but of recent introduction into England; and before they were used, ale frequently became "*rotten*." At a very early period, the adulteration of ale was resorted to, and *collo quintida* and worm-wood were freely used to produce the bitterness which hops impart. Much of the ale and beer was however brewed sweet; and a bitterness was given to it, by the use of a sprig of rosemary when persons were drinking it. Of all kinds of ale, whether bitter or sweet, mild or strong, the ale-conners were the judges and the fixers of the price. Any ale which was

unmerchtable and rotten, or adulterated, they condemned and seized. They were sworn to do so, and *such are still the terms of their oath of office*. This being the case, our friend, the teetotal ale-taster, has the prospect of plenty of employment before him for the approaching winter. As a teetotaler, he believes that all ale is injurious; he *knows* that the stuff sold by the publicans is nothing but diluted poison; that it is adulterated with deleterious ingredients; and that it ought not to be sold, inasmuch as it is injurious to the health, and destructive to the lives of the public. The new ale-taster knows all this, and he has *taken an oath* to act upon his knowledge. Without fear, favour, or affection, and unbiassed by fee or reward, he is *bound* to present as unmerchtable and injurious, all malt liquors which he believes to be so. We have no doubt he will do his duty honestly, like a man who regards the obligation of the oath he has taken. He will certainly put the magistrates in a novel position; they will have to regard the laws of chemistry as well as the laws of the statute book; they will have to resort to an apparatus for analyzation, as well as to Burns' "Justice"; and rosy-gilled aldermen, fresh from the champagne of civic revelry, will have to watch the process by which the constituent parts of treble X are developed. The teetotal ale-taster has indeed a great work before him; and if he displays the activity we have a right to anticipate, many who are now laughing at his appointment, will have occasion, as the old proverb has it, to laugh on the other side of their faces. They will find they have committed as great a mistake in making a tee-totaler an ale-conner, as they would have done, if they had made a Jew a churchwarden.

MEDICAL OPINIONS

ON

THE EFFECTS OF OPIUM AND ALCOHOL.

AT a meeting of the Westminster Medical Society, held in December, 1839, under the presidency of Dr. Chowne, this subject was brought under consideration by Mr. Downing. His object was chiefly to point out the injurious effects which opium taken

habitually, either by being swallowed or by inhalation, exerted upon the physical and mental energies. With this view, he advanced a great number of facts from the works of various Eastern travellers, the accuracy of whose descriptions he had been able to verify by personal observation. With these facts so humiliating to human nature, and so awfully indicative of God's vengeance upon vicious indulgences, we presume that most of our readers are familiar. The effects produced by opium eating are very similar to those which flow from the consumption of alcohol; and the points in which they differ are not easily discovered. Mr. Downing said upon the subject—"They both stimulated the nervous system to an unnatural degree, and when the pleasurable sense of excitement was over, they both left a relaxation of the nervous system, and an undue depression of both the bodily and mental powers. They both disordered the digestive functions, predisposed to other diseases, and materially shortened the period of life. In order to keep up the same degree of excitement, a greater quantity of each must be used, the oftener it was indulged in; so that, if once the appetite were formed, constantly increasing indulgence was necessary, and almost inevitable. The desires were the only standards for estimating quantity. They both stupified and deranged the intellectual powers, and debased the moral attributes. All the injuries inflicted by alcohol, however, were increased in a ten-fold degree by the use of opium. In one, there was a limit to the quantity taken; in the other, the quantity was unlimited. The spirit drinker had some short intervals of repose; the swallower of opium none, his being a life of perpetual excitement. In one, the habit might be broken off—many a drunkard had been cured of his propensity to intoxication; but there was scarcely one known instance of escape from the toils of opium, when once they had firmly enveloped a man. Opium eating, he believed, was increasing in this country."

Mr. Rutherford Alcock held that there is no essential difference between the effects of opium and alcohol when taken habitually. They might be con-

sidered merely as offering a variety in the stimulus applied, the only difference, if any difference did exist between them, being in the intensity with which they acted.

Dr. Johnson said, in regard to the increased consumption of opium in England, that it had been discovered by the insurance offices that the sale of opium *had increased in a direct ratio with the increase of tee-totalism.*

This is a bold assertion, and we should like to know upon what authority Dr. Johnson made it. It must be the result of some nice calculation, or so precise a conclusion would not have been arrived at. Where then are the facts—the returns—the statistical tables upon which the calculation is based? What means have the insurance offices of knowing the quantity of opium consumed? Doctor Johnson himself seems to be aware that his statement was not founded upon satisfactory evidence of its truth; for, immediately after the above sentence, he says, “some measures were about being adopted for the purpose of getting *more accurate* information upon the subject.” This *more accurate* information, may induce the Doctor to change his opinion as to the connexion between opium and tee-totalism; and hence, to say the very least, he has been hasty, if not unjust, in promulgating an opinion hostile to tee-totalism, for which there may not be the slightest foundation. This allegation, made by Doctor Johnson, did not long go uncontradicted, for Mr. Winslow was present, and stated that there is no statistical evidence to show that the consumption of opium had increased in England. This broad and bold assertion afforded Doctor Johnson an opportunity of bringing his insurance office evidence forward, but he did not do so. He probably considered it prudent to wait for the “*more accurate information*,” of which he had previously spoken. But whilst Mr. Winslow held that the evidence was imperfect as to the consumption of opium, he added, that “we have abundant evidence to prove the injurious effects of spirits.” He said, “Dr. Gordon had declared that 70 per cent. of the cases admitted into the London Hospital had their origin in spirit drinking. Two-thirds of the cases of insanity which occurred,

might be traced to the same source. Out of 495 insane persons in the Liverpool asylum, 257 owed their insanity to drunkenness. In the Richmond Hospital, Dublin, out of 286 cases, 185 arose from the same cause. How very rare was it for opium eating to produce mania! He gave the palm to *intoxication by alcoholic fluids, in the amount of the production of evil.*”

ARRIVAL OF FATHER MATHEW IN LONDON.

WE have been somewhat unceremoniously taken to task by a weekly co-temporary for announcing that FATHER MATHEW might be expected in London in the middle of November. We have only to say, that we had the very best possible authority for making our statement. We had the authority of Father Mathew himself, as communicated by an inestimable clergyman in Ireland, who is completely in his confidence. As this is a monthly publication, we were not able to state, until the present occasion, that the visit of Father Mathew is necessarily postponed. One co-temporary snappishly contradicted us, as if we had never had any authority upon the subject. To show that all information is not exclusively in the possession of our respected fellow-labourer, we beg to subjoin the following extract from a letter we have received from Ireland:—

“When I arrived in Dublin on the 29th of last August, I met my friend, Father Mathew. I told him how anxious the people of England were to have him among them, and that in consequence of his determination, expressed to me previously to my departure for London, of visiting the British capital, I had mentioned to many English friends that they might expect him in July or August, and that there was great disappointment in consequence. Father Mathew then said, ‘I shall go over, please God, in October.’ This I wrote to my friend, O.B., adding, that I would accompany the Apostle of Temperance. I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Mathew since the 2nd of this month, (October,) when he told me that several engagements, and the many intreaties of the clergy and bishops of Ireland to visit their districts, would prevent him crossing the Channel at the time appointed. He is engaged to preach for the benefit of some chapels in this neighbourhood, some time in December. I do therefore believe he will not be enabled to leave Ireland until early in the spring. I shall convey to you the earliest intelligence. He is, in truth, a worker of wonders.”

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

AUTOMATON COFFEE URN.—If this Urn reaches the august presence of the grand Sultan, high honors are certainly in store for Mr. Platow, of Hatton-garden,—for as regards the great principle of coffee making, he may truly exclaim. “*eureka*,” “I have found it.” By this “Automaton Urn,” we find that the sober berry of Turkey is in a fairer way than Ireland is, for obtaining—“*justice*.” In this age of “inventions,” the display of novelties in the windows of our shops, imparts to our streets the appearance of galleries of curiosities. These novelties owe their parentage more to the whims, than to the wants of men: but the “Automaton Urn” is pleasing and useful: gratifying to the sight and pleasurable to the taste; at once a favorite with the eye and the palate. When we first saw an engraving of the Automaton, we were puzzled to guess for what it was intended. It seemed to partake of the elegance and beauty of some of the racing cups which figure so conspicuously in the sporting journals; and yet it was evidently meant for some ordinary and useful purpose. An engraving of it accompanies our present number; and the following description of it, and of its performances, will no doubt excite in the reader a wish to form a more intimate acquaintance with it. The upper part of the machine is a vase, which may be made either of glass or of metal. At the lower end of this vase, by means of the handles or levers which are seen in the engraving, acting upon a felt-washer, it is almost instantly made air-tight. At this neck of the vase there is also a perforated plate, which acts as a filter. The part below the vase is simply a metallic vessel, and to nearly the bottom of it there runs, from the neck of the vase above, a tube narrow and straight, like the pipe of a common funnel. Underneath this vessel is a place for a lamp. Such is the simple construction of the “Automaton.”—And we have now to describe the equally simple mode of using it. In the first place,—the glass and the urn

should be heated before the boiling water is applied. This may be done, by first passing through them a cup of warm water, which, if of a moderate heat, has the effect of rendering the glass less liable to break from the sudden change caused by pouring boiling water into it when in a perfectly cold state. Then screw the vase tight, and pour into it as much boiling water as you desire to produce coffee; slacken the screw, and the water will descend into the urn; then tighten the screw, and introduce the lamp underneath, and place the proper quantity of coffee upon the filter, which is inserted at the bottom of the vase. In a short time the boiling water will be forced up through the inner tube by the elastic pressure of the steam, into the glass vase, and boil the coffee. In a minute or two the operation will be complete. Then withdraw the lamp, when the steam in the urn will condense, and the coffee will descend through the filter into the urn in a highly clarified state. On loosening the screw, the coffee may be drawn off for use.

This is, indeed, making coffee upon philosophical principles, and the process by which so delightful a draught is prepared, serves at the same time to illustrate steam and to gratify luxury. There is in making coffee, more art than many imagine. That which constitutes the pleasure of coffee drinking, consists, first, of its aromatic flavour, which is weakened or lost by *too much* boiling; and, secondly, its exciting qualities, which are not fully drawn out if the coffee is boiled *too little*. The great point, therefore, is, to hit upon the proper medium, and to boil it *just enough*. This is the great secret which Mr. Platow has discovered. The advantages of his invention have been thus described in No. 866, of the *Mechanic's Magazine*, an excellent, if not the highest authority in such matters.

“1. Owing to the rapidity with which the coffee is extracted by the means above described, the medicinal or stimulating quality of the berry is obtained, and the aroma is preserved.

"2. The coffee is always of a clear bright amber colour, and does not want fining.

"3. The result, depending as it does on unerring physical laws,—is, and must be uniform, and the coffee can never be spoiled by the unskilfulness or carelessness of servants."

Fining coffee has been much studied, but never before has it been brought to such perfection. The application of isinglass, &c., is known not to have succeeded. In Count Romford's much puffed-off Percolator, the coffee is placed in a strainer, and boiling water is *merely poured on it*. Thus the coffee is not boiled: its strength therefore is not extracted, and the coffee *cools* in the process. In Platow's Urn, the pressure of the atmosphere draws the coffee liquor through the grounds and the filter, with great force and rapidity. It is thus perfectly *fined*: all the strength is extracted, and the coffee is kept quite hot. So strong is the action of the air upon the grounds which rest above the filtering plate, that they are formed into a hard cake. Some of the "Urn" are made so as to be used on a common fire, and these are well calculated for the humbler classes. They are considerably cheaper than the others, but are the same in principle and detail with those which are most costly. The cheap ones must be taken off the fire when the boiling is completed, the same as that of withdrawing the lamp from beneath the more expensive ones.

The best coffee will be spoiled, unless it is properly made. Servants cannot be brought to think that so simple a thing as coffee-making requires any skill; and we should not be very far wrong, if we said that many staid matrons and hasty young ladies are of the same erroneous opinion. To convince these of their error, we would only ask them to taste a cup of coffee made in the ordinary manner, and then to take one manufactured upon the unerring principles of Platow's Urn.

We have tried this experiment, with coffee procured from Youens' celebrated establishment, 46, Ludgate-hill, (a coffee depôt at which every genuine

coffee drinker should purchase) and we are satisfied that neither the old coffee-pot, nor Rumford's Percolator, are any more to be compared with Platow's Urn, than is a pincushion with Olympus. What is done under the eye of the mistress of a house is sure to be done well; and what is done by her own hands will be done better still. By means of Platow's portable machine, every lady may be her own coffee maker. During the process, the bubbles of the German Spas will be seen in miniature, and a real hot fountain will be displayed, now emitting a fragrant odour, and immediately after pouring forth a rich transparent stream of exquisite flavour. If we mistake not, this "Urn" is destined to work a reform which is much needed in the present mode of *taking coffee*. How cold and selfish—how unsatisfactory and unsociable a fashion it is to see servants bring in and hand round a tray covered with diminutive cups half filled with coffee, made no body knows how or by whom. The custom we condemn, arises from the absence of any plan by which coffee may be readily made in the parlour or in the drawing-room. It has hitherto been considered a task for the servant, and not for the lady, upon whom devolved "the achievement of the honors." Mr. Platow has the gratification to reflect that his Urn will lead to a better, a more *social*, and a more *English* fashion. The better taste of the day is displaying itself in the emancipation of the arms of the ladies from the unsightly *en gigot* encumbrances, in which, to the detriment of their charms, but for the benefit of the sempstress and the haberdasher, they have been so long enveloped;—and we doubt not that, ere long, many and many a fair and well rounded arm will be gracefully occupied in preparing from Platow's Urn, "the cup which cheers but not inebriates;" and even though the Sultan may confer no honours on Mr. Platow for his invention, he will have that which he no doubt values more, viz. the thanks of the thousands of the matrons and maidens of his own country.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

WE pretend not to give even an abstract of the vast number of meetings which are daily held, in favour of the Tee-total Cause, in every part of England. Never did any movement meet with such acceptance from the people. Persons of every age and condition are flocking to the standard of sobriety. If this publication were five times its size, and if it were exclusively devoted to notices of tee-total meetings, it would, notwithstanding, be quite impossible to convey an adequate idea of their character, their importance, and their beneficial effects. To report the meetings which are held in London alone, every week, would fill a good sized volume. It will scarcely be credited, but it is, nevertheless, an undeniable fact, that close upon ONE HUNDRED MEETINGS to forward the good cause, are held every week in the metropolis and its immediate vicinity. The number of meetings being so large, will at once convince our readers of the utter impracticability of our attempting to chronicle them, even in a brief form, suffice it to say, that they are going on "conquering and to conquer." Every day the number of their friends is increased, and more accurate opinions concerning their principles are entertained. Christian churches, of every denomination, are receiving large accessions of new members; and, in fact, the cause is every where, and in every manner, progressing with a rapidity, and establishing itself with a fixedness worthy of its sacred character. Amongst the few meetings which we have been able to record, that at Norwich cannot fail to attract particular notice. The speech of the Prelate who presided, is indeed a truly Christian display. When will others of the Episcopal bench "walk worthy of the vocation in which they are called," by imitating the example of this truly pious and philanthropic man?

NORWICH.—On the 21st ult. a splendid public festival was celebrated in St. Andrew's Hall. Upwards of 500 persons sat down to tea, and other refreshments. After tea a public meeting took place, the Lord Bishop of Norwich in the chair. Excellent speeches were delivered by Mr. Wiseman president of the auxiliary, by Mr. Church of Yarmouth, Mr. J. W. Green of London, the Rev. J. Benley of Stoke, Mr. Crawford of London, &c., &c. The following are extracts from the speech of the Right Rev. Prelate who occupied the chair. The importance of his Lordship's testimony, and the station which he fills entitle his remarks to the utmost consideration. He said he was a friend to the total abstinence principle to the fullest extent of the long pledge, and of the short pledge he was alike the friend, because both were calculated to lessen and subdue the worst passions of men. He held an account in his hand, in which it was stated that out of 348 felonies, 121 had been committed under the influence of intemperance; and of assaults, which were generally the sudden ebullition of passion; out of 167, there were 107 that had been committed under the influence of strong drink.—But he would not go round the world, or even to the continents that form this quarter of the globe; but would confine his observations to one or two counties in Great Britain. First, our own country,—here they had a report most favourable to the temperance cause—they had 500 reformed drunkards in the county of Norfolk. Was that nothing? (Cheers.) Let the ob-

jectors to temperance societies say temperance societies were useless, and then let them glory in their shame. (Hear, hear.) At East Dereham they had now a good society, many of whom were there that day, and 16 of them were reformed and reclaimed drunkards, who had heretofore been heaping misery and vice upon their families, but who now brought within their dwellings happiness and peace, and cheerfulness, and, he hoped, religion. (Much cheering.) From Lincolnshire they heard a good report. Many societies had sprung up, and the pulpits of many of the churches had been occupied for the promotion of the temperance cause; and he would say, God grant that he might see the day when not only every pulpit in his own diocese, but every other in the country, would be occupied for the promotion of the cause of temperance in their respective congregations. (Cheers.) Let them go to the Land's End, in Cornwall, and they would find the same improvements going on there, partly, as he contended, because the Cornish people were a well educated people, which made them more easily influenced by the reasonings of temperance advocates. In St. Ives alone, there were 259 reclaimed drunkards, and though many of them traded to Ireland, and were exposed to strong temptations, there were 249 that strictly adhered to the pledge. (Cheers.) Turn to Scotland: in Glasgow alone there were 15,000 temperance members, though they had a powerful warfare to carry on with 2,700 beer-shops and public-houses, who were strenuously

endeavouring to promote the cause of drunkenness and intemperance. It was needless to remind them of Ireland. (Cheers.) Ireland was once proverbial for her drunkenness, but now as proverbial for her sobriety. And to whom were they indebted for this? to an individual who was of a different religion to himself, of whose religious sentiments he did not approve, but as an honest man, he felt bound to bestow praise where praise was due, agreeing as they did in this one great object,—it was of FATHER MATHEW he spoke.—(Cheers.) He had, in the course of his proceedings, slighted, and even strongly suspected Father Mathew: he doubted his sincerity, and, he believed, added his voice to the slander and defamation that was heaped upon him by prejudiced individuals. He had done it in ignorance, but his object was to have every man fairly tried and examined before he was condemned, and he had therefore been determined to examine both sides, and Father Mathew had come forth from the ordeal free from taint or suspicion. (Cheers.) Hearing him defamed on all hands, he had written to him himself, to make assurance doubly sure; and his reply was such as did honour to him as a man and a Christian. So much for Father Mathew, and he should be wanting in duty and respect if he did not esteem so good a man, and give him his best wishes in eradicating the evils of his country. To those who were in the habit of finding fault with Father Mathew he would say, "Go ye, my friends, and do likewise." (Hear, hear.) It was objected to temperance societies that they were not supported by religion; were that true, temperance societies would only do half their work; but he knew they made way for religion, and the greater part of those that had taken the pledge were also attendants at different places of worship. This he could state from his own experience and observation. Having bestowed so much praise, he would now administer a little blame. He would say, "Be at peace amongst yourselves." (Hear, hear.) He (the Bishop) was a temperance man; but some liked the *short* pledge, while some preferred the *long* one. He looked to nothing of this sort, considering that each was fighting under the same banner, and he hoped they would not quarrel amongst themselves, but direct their forces against the great adversary. We were too much in the habit of fostering divisions, and thereby prevented that great amount of good which might be effected by union. This disunion was seen in the question of education, in the British and Foreign Bible Society, and other institutions; and he thought the consequence was in a great measure to check the good that would otherwise be done by these institutions, if all were of one mind, looking only

to the good that was to be effected, each anxious to prove how they could best prevent evil from irrigating and spreading over the land (Hear.)

His Lordship then said he regretted that he had to allude to a sad and sorrowful circumstance that had lately taken place in this city, in connexion with the Norfolk and Norwich Races. It had been the lot of many to witness the intoxication and demoralization that had been directly or indirectly brought annually upon the city by them. He assured them he would do all that he possibly could to do away with them in future, considering that they demoralized the populace. He knew that by saying this he should be accused of being unfriendly to the recreations and amusements of the people. But during his whole life, and that had not been a short one, he had done the utmost in his power to support and advance the rational and manly sports of this great empire, but those to which he referred were only to be reprobated, being disgraceful and degrading in the highest degree. He had heard that upwards of £2,000 had been spent in those three days—great part of it was poured down their throats in intoxicating drink; not only destroying the comfort of their families and their homes at the time, but spending wastefully as much as would find every poor distressed family with coals during the whole winter. Was he to be contradicted when he said that this general demoralization was the result of the Norwich Races? he had the evidence of his own senses. Or was he to shut up that evidence and believe there was no intoxication? He heard too, complainings from the poor themselves; and had no doubt, though he had been told to the contrary, of the great evils these races produced. He lamented, in common with many of the benevolent and Christian portion of the community, that such amusements as they were called, had ever been introduced. (His Lordship sat down amidst loud cheering.) An influential society was formed, and many meetings held during the week.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—This society progresses well. At a meeting at the school-rooms, St. Paul's, Vauxhall, the Rev. Mr. Witty said, he distinctly and energetically declared that there was nothing sectarian or exclusive in their society, and hoped that there never would be. He then concluded by shewing the advantages of such societies, as set forth in the houses of the reclaimed, and in the additional attendances on divine service; and pressed upon all present to set an example of Christian consistency by abstaining from that which is evil, and cleaving to that which is good.—Mr. Mingaye Syder delivered a very scientific and effective address.—The

Rev. J. Lupton, Rector of St. Michael's, Queenshithe, the other clerical secretary of the society, addressed the meeting in a strain of true benevolence and Christian charity.—The Rev. R. Shutte, of St. Mary's, Newington, likewise stated his approval of the principles of the society, and his desire for their diffusion and success; and said he would then and there sign the pledge of the society.—It would have been one of the most unexceptionable, interesting, and beneficial meetings that was ever held, had not one of the laymen who addressed the meeting made some illiberal and unauthorised observations in reference to Roman Catholics. Two clergymen and several of the laity signed the declaration of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

INTERESTING MEETING AT CHESHUNT, HERTS.—This young auxiliary to the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, celebrated their first annual festival on the 29th of September, 1840, in the Ancestral Hall of the Great House, formerly the residence of Cardinal Wolsey, kindly lent to them for the occasion by the Rev. Charles Mayo, Lord of the Manor. Upwards of one hundred persons with happy hearts and smiling faces, sat down, some around the old oak table, formerly the property of Oliver Cromwell, and did the wonted honours to the good tea and plum cake; after which, Sir C. E. Smith, Bart., took the chair, when the audience were addressed by the Rev. W. R. Baker, Parry, Cox, Terry, and several reclaimed drunkards until ten o'clock. The happy meeting was altogether one of the most imposing sights we ever have had the pleasure to witness. The Great Hall, with the paintings hung round, men in armour, and ancient banners, presented the pageantry of times long since no more, and was most impressively alluded to by Sir C. E. Smith, in his opening address. The Rev. C. Mayo, permitted it to be stated by the Rev. W. R. Baker, that the Great Hall should be ever at the service of the Cheshunt tee-totalers as long as he was in possession of the same. The glorious cause appears to be now making rapid strides in the village of Cheshunt. One of the reclaimed, who kept a beer-shop, has pulled down his former sign, and turning it upside down, has replaced it, bearing this motto, "The change of Fortune," and now provides his customers with temperate refreshments only. At this meeting, twelve signatures were obtained. Two of the students at Cheshunt College signed.

DYRHAM PARK.—Captain Trotter recently gave a dinner to a large body of tee-totalers. On the appointed day all was bustle in Barnet—rosettes and medals were seen hanging at the bosom of every buxom lass and bony lad, as soon as the sun had scat-

tered the mists of morning; and many a little urchin was seen trudging at the top of his speed towards the hall for the appointed place of rendezvous, at ten o'clock, A.M. Two hundred and twenty happy faces and grateful hearts entered under the splendid arch of Dyrrham Park, fully determined to enjoy themselves. The morning was delightful, and their banner floated over their heads. All was hilarity and amusement in a few minutes—crickets, swings, bows and arrows, or ring-by-ring, angling, or singing in groups, occupied the short hours until the white waving handkerchief on the lawn announced the tables were spread for more substantial employment. Speeches were afterwards delivered, and the group assembled under the trees to listen to those who had tried and found by happy experience, the blessings resulting from total abstinence. At tea, all seemed to have forgotten their excellent dinner, for certainly plum-cake, though in the greatest abundance, disappeared quicker than usual. The remembrance of the scene, the occasion, and the hospitality, will long endear the name of Trotter to his surrounding tenantry and neighbours.

UXBRIDGE.—The committee of the Uxbridge temperance society having engaged the public room for meetings to be held every Thursday, the series commencing on Thursday, the 1st of October, arrangements were made for a public festival on that day. At five o'clock, about one hundred and eighty persons sat down to a plentiful repast of coffee, cake, &c. Some suitable verses having been printed for the occasion, the singing led by some skilful performers, produced a very pleasing effect. After tea, a meeting was held, Mr. John Hull, the indefatigable founder and present treasurer of the society, occupying the chair, and after a few introductory remarks, he called successively upon different working men to the number of twelve, most of whom had been delivered from the vice of drunkenness. These gave honest testimony in favour of the cause, to which now they feel ardently attached. Benjamin Rotch, Esq., of Denham Park, then eloquently supported the principles of the society. The evening's proceedings terminated with the singing of a verse, executed in a manner which obtained an expression of the delight and approval of the audience. Mr. G. Greig engaged to deliver addresses in the public room, on the evenings of Thursday, the 29th, and Friday, the 30th of October.

HAMMERSMITH, KENSINGTON, AND BAYSWATER.—This society is not a year old, and the number of members is above five hundred. Some parties who interrupted the meetings have been taken before a magis-

trate, but were discharged owing to a blunder being made in the summons by the magistrate's clerk. The offenders were severely reprimanded. The magistrates are resolved to afford the society protection.

HOUGHTON REGIS.—At a recent tea-party, upwards of two hundred guests were present. A large procession, headed by the Dunstable tee-total band, with banners and flags, walked through the village. A speech, of about an hour in length from the lips of Mr. Greig, was listened to with marked interest. A drunken soldier on furlough, hired some individuals of depraved habits, to ring the church bells, and thus drown the voice of the speaker who spoke near the church. The same soldier, who made himself so conspicuous on this occasion, had a few days afterwards, to pay thirty shillings for striking a policeman, in a drunken squabble at Tebworth. Mr. Greig, pointing to the church, remarked that noise was the best argument our opponents had to offer; and that the very church bells, which were now so vociferous, had tolled the knell of many a poor drunkard. The clergyman of the parish being applied to, to use his influence to check this very unseemly desecration of the sacred edifice, referred the applicants to the churchwardens; but as one of them is a publican, and the other has a near relative engaged in the traffic, any appeal to their sense of justice was considered worse than useless. With the thinking portion of the villagers, this indecent conduct cannot fail to produce an impression favourable to the cause.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Wednesday, the 7th ult., the annual meeting of the Birmingham Temperance Society was held in the Town Hall, and was numerously attended. The Rev. T. Moseley, Rector of St. Martin's, who occupied the chair, said that he was not able, either in theory or in practice, to go so far as many valuable members of that society. He was, however, most anxious to promote the cause of sobriety, as it was the cause of mercy, of morality, and, in various ways, of religion. It appeared from the report that five hundred and sixty signatures have been obtained during the past year. On the following evening, Mr. Syder delivered two interesting lectures, in connexion with the temperance question. The body of the Hall was filled by working men, who appeared to take a deep interest in the subject. A large number of chemical preparations, and drawings of the human frame, to illustrate the lectures, were placed in front of the organ. The lecturer was listened to with deep attention.

AYLSHEM, (Norfolk).—A very interesting meeting, at which several clergymen attended, was held on the 22nd of September.

One of the speakers adverted to the meeting, in which there was not only one or two labouring men, who had tried the effects of total abstinence, but mark, twenty-five, and they were of the most profligate and depraved set of men, namely, bankers or navigators, whose love for the intoxicating liquor, fighting, quarrelling, and swearing, blended with every other species of wickedness, these men are the worst, but from the strenuous exertions of the temperance advocates, they were enabled to participate in the enjoyment of total abstinence, and thus to give their testimonials, unsullied by prejudice, in favour of the great argument.

WORCESTER.—The first temperance procession and festival ever held in Worcester, took place on Monday, the 21st of September. At one o'clock, thousands of spectators, attracted by the novelty of the thing, were collected to witness our proceedings. The numbers we mustered, and the respectable appearance of some of our reformed characters, were the theme of general admiration and remark. After the procession, between five and six hundred persons sat down to tea, in the Assembly Room, at the Guildhall, which has recently been coloured and beautified; and being decorated with evergreens and flowers, presented a gay appearance.

FOREST OF DEAN.—Mr. C. Peacock, the secretary, says,—"Our numbers, as firm members, we now consider to be about forty, of which, as many as can conveniently, meet once a fortnight for the purpose of prayer and edification. And thus we stand, waiting for the providence of God, to send among us whom he will, to further the object of this truly christian philanthropic society in these parts, willing to aid them as far as circumstances will permit. At Colford, Lydney, and Blakeney, they are very desirous of having a stranger to advocate the cause of tee-totalism, with a cheering probability of much good being the result."

BUCKS.—Mr. Jabez Inwards, after describing a great number most gratifying meetings, says, "I have now been nearly twice through the Aylesbury Union, and have the pleasure to inform you that the cause is going on well; there is already a visible change throughout the country: some of the rough places have been made smooth, and the once barren soil assumes a different appearance, and we hope, ere long, that, throughout its length and breadth, it will bud and blossom as the rose."

WATFORD.—The temperance cause having been advocated weekly in Watford, for about two months, and as considerable success has attended the same, it was thought advisable, in order further to extend the objects of the society, and to increase the happy union of

mutual goodwill and effort, to hold a tea and public meeting on Sept. 24th. There are one hundred and forty-eight staunch members on the books. R. Walkden, Esq., presided.

REDDITCH, (Worcestershire).—It is nearly eleven months since a tee-total society was formed for this populous village. Since its formation, important results have succeeded. The drinking usages of the place have received a considerable check, and not a few who were the dupes of intoxicating drink, have become blessings to their families and friends; while some of them have joined Christian churches, and are now a credit to the Christian name.

HARTLEPOOL, (Durham).—A correspondent says,—"We are still going on successfully in the tee-total cause. We have laid the foundation stone of a good institution, by opening tents, both of male and female Rechabites. The ladies here certainly bid fair to be the most successful.

DEVON.—A general association has been formed for this county. At the meeting, sixteen delegates were present, and the following was their report as to the societies which they represented:—

	Members.	Reclaimed Drunkards.
Exeter Society, consists of	400	- 15
Exmouth	120	- 12
Teignmouth	140	- 15
Newton	105	- 12
Torquay	60	- 12
Chudleigh	60	- 10
Ashburton	40	- 6
Bovey	17	- 0

NORTH LINCOLNSHIRE.—The tee-totalers of Louth and of some other towns in the neighbourhood, together with the greater part of the adjoining villages, have formed themselves into an association, called the North Lincolnshire Tee-total Union.

EASTERN SCOTTISH UNION.—At the late annual meeting, J. Dunlop, Esq., delivered some excellent speeches. It was moved and agreed to, "that this meeting congratulate the New British and Foreign Temperance Society on the stand they are now taking on the question of the short pledge." A similar motion regarding the Western Union was submitted and agreed to.

QUEEN'S BENCH PRISON.—A tee-total society has actually been formed in this abode of the unfortunate and improvident. A room is set aside for the meetings, and they are well attended.

CATHOLIC METROPOLITAN TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.—Mr. John Giles received on Tuesday last, a very rich silver medal from this society, as its founder and honorary general secretary. The medal was presented at a festival in the Assembly Rooms, Theo-

bald's-road, at which the Rev. Dr. Magee presided. Mr. Giles is highly respected and most affectionately esteemed by his Catholic friends, and the Rev. Dr. Magee passed the highest eulogium upon his character. We need not inform our readers that Mr. Giles is not a Roman Catholic, but a member of the Society of Friends.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

JAMAICA.

THE Baptist missionaries are at length compelled to admit the great utility and the blessed fruitfulness of total abstinence. In the *Missionary Herald* for October, a letter is inserted from a missionary at Brown's Town, near Jamaica, giving an account of a religious revival, which was so great that they were compelled to have services on the Sabbaths at Sturge Town, at which from 1000 to 1200 assembled; while Brown's Town chapel, holding 2000, and Clarksonville, including Sunday scholars, amount to about 5000 souls. "One circumstance," says the writer, which will glad the heart of many, "One circumstance has, I think, greatly contributed to the success of the gospel. Nearly all the people connected with these congregations, abstain entirely from the use of intoxicating liquors." This is valuable testimony, and it is the more valuable, because it has not been hastily given. We learn from another source, from a genuine tee-totaler in Jamaica, the following cheering facts. A writer to Mr. Timothy Moore, says—"Since I have been labouring with brother Clark (five months nearly), we have added 383 persons, and there are hundreds pressing on us still.' My brother adds, in reference to total abstinence, 'Tee-totalism is getting on well. We have formed a society here, and the first night put sixty-nine names down as members. I do not believe that out of our large churches, Brown's Town, Bethany, and Clarkson's Villo, we have one member who takes rum. On one estate, where the labourers are principally our people, only one could be found, and he did not belong to us, who would work at the still and make rum. The people have been led into all kinds of evil through drinking it, and they have seen the dreadful havoc it has made among their fellows. They know it is taken to Africa and bartered for the bones, sinews, and blood of their brethren and sisters, and hence they have nobly stood forward and refused to work at an engine which 'distils damnation,' and which furnishes in part the means for carrying on the nefarious, cruel, and accursed system of slavery."

T. HARJETTE, Printer, 10, Craven Buildings, Drury Lane, Strand.

THE INHUMAN PARENT.

True bliss, if man may reach it, is composed
Of hearts in union, mutually disclosed;
And, farewell else all hope of pure delight,
Those hearts should be reclaim'd, renew'd, upright,"

COWPER.

"COME along," said James Harwood to his wife, who, burdened with two children, followed in his steps. Her heart was full, and she made no reply.

"Well, be sullen if you choose; but make haste you shall, or I will leave you behind in the woods."

Then, as if vexed because his ill-humour failed to irritate its object, he added in a higher tone—

"Put down that boy. Have not I told you, twenty times, that you could get along faster if you had but one to carry? He can walk as well as I can."

"He is sick," said his mother; "feel how his head throbs. Pray take him in your arms."

"I tell you, Jane Harwood, once for all, that you are spoiling the child by your foolishness. He is no more sick than I am. You are only trying to make him lazy. Get down, I tell you, and walk," addressing the languid boy.

He would have proceeded to enforce obedience, but the report of a gun arrested his attention. He entered a thicket, to discover whence it proceeded, and the weary and sad-hearted mother sat down upon the grass. Bitter were her reflections during that interval of rest among the wilds of Ohio. The pleasant New-England village from which she had just emigrated, and the peaceful home of her birth, rose up to her view—where, but a few years before, she had given her hand to one, whose unkindness now strewed her path with thorns. By constant and endearing attentions, he had won her youthful love, and the two first years of their union promised happiness. Both were industrious and affectionate, and the smiles of their infant in his evening sports, or slumbers, more than repaid the labours of the day.

But a change became visible. The husband grew inattentive to his business, and indifferent to his fire-side. He permitted debts to accumulate, in

spite of the economy of his wife, and became morose and offended at her remonstrances. She strove to hide, even from her own heart, the vice that was gaining the ascendancy over him; and redoubled her exertions to make his home agreeable. But too frequently her efforts were of no avail, or contemptuously rejected. The death of her beloved mother, and the birth of a second infant, convinced her that neither in sorrow nor in sickness could she expect sympathy from him, to whom she had given her heart, in the simple faith of confiding affection. They became miserably poor, and the cause was evident to every observer. In this distress, a letter was received from a brother, who had been for several years a resident in Ohio, mentioning that he was induced to remove further westward, and offering them the use of a tenement, which his family would leave vacant, and a small portion of cleared land, until they might be able to become purchasers.

Poor Jane listened to this proposal with gratitude. She thought she saw in it the salvation of her husband. She believed that if he were divided from his intemperate companions, he would return to his early habits of industry and virtue. The trial of leaving native and endeared scenes, from which she would once have shrunk, seemed as nothing in comparison with the prospect of his reformation and returning happiness. Yet, when all their few effects were converted into the waggon and horse which were to convey them to a far land, and the scant and humble necessities, which were to sustain them on their way thither; when she took leave of her brother and sisters, with their households; when she shook hands with the friends whom she had loved from her cradle, and remembered that it might be for the last time; and when the hills that encircled her native vil-

lage faded into the faint, blue outline of the horizon, there came over her such a desolation of spirit, such a foreboding of evil, as she had never before experienced. She blamed herself for these feelings, and repressed their indulgence.

The journey was slow and toilsome. The autumnal rains and the state of the roads were against them. The few utensils and comforts which they carried with them were gradually abstracted and sold. The object of this traffic could not be doubted. The effects were but too visible in his conduct. She reasoned—she endeavoured to persuade him to a different course. But anger was the only result. When he was not too far stupified to comprehend her remarks, his deportment was exceedingly overbearing and arbitrary. She felt that she had no friend to protect her from insolence, and was entirely in his own power; and she was compelled to realize that it was a power without generosity, and that there is no tyranny so perfect as that of a capricious and alienated husband.

As they approached the close of their distressing journey, the roads became worse, and their horse utterly failed. He had been but scantily provided for, and the intemperance of his owner had taxed and impoverished every thing for his own support. Jane wept as she looked upon the dying animal, and remembered his laborious and ill-paid services.

"What shall I do with the brute?" exclaimed his master; "he has died in such an out-of-the-way place, that I cannot even find any one to buy his skin."

Under the shelter of their miserably broken waggon, they passed another night, and early in the morning pursued their way on foot. Of their slender stores, a few morsels of bread were all that remained. But James had about his person a bottle, which he no longer made a secret of using. At every application of it to his lips, his temper seemed to acquire new violence. They were within a few miles of the termination of their journey, and their directions had been very clear and precise. But his mind became so bewildered, and his heart so perverse, that he persisted in choosing by-paths of

underwood and tangled weeds, under the pretence of seeking a shorter route. This increased and prolonged the fatigue; but no entreaty of his wearied wife was regarded. Indeed so exasperated was he at her expostulations, that she sought safety in silence. The little boy of four years old, whose constitution had been feeble from his infancy, became so feverish and distressed, as to be unable to proceed. The mother, after in vain soliciting aid and compassion from her husband, took him in her arms, while the youngest, whom she had previously carried, and who was unable to walk, clung to her shoulders. Thus burdened, her progress was tedious and painful. Still she was enabled to go on: for the strength that nerves a mother's frame, toiling for her sick child, is from God. She even endeavoured to press on more rapidly than usual, fearing that if she fell behind, her husband would tear the sufferer from her arms, in some paroxysm of his savage intemperance.

Their road, during the day, though approaching the small settlement where they were to reside, lay through a solitary part of the country. The children were faint and hungry; and as the exhausted mother sat upon the grass, trying to nurse her infant, she drew from her bosom the last piece of bread, and held it to the parched lips of the feeble child. But he turned away his head, and, with a scarcely audible moan, asked for water. Feelingly might she sympathise in the distress of the poor outcast from the tent of Abraham, who laid her famishing son among the shrubs, and sat down a good way off, saying, "Let me not see the death of the child." But this Christian mother was not in the desert, nor in despair. She looked upward to Him who is the refuge of the forsaken, and the comforter of those whose spirits are cast down.

The sun was drawing towards the west, as the voice of James Harwood was heard, issuing from the forest, attended by another man with a gun, and some birds at his girdle.

"Wife, will you get up now, and come along? We are not a mile from home. Here is John Williams, who went from our part of the country, and says he is our next door neighbour."

Jane received his hearty welcome with a thankful spirit, and rose to accompany them. The kind neighbour took the sick boy in his arms, saying,

"Harwood, take the baby from your wife: we do not let our women bear all the burdens here in Ohio."

James was ashamed to refuse, and reached his hands towards the child. But, accustomed to his neglect or unkindness, it hid its face, crying, in the maternal bosom.

"You see how it is. She makes the children so cross, that I never have any comfort of them. She chooses to carry them herself, and always will have her own way in every thing."

"You have come to a new settled country, friends," said John Williams; "but it is a good country to get a living in. Crops of corn and wheat are such as you never saw in New-England. Our cattle live in clover, and the cows give us cream instead of milk. There is plenty of game to employ our leisure, and venison and wild turkey do not come amiss now and then on a farmer's table. Here is a short cut I can show you, though there is a fence or two to climb. James Harwood, I shall like well to talk with you about old times and old friends down east. But why don't you help your wife over the fence with her baby?"

"So I would, but she is so sulky. She has not spoke a word to me all day. I always say, let such folks take care of themselves till their mad fit is over."

A cluster of log cabins now met their view through an opening in the forest. They were pleasantly situated in the midst of an area of cultivated land. A fine river, surmounted by a rustic bridge of the trunks of trees, cast a sparkling line through the deep, unchanged autumnal verdure.

"Here we live," said their guide; "a hard-working, contented people. That is your house, which has no smoke curling up from the chimney. It may not be quite so genteel as some you have left behind in the old states, but it is about as good as any in the neighbourhood. I'll go and call my wife to welcome you: right glad will she be to see you, for she sets great store by folks from New-England."

The inside of a log cabin, to those

not habituated to it, presents but a cheerless aspect. The eye needs time to accustom itself to the rude walls and floors, the absence of glass windows, and the doors loosely hung upon leathern hinges. The exhausted woman entered, and sank down with her babe. There was no chair to receive her; in the corner of the room stood a rough board table, and a low frame, resembling a bedstead. Other furniture there was none. Glad, kind voices of her own sex recalled her from her stupor. Three or four matrons, and several blooming young faces, welcomed her with smiles. The warmth of reception in a new colony, and the substantial services by which it is manifested, put to shame the ceremonies and heartless professions which, in a more artificial state of society, are dignified with the name of friendship.

As if by magic, what had seemed almost a prison, assumed a different aspect, under the ministry of active benevolence. A cheerful flame rose from the ample fire-place; several chairs and a bench for the children appeared; a bed with comfortable coverings concealed the shapelessness of the bedstead, and viands to which they had long been strangers were heaped upon the board. An old lady held the sick boy tenderly in her arms, who seemed to revive as he saw his mother's face brighten, and the infant, after a draught of fresh milk, fell into a sweet and profound slumber. One by one of the neighbours departed, that the wearied ones might have an opportunity of repose. John Williams, who was the last to bid good night, lingered a moment as he closed the door, and said—

"Friend Harwood, here is a fine, gentle cow feeding at your door; and for old acquaintance sake, you and your family are welcome to the use of her for the present, or until you can make out better."

When they were left alone, Jane poured out her gratitude to her Almighty Protector, in a flood of joyful tears. Kindness to which she had recently been a stranger, fell as balm of Gilead upon her wounded spirit.

"Husband," she exclaimed, in the fulness of her heart, "we may yet be happy."

He answered not, and she perceived

that he heard not. He had thrown himself upon the bed, and in a deep and stupid sleep was dispelling the fumes of intoxication.

This new family of emigrants, though in the midst of poverty, were sensible of a degree of satisfaction to which they had long been strangers. The difficulty of procuring ardent spirits in this small and isolated community promised to be the means of establishing their peace. The mother busied herself in making their humble tenement neat and comfortable, while her husband, as if ambitious to earn in a new residence the reputation he had forfeited in the old, laboured diligently to assist his neighbours in gathering in their harvest, receiving in payment such articles as were needed for the subsistence of his household. Jane continually gave thanks in her prayers for this great blessing; and the hope she permitted herself to indulge, of his permanent reformation, imparted unwonted cheerfulness to her brow and demeanour. The invalid boy seemed also to gather healing from his mother's smiles; for so great was her power over him, since sickness had rendered his dependence complete, that his comfort, and even his countenance, were a faithful reflection of her own. Perceiving the degree of her influence, she endeavoured to use it, as every religious parent should, for his spiritual benefit. She supplicated that the pencil which was to write upon his soul might be guided from above. She spoke to him in the tenderest manner of his Father in heaven, and of His will respecting little children. She pointed out his goodness in the daily gifts that sustain life; in the glorious sun as it came forth rejoicing in the east; in the gently-falling rain, the frail plant, and the dews that nourish it. She reasoned with him of the changes of nature, till he loved even the storm, and the lofty thunder, because they came from God. She repeated to him passages of Scripture, with which her memory was stored; and sang hymns, until she perceived that if he was in pain, he complained not, if he might but hear her voice. She made him acquainted with the life of the compassionate Redeemer, and how he called young children to his arms, though the disciples forbade

them. And it seemed as if a voice from heaven urged her never to desist from cherishing this tender and deep-rooted piety; because, like the flower of grass, he must soon fade away. Yet, though it was evident that the seeds of disease were in his system, his health at intervals seemed to be improving, and the little household partook, for a time, of the blessings of tranquillity and content.

But let none flatter himself that the dominion of vice is suddenly or easily broken. It may seem to relax its grasp, and to slumber; but the victim who has long worn its chain, if he would utterly escape and triumph at last, must do so in the strength of Omnipotence. This James Harwood never sought. He had begun to experience that prostration of spirits which attends the abstraction of an habitual stimulant. His resolution to recover his lost character was not proof against his physical inconvenience. He determined at all hazards to gratify his depraved appetite. He laid his plans deliberately, and, with the pretext of making some arrangements about the waggon, which had been left broken on the road, departed from his home. His stay was protracted beyond the appointed limit, and at his return, his sin was written on his brow in characters too strong to be mistaken. That he had also brought with him some hoard of intoxicating poison, to which to resort, there remained no room to doubt. Day after day did his shrinking household witness the alternations of causeless anger and brutal tyranny. To lay waste the comfort of his wife, seemed to be his prominent object. By constant contradiction and misconstruction, he strove to distress her, and then visited her sensibilities upon her assassins. Had she been more obtuse by nature, or more indifferent to his welfare, she might with greater ease have borne the cross. But her youth was natured in tenderness, and education had refined her susceptibilities, both of pleasure and pain. She could not forget the love he had once manifested for her, nor prevent the chilling contrast from filling her with anguish. She could not resign the hope that the being who had early evinced correct feelings and noble principles of action, might yet be won back to that virtue which had rendered him

worthy of her affections. Still, the hope deferred was sickness and sorrow to the heart. She found the necessity of deriving consolation, and the power of endurance, wholly from above. The tender invitation by the mouth of a prophet, was as balm to her wounded soul,—"as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and as a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, have I called thee, saith thy God."

So faithful was she in the discharge of the difficult duties that devolved upon her—so careful not to irritate her husband by reproach or gloom—that to a casual observer she might have appeared to be confirming the doctrine of the ancient philosopher, that happiness is in exact proportion to virtue. Had he asserted, that virtue is the source of all that happiness which *depends upon ourselves*, none could have controverted his position. But, to a woman, a wife, a mother, how small is the portion of independent happiness. She has woven the tendrils of her soul around many props. Each revolving year renders their support more necessary. They cannot waver, or warp, or break, but she must tremble and bleed.

There was one modification of her husband's persecutions which the fullest measure of her piety could not enable her to bear unmoved. This was unkindness to her feeble and suffering boy. It was at first commenced as the surest mode of distressing her. It opened a direct avenue to her heart-strings. What began in perverseness seemed to end in hatred, as evil habits sometimes create perverted principles. The wasted and wild-eyed invalid shrank from his father's glance and footstep, as from the approach of a foe. More than once had he taken him from the little bed which maternal care had provided for him, and forced him to go forth in the cold of the winter storm.

"I mean to harden him," said he. "All the neighbours know that you make such a fool of him that he will never be able to get a living. For my part, I wish I had never been called to the trial of supporting a useless boy, who pretends to be sick only that he may be coaxed by a silly mother."

On such occasions, it was in vain that the mother attempted to protect her child. She might neither shelter him

in her bosom, nor controul the frantic violence of the father. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease which might else have yielded. The timid boy, in terror of his natural protector, withered away like a blighted flower. It was of no avail that friends remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hoary-headed men warned him solemnly of his sins. Intemperance had destroyed his respect for man, and his fear of God.

Spring at length emerged from the shades of that heavy and bitter winter. But its smile brought no gladness to the declining child. Consumption fed upon his vitals, and his nights were restless, and full of pain.

"Mother, I wish I could smell the violets that grew upon the green bank by our old, dear home."

"It is too early for violets, my child. But the grass is beautifully green around us, and the birds sing sweetly, as if their hearts were full of praise."

"In my dreams, last night, I saw the clear waters of the brook that ran by the bottom of my little garden. I wish I could taste them once more. And I heard such music, too, as used to come from that white church among the trees, where every Sunday the happy people meet to worship God."

The mother saw that the hectic fever had been long increasing, and knew there was such an unearthly brightness in his eye, that she feared his intellect wandered. She seated herself on his low bed, and bent over him to soothe and compose him. He lay silent for some time.

"Do you think my father will come?"

Dreading the agonizing agitation which, in his paroxysms of coughing and pain, he evinced at the sound of his father's well-known footstep, she answered—

"I think not, love. You had better try to sleep."

"Mother, I wish he would come. I do not feel afraid now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek to his once more, as he used to do when I was a babe in my grandmother's arms. I should be glad to say good-bye to him, before I go to my Saviour."

Gazing intently in his face, she saw the work of the destroyer, in lines too plain to be mistaken.

"My son—my dear son—say, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

"Mother," he replied, with a sweet smile upon his ghastly features, "he is ready. I desire to go to him. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her. That is all. Now sing to me, and oh! wrap me close in your arms, for I shiver with cold."

He clung, with a death grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge.

"Sing louder, dear mother, a little louder, I cannot hear you."

A tremulous tone, as of a broken harp, rose above her grief, to comfort the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as she joined it to his—one shudder—and all was over! She held the body long in her arms, as if fondly hoping to warm and revivify it with her breath. Then she stretched it upon its bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred solitude, alone with the dead. Nothing save the soft breathing of the sleeping babe fell upon that solemn pause. Then the silence was broken by a wail of piercing sorrow. It ceased, and a voice arose, a voice of supplication, for strength to endure, as "seeing Him who is invisible." Faith closed what was begun in weakness. It became a prayer of thanksgiving to Him who had released the dove-like spirit from the prison-house of pain, that it might taste the peace and mingle in the melody of heaven.

She arose from the orison, and bent calmly over her dead. The thin, placid features wore a smile, as when he had spoken of Jesus. She composed the shining locks around the pure forehead, and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful. Tears had vanished from her eyes, and in their stead was an expression almost sublime, as of one who had given an angel back to God.

The father entered carelessly. She pointed to the pallid, immovable brow. "See, he suffers no longer." He drew near and looked on the dead with surprise and sadness. A few natural tears forced their way, and fell on the face of the first-born, who was once his pride. The memories of that moment were bitter. He spoke tenderly to the emaciated mother; and she, who a short

time before was raised above the sway of grief, wept like an infant as those few affectionate tones touched the sealed fountains of other years.

Neighbours and friends visited them, desirous to console their sorrow, and attended them when they committed the body to the earth. There was a shady and secluded spot, which they had consecrated by the burial of their few dead. Thither that whole little colony were gathered, and seated on the fresh springing grass, listened to the holy, healing words of the inspired volume. It was read by the oldest man in the colony, who had himself often mourned. As he bent reverently over the sacred page, there was that on his brow which seemed to say, "this has been my comfort in my affliction." Silver hairs thinly covered his temples, and his low voice was modulated by feeling, as he read of the frailty of man, withering like the flower of grass, before it groweth up; and of His majesty in whose sight "a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." He selected from the words of that compassionate One, who "gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth them in his bosom;" who, pointing out as an example the humility of little children, said, "Except ye become as one of these, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," and who calleth all the weary and heavy laden to come unto him, that he may give them rest. The scene called forth sympathy, even from manly bosoms. The mother, worn with watching and weariness, bowed her head down to the clay that concealed her child. And it was observed with gratitude by that friendly group, that the husband supported her in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers.

He returned from this funeral in much mental distress. His sins were brought to remembrance, and reflection was misery. For many nights, sleep was disturbed by visions of his neglected boy. Sometimes he imagined that he heard him coughing from his low bed, and felt constrained to go to him, in a strange disposition of kindness, but his limbs were unable to obey the dictates of his will. Then he would see him pointing with a thin dead hand, to the dark grave, or beckoning him to

follow to the unseen world. Conscience haunted him with terrors, and many prayers from pious hearts arose, that he might now be led to repentance. The venerable man, who had read the Bible at the burial of his boy, counselled and entreated him, with the earnestness of a father, to yield to the warning voice from above, and to "break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by turning unto the Lord."

There was a change in his habits and conversation, and his friends trusted it would be permanent. She who, above all others, was interested in the result, spared no exertion to win him back to the way of truth, and to soothe his heart into peace with itself, and obedience to his Maker. Yet was she doomed to witness the full force of grief and of remorse upon intemperance, only to see them utterly overthrown at last. The reviving virtue, with whose indications she had solaced herself, and even given thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning dew. Habits of industry, which had begun to spring up, proved themselves to be without root. The dead, and his cruelty to the dead, were alike forgotten. Disaffection to the chastened being, who against hope still hoped for his salvation, resumed its dominion. The friends who had alternately reproved and encouraged him, were convinced that their efforts had been of no avail. Intemperance, "like the strong man armed," took possession of a soul that lifted no cry for aid to the Holy Spirit, and girded on no weapon to resist the destroyer.

Summer passed away, and the anniversary of their arrival at the colony returned. It was to Jane Harwood a period of sad and solemn retrospection. The joys of early days, and the sorrows of maturity, passed in review before her; and while she wept, she questioned her heart, what had been its gain from a Father's discipline, or whether it had sustained that greatest of all losses—the loss of its afflictions.

She was alone at this season of self-communion. The absences of her husband had become more frequent and protracted. A storm, which feelingly reminded her of those which had often beat upon them when homeless and

weary travellers had been raging for nearly two days. To this cause she imputed the unusually long stay of her husband. Through the third night of his absence she lay sleepless, listening for his steps. Sometimes she fancied she heard shouts of laughter, for the mood in which he returned from his revels was various. But it was only the shriek of the tempest. Then she thought some ebullition of his frenzied anger rang in her ears. It was the roar of the hoarse wind through the forest. All night long she listened to these sounds, and hushed and sang to her affrighted babe. Unrefreshed she arose and resumed her morning labours.

Suddenly her eye was attracted by a group of neighbours, coming up slowly from the river. A dark and terrible foreboding oppressed her. She hastened out to meet them. Coming towards her house was a female friend, agitated and tearful, who, passing her arm around her, would have spoken.

"Oh, you come to bring me evil tidings: I pray you let me know the worst."

The object was indeed to prepare her mind for a fearful calamity. The body of her husband had been found drowned, as was supposed, during the darkness of the preceding night, in attempting to cross the bridge of logs, which had been partially broken by the swollen waters. Utter prostration of spirit came over the desolate mourner. Her energies were broken, and her heart withered. She had sustained the privations of poverty and emigration, and the burdens of unceasing labour and unrequited care, without murmuring. She had lain her first-born in the grave with resignation; for faith had heard his Saviour saying, "Suffer the little child to come unto me." She had seen him, in whom her heart's young affections were garnered up, become a "persecutor, and injurious," a prey to vice the most disgusting and destructive. Yet she had borne up under all. One hope remained with her as an "anchor of the soul"—the hope that he might yet repent and be reclaimed. She had persevered in her complicated and self-denying duties with that charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things."

But now, he had died in his sin. The

deadly leprosy which had stolen over his heart, could no more be "purged by sacrifice or offering for ever." She knew not that a single prayer for mercy had preceded the soul on its passage to the High Judge's bar. There were bitter drops in this grief, which she had never before wrung out.

Again the sad-hearted community assembled in their humble cemetery. A funeral in an infant colony awakens sympathies of an almost exclusive character. It is as if a large family suffered. One is smitten down whom every eye knew, every voice saluted. To bear along the corpse of the strong man, through the fields which he had sown, and to cover motionless in the grave that arm which trusted to have reaped the ripening harvest, awakens a thrill, deep and startling, in the breast of those who wrought by his side during the burden and heat of the day. To lay the mother on her pillow of clay whose last struggle with life was, perchance, to resign the hope of one more brief visit to the land of her fathers,—whose heart's last pulsation might have been a prayer that her children should return and grow up within the shadow of the school-house and the church of God, is a grief in which none, save emigrants, may participate. To consign to their narrow, noteless abode, both young and old, the infant, and him of hoary hairs, without the solemn knell, the sable train, the hallowed voice of the man of God giving back, in the name of his fellow-Christians, the most precious roses of their pilgrim path, and speaking with divine authority of Him who is the "resurrection and the life," adds desolation to that weeping with which man goeth downward to his dust.

But with heaviness of an unspoken and peculiar nature was this victim of

vice borne from the home that he troubled, and laid by the side of his son, to whose tender years he had been an unnatural enemy. There was sorrow among all who stood around his grave, and it bore features of that sorrow which is without hope.

The widowed mourner was not able to raise her head from the bed when the bloated remains of her unfortunate husband were committed to the earth. Long and severe sickness ensued, and in her convalescence a letter was received from her brother, inviting her and her child to an asylum under his roof, and appointing a period to come and conduct them on their homeward journey.

With her little daughter, the sole remnant of her wrecked heart's wealth, she returned to her kindred. It was with emotions of deep and painful gratitude that she bade farewell to the inhabitants of that infant settlement, whose kindness, through all her adversities, had never failed. And when they remembered the example of uniform patience and piety which she had exhibited, and the saint-like manners in which she had sustained her burdens, and cherished their sympathies, they felt as if a tutelary spirit had departed from among them.

In the home of her brother, she educated her daughter in industry, and that contentment which virtue teaches. Restored to those friends with whom the morning of life had passed, she shared with humble cheerfulness the comforts that earth had yet in store for her; but in the cherished sadness of her perpetual widowhood, in the bursting sighs of her nightly orison, might be traced a sacred and deep-rooted sorrow,—the memory of her erring husband, and the miseries of unreclaimed intemperance.

ON THE REFORMATION OF THE INTEMPERATE.

BY GERRIT SMITH, ESQ.—IN A LETTER TO C. DELAVAN, ESQ.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

No. 17. About fifty years of age, with a large and intelligent family. Had been intemperate for many years, and became very poor. Three or four years ago he joined the church and the temperance society, and has ever since been a sober man and a decided Christian.

No. 18. Was a great drunkard, and was very poor. Joined the temperance society a year or two since. Had a long drunken frolic last winter. I know little about him.

No. 19. Was a great drunkard. Now a member of the temperance society, and a respectable professor of religion. Has as much fear of cider and strong beer as of rum.

No. 20. About sixty years of age, with a family, and poor. I believe he has not used ardent spirit for months. Was formerly intemperate. I know but little of him.

No. 21. About fifty years of age, with a large family. Had been Intemperate long enough to waste the considerable property he had accumulated in the early part of his life. Last winter he bound himself in writing to abstain from ardent spirit. The person who wrote the instrument begged him very long and earnestly to suffer the prohibition to extend to cider also. But the unhappy man could not consent to it. He laughed at the charge of danger in a drink of cider. It turned out, as the writer feared. He made cider his substitute for ardent spirit; and he now drinks ardent spirit perhaps as freely as ever. Many a heart bleeds for his meek and pious wife.

No. 22. About sixty years of age, with a large family. Had long been very drunken and very poor. About two years since he relinquished the use of ardent spirit. He was persuaded to attend the election last fall, and some demagogues, to control his vote, got him to drink. One of his respectable children told me that his father had not drank any ardent spirit before for a year. Had the poor father been a member of the temperance society, the

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tempting glass and the importunities of the designing might not have overcome him. I hope he does not use ardent spirit now.

No. 23. Seventy years of age, with a family. Had long been a very great drunkard. Now abstains from ardent spirit. But it is said drinks to intoxication of cider, which a professor of religion is ignorant or unprincipled enough to sell him. Has not joined the temperance society. One of his neighbours, who has great influence over him, talks much of church and state.

No. 24. Lives a little out of the territory to which I have confined my examinations. Was a great drunkard—but has been, for some time, a consistent member of the temperance society.

No. 25. Lives near 24. Was quite intemperate. Has recently joined the temperance society, and appears very well.

No. 26. Was a drunkard until the last three or four years. From that time, until his death, nearly a year ago, was a sober man and interesting Christian. He was about sixty years old, at his death. The cry that is often raised to justify our neglect of the drunkard, and to discourage our efforts for his recovery is, that the reformed drunkard *will go back*. That cry is signally rebuked and falsified in the case of No. 26; for instead of *going back*, he has gone to heaven.

No. 27. About forty-five years of age, with a family. Was very poor and drunken. I am informed, that he has abstained entirely from ardent spirit, for the last seven or eight months, and is pious.

No. 28. About forty years of age, with a family. Was very poor and drunken. For the last two years, has been a respectable and faithful member of the temperance society. Is now so afraid of ardent spirit, that some months ago, when in great bodily pain, he refused camphor, because it was dissolved in it.

No. 29. About forty years old, with a family, and poor. Had been intemperate for years. Has recently promised to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, and I hope soon to see him in the temperance society.

No. 30. Upwards of thirty years of age, with a family, and was poor. Had been intemperate for several years; but, for the last year or two, he has been a zealous and faithful member of the temperance society. He is now a sober, pious, industrious, money-making man.

No. 31. About sixty years of age. Had long been intemperate and poor. Lives at a distance from this place. Visited his friends here last winter, and got caught in the temperance trap. Returned home a sober man, and, to the great joy of his numerous and very worthy family, has remained so ever since. It is said, that his old drinking companions tried very hard to get him back into the rum ranks. He is industrious in proselyting his drunken neighbours to temperance. He belongs to the temperance society.

No. 32. About forty years of age. This is a very remarkable instance. He lives a number of miles from this place, but is to remove to this neighbourhood in two or three weeks. Seven or eight months since, he came to me, late in the evening, for the single purpose, as he avowed, of subscribing his name to the temperance pledge. He was very drunk. I sought hard to put him off. But he would subscribe the pledge. He seemed to feel that this, and nothing short of this, would save him. Rather to rid myself of his importunity, than in the hope of benefitting him, I wrote the pledge for him to sign. He took the pen, fell upon his knees, and signed it; and immediately after offered an audible prayer of ten minutes length. Strange to say, he has never tasted spirituous liquor since. He is now very industrious, and very ambitious to be a man of respectability and property. His remaining affection for his amiable and pious wife seemed to be his strongest motive for signing the pledge and entering upon the redemption of his character. Let the unhappy wife of the drunkard so demean herself towards her wretched partner, as to keep alive his love of her. In some heaven-favoured moment, that love may impel

him to successful efforts to escape from his bondage.

No. 33. About forty years of age. Had long been a drunkard. His family frequently needed the comforts of life. Nearly a year ago, he resolved on total abstinence from ardent spirit, and has been a sober, industrious man, ever since. He has not yet joined the temperance society, but probably will soon join it. I believe he wishes to make a thorough trial of his constancy to his new principles, before he joins the society. In this, he is in a common error. He needs, and so does every drunkard, who is striving to reform himself, the help of a connexion with the temperance society to keep him from falling.

No. 34. About fifty-five years of age, with a family. Had been intemperate for many years. About four years ago he joined the temperance society, and has been a perfectly sober man ever since. Never, however, until the last winter, did he resolve to give up cider. It was much feared, by some of his friends, that his use of cider would bring him back to rum.

No. 35. About thirty years of age. Well educated. Was a very great drunkard, and was very poor. Two or three years ago he joined the church, and ever since he has been a sober, pious, and useful man. He removed into a neighbouring town soon after he made a profession of religion.

No. 36. Very drunken and poor. Has recently joined the temperance society. Does well thus far. But I cannot yet form an opinion how he will hold out.

No. 37. Similar to No. 36 in all respects.

No. 38. Upwards of fifty years of age. Had long been a drunkard: became pious two or three years since, and joined the church. Last winter some of his rum-drinking neighbours got him to drink until he was intoxicated. When he became sober, he was very penitent, and hastened to join the temperance society. Previously, he felt too strong to need the help of a connection with it. I can now confidently say of him, that he is a sober man, and a Christian.

This list would be far longer than it now is, should I add to it the names of all those persons, within the same terri-

tory, who, but for the temperance reformation, would, in all probability, have become drunkards ere this time. Numbers of my most respectable neighbours had already drank ardent spirit so long, as to contract a decided appetite for it.

The most important fact established by the foregoing narrative is the connexion between Temperance Reformation and the work of the Holy Spirit. Or, I might venture the remark, that innumerable instances in our country, similar to some in this narrative, establish the fact, *that the Temperance Reformation is itself the work of the Holy Spirit*. Well has the Reformation been called the John Baptist of the gospel. For, in thousands of instances, it has prepared the way for the Saviour to take possession of the sinner's heart. Such conversions to God, as are recorded in this narrative, whilst they illustrate His forbearance, greatly encourage the individual who enters into the work of reforming the drunkard, with the hope that he may be instrumental in saving 'a soul from death,' as well as in drying up the fullest and bitterest fountains of temporal misery.

Were there space for it in this communication, I might advert to several facts established by the foregoing narrative; and especially to the one, that the drinking of ardent spirit induces poverty. But I pass from this to say something about our process for reforming the drunkard.

Benevolence is the soul of this process, as it is emphatically of the whole temperance enterprise; and if any are labouring to promote that enterprise from motives at all inferior to the love of their fellow-men, they are at best but feeble helpers of our noble cause. Those of my neighbours, who have undertaken, in reliance on God, the work of reforming drunkards, do not feel and act towards these wretched beings as they once did. They have learned highly prized lessons on this subject in the great school of Temperance Reform. Formerly, they despised the drunkard. Now, they pity him. Now they feel, that no class of men are entitled to draw so largely on their compassion as drunkards; and especially do they feel this, when they consider how much they have themselves done to make drunkards. For who of us can

truthfully say, that he has done nothing towards continuing that rum-drinking custom in our country, whence come all our drunkards. Formerly, they repulsed the drunkard from their doors; neglected his sufferings; and wherever they met him, manifested their contempt and abhorrence of him. Now, they are kind to him; furnish him with employment; are tender of his feelings, and attentive to his wants. The drunkard's self-despair arises, in a great measure, from the conviction, that he is an outcast from the public respect and sympathy. Of this we have been aware in our efforts to reform him; and we have sought to show him, that, as to ourselves at least, this conviction shall henceforth be groundless. We have taken great pains to persuade him, that we are his friends, and that every improvement in his habits, however slight, would proportionably and promptly elevate him in our esteem. We have also cheerfully consented to practice every self-denial, by which we could gain his confidence: for in no way can you so surely win men's hearts to you, as by submitting to obvious self-denial for their sake. It was not *because* of his self-denial, but it was *notwithstanding* this endearing virtue, that the great pattern of self-denial was crucified. Whilst inculcating the doctrine, that the drunkard, to be thoroughly reformed, must relinquish wine, cider, and malt liquors, as well as ardent spirit, we have seen and submitted to the necessity of giving up these drinks ourselves. The drunkard is effected by this self-denial for his sake, and he straitway opens his heart to those who practise it. But, should we, whilst insisting on his disuse of these drinks, indulge in them ourselves, he would despise our inconsistency and selfishness; and we should only make the matter worse, by attempting to justify ourselves in saying to him: 'These drinks are safe for us who are sober; but you who have lost your self-control, are not to be trusted with them.' Much as the drunkard's self-respect is impaired, he cannot brook a distinction so offensive as this.

The self-denial that prompted the godlike Howard to visit and explore the vilest and most repulsive scenes on earth, 'to take the gauge and dimensions of human misery,' in its most

loathsome and aggravated forms, must actuate him, who would befriend and save the drunkard. His regard for the drunkard's welfare must be stronger than his disgust towards his loathsome vice; and he must toil for his rescue unweariedly. Even as the man of God fixes his weeping eyes on an impenitent neighbour, and resolves, in the holy benevolence of his heart, that he will devote himself to the salvation of that neighbour; so must the friend of temperance single out the drunkard; employ upon his recovery the fruitful ingenuity, that a good man ever has in a good cause; visit him frequently; exhort him "in season and out of season;" wrestle with God for him; entreat others to be kind to him, as well in their example, as in their words; and he must finally resolve never to give over the labour, whilst his unhappy fellow-being remains the slave of the bowl.

I recollect having said to you, a couple of years since, that the Temperance Reformation was worth all it had cost, if it were only for its having developed and exercised, in composition and public speaking, so much of the talent of the young men in humble life in this country. I would now add, that the Reformation is worth all it has cost, had it accomplished no other good than that of teaching thousands of professors of religion, that they have little self-denial and of course little of Christ in them. The Temperance Reformation has shown, that, many a professor of this self-denying religion, would rather cling to his glass than throw it away to save a soul.

The temperance tavern is to be acknowledged amongst the most important aids, which we have had in cleansing the moral atmosphere of this neighbourhood. For nearly six years, (probably longer than any other place has been favoured with such an establishment,) we have had a temperance tavern. Temperance taverns are equally creditable and useful to the public morals, and they are one of the peculiar and most precious fruits of the Temperance Reformation. How strange, that temperance men do not support them! It is in their power, by bestowing their patronage on temperance houses, to convert all the rum taverns in the land

into temperance taverns. Whilst, on the other hand, no temperance man puts up *unnecessarily* at a tavern where ardent spirit is sold, without lending his influence to prolong the guilty traffic.

Nothing, however, has been so useful towards effecting, and especially towards rendering permanent, the reformation of drunkards here, as the public pledge, which the temperance society requires of its members. The pledge associates him with the respectable who have subscribed it; and he feels himself honoured by the association, and stimulated to well doing. This public promise constitutes, in his view, whatever it may be in fact, a far more solemn appeal to the living God than do his private and, generally, vague, and hesitating resolutions of amendment; and he is also most profitably conscious, that this public promise fixes upon him the eyes of hundreds of his fellow-beings, who will stand ready to applaud him for his fidelity to it, or to despise and abhor its violation. The temperance pledge in the hour of temptation, is like the amulet worn of old to preserve its wearer from evils. It may be likened also to some adopted maxim, which, embodying the just conclusion of a long and wise train of thought, often comes greatly to one's help in an exigency, and when he is in no circumstances for a process of reasoning. The remembered pledge often exerts a saving power, when the waves of temptation beat violently against the trembling resolution of the reformed drunkard. He may not be able to answer the ingenious and plausible arguments, with which his tempters assail him; but he falls back with confidence and safety upon his pledge, as upon a conclusion to which he arrived, in a season more propitious than the present, for determining his duty. And now, although the peril of the crisis be so great, as to strip him of every other resource and every other means of escape, yet here, in the temperance pledge is that "last plank" which saves him. There is another consideration, showing the value of the pledge to the reformed drunkard. (It is imperfectly brought to view in the application made by No. 3, for the deacon's name.) If it had no other name to it than his

own, it might and probably would avail him little. But his respectable neighbours, and hundreds of thousands of the wise and good all over the land, have honoured it with their names; and he feels that he stands in their strength. Hence is it, that he is able to stand; whilst, without this dependence, he would be tottering and falling through his inherent feebleness. You have heard the story of our countryman at the battle of Yorktown, who, to use his expression, "fought on his own hook." There are some such self-poised and independent spirits. But the reformed drunkard, in respect to his conflict with the temptations of rum, is far from being one of them. In that conflict, and in his reliance on his associates in the pledge, he is more like the coward soldier, who, but for his identification of himself with his country's cause, and with the ten thousands of strong hands and stout hearts that are supporting it by his side, would have "no stomach for the fight."

Of vital importance, however, as is the temperance pledge to the drunkard, yet how many people there are of sober lives, who discourage him from subscribing it, by refusing to subscribe it themselves. I have often known fathers, and even mothers, keep back from sanctioning and honouring temperance so-

cieties with their names, notwithstanding they had drunken sons, whose reformation was hopeless, unless they could be brought into these asylums.

I have witnessed, in some of these cases, the ineffectualness of entreaties addressed to the stubborn and deluded parents, until I have been well nigh driven to the uncharitable conclusion of the poet, that,

"There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man."

What I have said sufficiently indicates the process, by which, under God, most of our drunkards have been reformed. How they can be reformed in a city, where every tenth or twentieth building is a grog-shop, and where at every turn and corner of the streets, an appeal is made in the display of bottles, to the master-appetite of the drunkard, I do not know. When our license laws, and the rum-dealers, and demagogues, who cling to them, shall no longer be able to withstand the fast gathering tempest of public indignation; and when the intolerable oppression of these laws on the sober, unoffending, and industrious citizens of our state shall have been exchanged for legislative protection against the evils of rum-selling; then the drunkard in the city can be reclaimed, as well as the drunkard in the country.

ON THE PROPERTIES OF WATER.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON defines water, when pure, to be a very fluid salt, volatile, and void of all savour or taste; and it seems to consist of small, smooth, hard, porous, spherical particles, of equal diameter, and of equal specific gravities, as Dr. Cheyne observes: and also, that there are between them spaces so large, and ranged in such a manner, as to be pervious on all sides. Their smoothness accounts for their sliding easily over one another's surfaces; their sphericity keeps them also from touching one another in more points than one; and by both these their friction in sliding over one another is rendered the least possible. Their hardness accounts for the incompressibility of water, when it is free from the inter-

mixture of air. The porosity of water is so very great, that there is at least forty times as much space as matter in it; for water is nineteen times specifically lighter than gold, and consequently rarer in the same proportion.

That a beverage so beautifully pure should be most suited to allay our thirst is not extraordinary; but that man should mix with it poisonous ingredients, that answer no purpose but that of stimulating his worst of passions, is passing strange.

The want of intellectual resources, and the torpor both of body and mind, which are occasioned by the sudden loss of an accustomed stimulant, are the evils immediately attendant upon abstinence from fermented liquors.

If you have not sufficient vigour to endure this uneasiness for a few weeks, do not make the attempt—DRINK ON! Barter your heritage for a mess of pottage; but be consistent; do not murmur at your uneasiness when the stimulant ceases to operate. The laws of Nature are never offended with impunity;—depression of spirits is the misery of your lucid intervals.

If you have not sufficient resources

to fill the awkward intervals; if you must sacrifice a few hours every day; if all the *treasures of Nature* and of *art*; if all the *pleasures of health*, of the *affections*, of *taste*, and of *intellect*, cannot content you, *do not make the attempt—DRINK ON!* Do not complain of the shortness of life, of the pangs of disease, or of premature old age; do not be surprised at the horrid forms which attend your deity!

POETRY.

A SHORT ANSWER TO MANY QUESTIONS.

WHAT is it now obtains respect
From those who show'd me cold neglect,
And censur'd ev'ry small defect?

Money!

As often as I walk the street,
What makes so many aim to greet
With bow polite, whenc'er we meet?

Money!

When friends surround my festal board,
What leads them to regard each word
As though such sense was never heard?

Money!

Should I, in turn, a visit pay,
What is it moves them, through the day,
On me such kindness to display?

Money!

What is it wins my tradesman's smile,
And well rewards his willing toil,
When in his shop I stay awhile?

Money!

What is that wonder-working thing
Which does such handsome presents bring—
Hares, ven'son, birds of ev'ry wing?

Money!

When I am peevishly inclin'd,
And vex my own and others' mind,
What makes them patient, gentle, kind?

Money!

What makes my kindred condescend
On me their time and pains to spend,
And ever fearful to offend?

Money!

Their children, too, with feigned love
Are taught my favour to improve;
What is it does their actions move?

Money!

What gives me liberty to swell,
'Gainst truth and justice to rebel,
Yet none presume my faults to tell?

Money!

When sickness keeps me to my home,
What makes such tribes of mourners come,
Whose wailings but increase my gloom?

Money!

And when my mortal *span* is o'er,
What can discharge the *loving* score,
And make those laugh who wept before?

Money

W. C.

LITERATURE.

ANTI-BACCHUS; *An Essay on the Crimes, Diseases, and other Evils connected with the Use of Intoxicating Drinks.* By the Rev. B. PARSONS. London: John Snow, Paternoster Row. 1840.

[THIRD NOTICE—CONCLUDED.]

THE numerous evils that arise from intemperance, although they stand out before us in all their hateful deformity, are but imperfectly considered, and still less regarded in the light, in which they ought *alone* to be viewed, by the great mass of the community. We have been so long accustomed to sights and sounds of woe, as to have well nigh forgotten that they pourtray, in no unmeaning language, our sunken state of morals. If the axiom be sound, that a nation is made powerful and to be honoured in the world, not so much by the number of its people as by the ability and character of that people, then must we stand low indeed in the estimation of others. In vain we boast of fleets and armies; there is within ourselves a power of self-debasement which will bring down, at once, our loftiest pretensions, and make our boasted greatness to appear, only, as a thing to be scorned and despised. The present age has been a lesson to ourselves and surrounding nations, that a virtuous community is the best safeguard both to subjects and to thrones. Wherever vice, in whatever form, has prevailed, there anarchy and confusion have been found. In this country, *intemperance* is the crying evil. And out of it flow a multitude of other evils, which affect the community at large. One that may be mentioned, and which gnaws the very vitals of our civil polity, is *disease*. It is almost past belief into what a sickly imbecile state we are fallen. If we consult the bills of mortality, and other authentic sources of information, it will be found that not only have *new diseases* sprung up, but that the ordinary cases of sickness and death have increased, within the last few years, to a frightful amount. If this be so, and facts innumerable are afforded to confirm it, then is it not high time that we should, as one living man, rouse ourselves to exertion. We

are well aware that many persons are sceptical on this point:—Who will refer to past history as an evidence that *disease* is not peculiar to our habits and our times. But we think this no argument against the views we desire to maintain, much less a reason for the continuance of the evil. Our author observes—

“In attributing so much disease to inebriating liquors when but moderately used, perhaps we may be reminded that diseases have prevailed among those nations whose circumstances of necessity restrained them from alcohol. We grant all this: but still we must say, that as our facilities for moral and intellectual culture are more numerous, so the means of preserving health are also much greater than those of any ancient nation. Our habits are more cleanly, our country is better drained, our cities, and towns have their common sewers, the diet of the people is more nutritious, clothing is more comfortable, our houses better ventilated, and opportunities of recreation and exercise more numerous than those of any previous period, and we ought therefore to be the *healthiest people upon earth*. We grant that in all the departments mentioned above, much, very much remains to be done, ay, and would instantly be done but for the talent and property that is annually wasted on inebriating poisons; but still, after making every deduction, the advantages in favour of health infinitely surpass those of former times: and yet, with all these blessings, we are getting the weakest and sickliest people alive. Strong men are become—not women; women, though the weaker vessels, would blush at our effeminacy—but trembling spectres or bloated and inflammatory automata, borrowing their spirit and courage, not from any native nerve, intellect, or moral principle, but from the inspirations of a poison. The day labourer now must get his vigour, not as in ancient days, or as nature would dictate, from nutritious food, but from a spirit which all men agree has in it no aliment whatever. For the ploughman, remember, drinks his beer not for the nourishment it contains, but for the sake of the stimulating poison. Even he has philosophy enough about him to know that he eats bread for nutrition and drinks beer for its spirit. The finer it is, and consequently the less of solid matter it contains, and the lighter it weighs—for its weight decreases just in proportion as its strength increases—the more he esteems it. The carpenter has not strength to saw a plank or

drive a nail until he has borrowed courage from the tankard. Eating is likely to be superseded, human stomachs and digestive organs are being supplanted; and, indeed, from being poisoned with alcohol, are getting so troublesome that could they be parted with, many would dismiss them from their bodies and throw them to the worms before their time. Drink, drink is everything. Every one tells us he has a diseased stomach, and cannot live without drink. From the prince to the peasant the great mutiny against wholesome food is going on. Although the population has increased, the evidence before the House of Commons showed that in some of our large towns, as Bristol for example, *bakers, butchers, and the venders of nutritious food, have decreased*, and alehouses and gin-shops for the sale of poison have multiplied *ten to one*, and while the grocer becomes a bankrupt for want of custom, the innkeeper drives his blood horses, and the gin-seller builds a palace. In our time the tradesman cannot keep his books, the senator get up his speech, the barrister defend his client, nor the parson compose his sermon, without seeking inspiration from alcohol. Were either of these to dine or sup without a little of this poison, he tells us that he could not proceed with his calling or profession. Genius, talent, and religion seem to be fled, and their vile substitutes are a wine-bottle or beer-barrel. Even the hospitality of friendship and the cheerful intercourse of relatives, seem no longer to flow from human sympathy and religious principle, but to be drawn directly from the cask or decanter: to such a degree are we unnerved in body and perverted in mind and morals! Were this love of strong drink removed, we should become the most *moral and healthy* of the nations. Science has already done wonders in tracing out what is useful and what is pernicious to our constitution. Although life has been so dreadfully sacrificed and tortured, yet within the last half century Science has added not less than *ten or twelve* years to the period of our existence; and if, while having to contend with all the counter-acting influence of alcohol she has done so much, how much greater would have been her blessings but for this destructive liquor! Hitherto, also, chemistry has employed itself chiefly in preventing disease, or in discovering remedies; but let its penetrating eye be turned more directly and extensively to the examination of what is nutritious and what is deleterious, and we shall approximate to that happy state in which 'the inhabitant shall no more say I am sick.'

The next portion of the essay, which embraces also three chapters, treats of fermentation—the nature and properties of alcoholic drinks—and their his-

tory derived both from sacred and profane sources.

What are intoxicating liquors? is a question that it now behoves every man, woman, and child of the community, to ask, before they use them themselves or give to another. Their very essence being poisonous, it becomes a matter of no light moment, as to what is our duty respecting them. There is no medium argument that we can call to our aid. The idea of moderate use, is wholly out of place. As well might we talk of moderate theft, or murder. Criminality either attaches to the individual, or it does not. It is not many years since that the chemical process by means of which the intoxicating quality is communicated, was, to the great bulk of the people, a comparatively hidden mystery. The manufacturer, himself, was at a loss to explain how the evil change took place. Few suspected the real origin, and fewer, still, felt that, thereby, a ban ought to have been fixed on them. Alcohol is the fiery spirit, that, in a greater or less degree, forms the constituent character of them all. Many persons confound distillation with fermentation. Others, while they ascribe the most hateful properties to the former, think well of the latter. As though a poison may be so diffused, as to be rendered innocuous. It may be useful for us to notice what our author says on this subject—

"Vinous fermentation produces alcohol, or the intoxicating spirit of all our modern inebriating liquors. That which intoxicates, whether in gin, rum, brandy, whisky, wine, beer, or cider, is the same principle, and is called alcohol, or spirits of wine. It may exist in different proportions in different liquors, but still the intoxicating principle in all alcoholic drinks is the same kind of spirit.

"The difference between distillation and fermentation is, that by the application of heat the distiller obtains a larger quantity of spirit from the saccharine base than does the brewer. Fermentation is necessary to precede distillation, otherwise there would be no alcohol to extract. In wines and beer you have a portion of the grape, or the malt held in solution, but in ardent spirits you have nothing but alcohol and water.

"Gin, rum, brandy, whisky, &c., when pure, are nothing but alcohol and water; and the fiery spirit in each of them is ob-

tained by heat and fermentation from various saccharine substances. Gin, whisky, and British brandy are distilled from grain: rum from sugar and molasses; and foreign brandy from grapes; but in neither of these is there the least particle of nourishment. It is the aim of the distiller to convert every atom of the substance he distils into spirit. The more he can attenuate his liquor, the lighter it is, the thinner it is, the less it has of anything like nutrition, the greater his success and profit."

The earliest inhabitants of the world were ignorant of this substance.

"Alcohol was unknown to the ancients. They appear to have known something of the distillation of plants and flowers, but nothing whatever of the modern art of obtaining spirits of wine, or pure alcohol, from the grape, or from grain. The ninth century is the earliest period at which any mention is made of alcohol; and spirit did not come into general use until the latter part of the sixteenth century; previous to that period it was confined to the shop of the apothecary."

As a necessary consequence therefore, the wines of antiquity were of a very different description to those of modern times. We have been accustomed to think and speak harshly of the character of the ancients. We have viewed them rather in the light of bacchanalians, than as men who studied and respected the rules of sobriety. We have, no doubt, gathered this opinion more, in connexion with their *paganism*, than from any real insight into their history. Calm consideration of the matter, however, will soon remove the error from our minds. As our author clearly shows it could not, from the nature of things, have been the case.

"It is well known that grapes adapted to produce the strongest wines will not yield more than *eight* per cent. of spirit, and therefore not be stronger than modern ale. France is said to be the most suitable climate in the world for the growth of a grape that will produce a strong wine, yet the French wines are generally spoken of as *weak*. The fact is, the strongest wine which the pure juice of the grape would yield by fermentation would be comparatively weak, and therefore, until distillation was discovered, and pure spirit was obtained to mix with wines, the most potent alcoholic drinks were far from being strong. In warm countries the grapes were too sweet to produce much alcohol. We all know that sweet apples will not yield strong cider, consequently the wines of all very warm countries must have been very weak indeed."

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How opposed, in contrast with this fact, is the strength of our modern wines.

"Port, which is one of our favourite wines, ranges from 21 to 25 per cent.; a very considerable proportion of the sherry that is drunk would be found to be equally potent. And this large amount of strength, liquid fire, or poison, is obtained by mixing them with brandy or some other species of alcohol. A filthy sort of brandy called '*old strap*,' is added to port and other wines to render them acceptable to our English palate. For it should be observed, that we are the most drinking people alive, and foreigners, knowing our taste for potent liquors, add a greater quantity of alcohol to the wines imported to this country than to those which they prepare for any other nation. Our home-made wines have generally a portion of brandy added to them, and when this is not the case, many of them are the mere result of sugar, yeast, and water, and therefore, neither British nor foreign wines can afford us any criterion by which to judge of the character of those drinks which are the simple and genuine product of the juice of the grape. Still, the fact that port, sherry, &c., must be brandied to impart unto them a sufficient degree of alcohol to please our vitiated appetite, is a cogent proof that we are far from being satisfied with the unadulterated produce of the grape."

But in order to determine this question aright, we must take into the account *the amount of adulteration* to which our common drinking beverages are subjected, both by the manufacturer and vendor. On this point, our author adduces several indubitable authorities. And we would say, let the wine bibber, or the wine drinker, after reading the evidence placed before him, still palliate if he can his continued use of articles so deleterious.

"In the Essay on Brewing, published in the Library of Useful Knowledge, we find that in the manufacture of beer, 'sugar, molasses, honey, and liquorice, are used for malt. Broom, opium, gentian, quassia, aloes, marsh trefoil, opium, *coculus indicus*, *ignatia amara*, tobacco, *nux-vomica*, are used for hops, and the last mentioned are known to be highly poisonous. Saltpetre, salt prunella, or common salt, mixed with wheat or bean flour, *jalap*, the fiery liquid called spirit of Maranta, bruised green copperas, lime, marble dust, oyster shells, egg shells, sulphate of lime, hartshorn shavings, the herb bennet, or common avens, nutgalls, and the subcarbonates of potash and soda, are used to prevent acidity. Sweet flag,

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coriander-seeds, carraways, orange peel, orange peas, long pepper, capsicum, grain of paradise, have been employed for flavour and pungency. *Coculus indicus*, bitter bean, *nux-vomica*, and *opium*, which are strong poisons, are used for the purpose of producing intoxication.' Here the reader will perceive how avarice has invented, and the most heartless cupidity has studied, to enrich itself at the expense of the health, and lives, and morals of the people. If alcohol of itself is a poison, here we have it saturated or supplanted by the most deleterious drugs. From Parliamentary Returns we find that some years the duty paid to government for

	£.	s.	d.
Nux-Vomica was .	631	4	2
Extract of ditto .	4	7	6
Coculus Indicus .	569	19	5
Grains of Paradise .	3,191	2	2

"The reader will also observe, that the consumption of these articles, which are chiefly employed in manufacturing beer and porter, has of late years increased rather than diminished. *Nux-Vomica*, for example, which is a horrid poison, paid in 1830, 191*l.* duty, but in 1833, it paid 517*l.* 15*s.*; *Coculus Indicus* paid in 1829, 139*l.* 15*s.*, but in 1833, 569*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.*; thus the instruments of disorganisation, demoralisation, and death, were never more used than at present. Increased appetite and demand afford those who prey upon the health and morals of the people such an ample opportunity to indulge their nefarious and deadly practices.

"Wines and spirits we know are adulterated to a greater extent than beer. We have already mentioned the horrid death of the wine-seller, who was smitten with insufferable remorse, at the thought of the many that he had murdered by his devices in adulterating wine. I heard a medical man very lately recommend *port wine* to a sick lady, and he told me that he did so, because the *arsenic* in the wine would be useful in her complaint; however, he did not cure her by the poison, though I am happy to say, that in her case, total abstinence has effected a perfect cure, and therefore, succeeded in a disease in which all the doctors failed. A respectable individual states, that 'in the Isle of Sheppy many persons are employed in picking up *copperas stones* from the sea-beach, which being taken to a manufactory, *copperas* is extracted, and then shipped to Oporto, to be sold to the vine-dresser and wine merchants, and by them is mixed with the *port wine*, to give it its peculiar astringent quality."

In the following chapter, our author has furnished us with an invaluable compendium of the history of inebriating and of *unfermented* drinks, in which

he has displayed a knowledge of ancient literature, that well merits the attention and investigation of the classic reader.

We have, no doubt, laboured under much disadvantage from the fact, that all our translators have, as with common consent, affixed the idea of *wine* to every thing connected with the juice of the grape, without distinguishing its relative qualities. That these wines were not *all* intoxicating, is manifest. The very nature of the climate that produced them, altogether precluded this. It was the familiar practice of oriental nations, as we are told *it is now*, to evaporate the juice, as a wise precaution against the influence of the heat of the atmosphere, and thus the acetous fermentation was prevented. Their wines were, in their natural state, therefore, *thick syrups*, and when used, were diluted with water, according to the taste of the person who drank them. Hence, our author comes to the just conclusion, that wines, so produced, must have been *unfermented*, and, of course, unintoxicating.

"We have the most unquestionable evidence that the wines of the ancients were *thick and sweet*, or, in other words, were syrups, but you *cannot make a sirup out of a fermented wine*. The sugar has been decomposed, part of it has escaped in the form of carbonic acid, and the other part remains in the form of alcohol; and, therefore, you cannot condense the carbonic acid, for that is gone; you cannot condense the alcohol which remains in the wine, for that will begin to escape before the liquor boils; and you cannot condense the water, for that will fly off in the form of steam; and the small residuum that remains will not be a sirup, but a substance which, when thoroughly dried, more resembles cinders than sugar, and probably consists chiefly of carbon or charcoal, or some other hard indigestible substance. I have boiled the juice of the grape before it has fermented, and by so doing have obtained a rich sirup, or rather a beautiful aromatic honey, and this when diluted with water, formed a most delicious drink. The thickness of the sirup, of course, depended on the length of time that it boiled or the evaporation that had taken place. But I never could condense a fermented wine. In some cases, the liquor has become so sour as to defy my power to sweeten it; but, in every case, the spirit has first escaped, then the water or steam, and the residuum from a pint of wine has been very small indeed, and very unlike a sirup. Let any wine drinker attempt to inspissate

his port, sherry, or claret, and he will labour in vain. You cannot by boiling thicken or produce a sirup from any modern fermented wines, and hence you have a proof equal to any demonstration of Euclid, that if the ancient wines were *thick and sweet*, they were not fermented. And as they were ignorant of distillation, they had no pure alcohol to put into their wines; if, therefore, their *thick, sweet*, wines were inebriating, they were made so by drugs, but were not stupifying from spirit obtained by fermentation, and consequently altogether unlike our modern intoxicating beverages."

Our author observes on this subject:

"The practices and examples of antiquity have frequently been arrayed against the doctrine of total abstinence; but a fair and candid examination of history have shown that the wines of the ancients, the drinking customs of the ancients, the taste and appetite of the ancients, and even their drunkenness, were of a character altogether different, and, in many cases, the very opposite, to ours. Both Pliny and Plutarch, and others, prove that the most popular, most useful, and wholesome wine, was that which was deprived of all strength or spirit; in a word, was a wine which one who practices total abstinence would rarely hesitate to drink. If the authority of antiquity is pleaded, we certainly have a right to demand that our opponents should first produce some of the wines of antiquity; until they do the latter, all reference to the former is worse than absurd."

Having dismissed this topic, our author proceeds, in the following chapter, to investigate, at length, that most weighty and important feature connected with our principle, namely, the wine question. It would be cold praise to say that he has dealt with it calmly and dispassionately. He has done far more in having swept away the cobwebs of theological disputation, and ascertained, as far as human authority may determine, the "mind of the Spirit." We heartily commend this portion of the essay to the Christian student, as worthy of his most serious regard. We will afford the general reader one passage, illustrative of our author's views on the divine economy in reference to the ancient Jews:—

"That our indulgent Creator has not deemed wine essential to the sustenance of mankind is evident from the fact, that when he himself has miraculously made provision for his people, he has not thought proper to produce wine or intoxicating drinks. For forty years long he fed the children of Israel

with manna, but we do not find that he gave them any thing intoxicating to drink. For forty years therefore he allowed the congregation of Israel to drink nothing but water; and it is worthy of remark, that the children which were brought up in these principles of total abstinence became the most moral and valiant of the Israelites that have existed from that day to this. The writer just quoted, who denied the inspiration of the angel's injunction to the wife of Manoah, says, that '*the iron hand of necessity*' caused these Israelites to drink water for so long a period. It may be so, but unfortunately for the writer's argument, that hand which he brands with the name '*Iron*,' was the hand of Jehovah. It was Jehovah alone who provided them with drink, and that drink was water. And surely our opponent, who, to rid himself of the example of Samson, gives up the inspiration of a divine command, will not wax so bold as to affirm, that it would have been more difficult for omnipotence to have brought them wine or strong beer to drink than it was to bring them water. The '*iron handed necessity*,' of which he speaks, was, after all, the *beneficent will and gracious pleasure of our indulgent Creator and Saviour*. Omnipotent love, which could as easily have given these people wine or nectar, gave them water, and gave it them because infinite wisdom and goodness deemed this drink the most suitable for them, and the best beverage with which they could be supplied. Least it should be intimated that they drank water as a punishment, it should be remembered that the children and young people were not the objects of divine indignation, nor were they thus punished for the sins of their fathers; besides the rich bounty of Jehovah in feeding them with the '*bread of heaven*,' '*with angels' food*,' '*in spreading a table for them in the wilderness*, and bringing them water from the rock,' are often referred to in the Scripture, to show that these young people were especially well provisioned during these forty years."

No small importance should be attached to the various facts and testimonies afforded, of the perfect safety and advantage with which intoxicating liquors may be altogether dispensed with. The doctrine of total abstinence is no vague theory. It has already gone through an ordeal, which, had it not been based upon sound principle, would long since have scattered it to the winds. We have no fear for the truth itself, however much concern we feel for the faithful *recommendations* of that truth, on the part of its followers. One thing, indeed, is certain, that its progress has, hitherto, been marked with signal suc-

cess, and we see nothing to check our warm hopes and wishes that it will still proceed in its onward course, until it fills the land. The consideration of this topic, and the duties devolving on those who adopt it, occupy the two last chapters. Our author's closing observations are exceedingly weighty—

“Should the principle of total abstinence prosper, and it is too firmly based on science and religion to allow it to fail,—should this principle succeed,—the prospect before us is one of the most cheering imaginable. There is, then, the probability of every house becoming, in the strict sense of the word, a ‘home.’ The bleeding hearts of wives would be healed, hungry children would be fed, and both them and their parents would be seen clothed in their right mind. Our manufacturers would receive an impulse from home consumption that would make us independent on foreign resources. Our national health would be improved, because we should then be delivered from one of the direst pests that ever smote the human family; and we should be what, considering our scientific and physiological knowledge, we ought to be, one of the healthiest people upon the face of the earth. Our various schools and other institutions for the intellectual and moral improvement of the people, would then reward the highest expectations of their conductors and supporters. The house of God would be well attended, and the church would no longer have to weep over her ministers, members, and hopeful converts, betrayed, fallen, and slain by these bewitching drinks. All the institutions that have for their object the salvation of the world, would then be nobly and liberally supported. The Bible Society, which is God's store-house to supply a starving world with the bread of life; and the Missionary Society, which is God's angel to carry the bread of heaven to the nations, would receive every needful resource and facility for so glorious a work. Delivered from the debilitating and poisonous effects of alcoholic drinks, the firm and strong constitutions of Englishmen would be able to endure the hardships of every climate, and the sun of the missionary, or wife of the missionary,

would rarely ‘go down before it was noon;’ nor would the drinking habits of our countrymen again disgust the sober and abstinent pagans of other lands, and produce in the breasts of heathens a prejudice against the religion, which, in their estimation, came from an island of drunkards. From what is wasted in inebriating poisons, a considerable portion would be consecrated to the service of God, and thus an impetus would be given to our religious institutions far beyond our present anticipations. The life, talent, moral feeling, and energy, which these drinks have almost blasted and destroyed, would be rescued from ruin, and devoted to the country, to science, and religion. Let total abstinence be adopted, and then the golden age of prophecy and of the millennium would be seen commencing its era of health, peace, prosperity, and piety, throughout the world. To aid in bringing that day, every angel in heaven is already winged for flight; every promise and prophecy of revelation, pregnant with blessings for our ruined world, travail in birth; the Son of God, clothed in his priestly vestments of intercession, is now pleading near the altar of incense; or, girt with omnipotence, is just about to ascend his chariot of salvation; and all that is wanting to move with rapidity and effect this evangelical apparatus, is the co-operation of earth. Let that be granted, and then ‘the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, as the mouth of the Lord hath spoken.’”

In conclusion of our notice of this invaluable work, we would remark, that it has passed already into the FOURTH edition. A sufficient proof, we think, both of the just discernment of the public mind, as well as of the *intellectual* taste of a class of readers, necessarily embraced in the number of those who have availed themselves of its information, namely, our total abstinence brethren. Thus affording manifest proof, that the *press*, legitimately employed, will become no mean auxiliary to the progress of the temperance reformation in this our beloved isle, and through the world.



